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RELIQUES

OF

IRISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

HEROIC POEMS, ODES, ELEGIES, AND SONGS,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE:

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL;

AND THE

ORIGINALS IN THE IRISH CHARACTER.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED

AN IRISH TALE.

BY MISS BROOKE.

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PREFACE.

IN a preface to a tranſlation of ancient Iriſh poetry, the reader will naturally expect to ſee the ſubject elucidated and enlarged upon, with the pen of learning and antiquity. I lament that the limited circle of my knowledge does not include the power of anſwering ſo juſt an expectation; but my regret at this circumſtance is conſiderably leſſened, when I reflect, that had I been poſſeſſed of all the learning requiſite for ſuch an undertaking, it would only have qualified me for an unneceſſary foil to the names of O'CONOR, O'HALLORAN and VALLANCEY.

MY comparatively feeble hand aſpires only (like the ladies of ancient Rome) to ſtrew flowers in the paths of theſe laureled champions of my country. The flowers of earth, the *terreſtrial* offſpring of Phœbus, were ſcattered before the ſteps of victorious WAR; but, for triumphant GENIUS are reſerved the *cæleſtial* children of his beams, the unfading flowers of the Muſe. To pluck, and thus to beſtow them, is mine, and I hold myſelf honoured in the taſk.

" THE eſteem (ſays Mr. O'HALLORAN) which mankind con-
" ceive of nations in general, is always in proportion to the
" figure they have made in arts and in arms. It is on this
" account that all civilized countries are eager to diſplay their
" heroes, legiſlators, poets and philoſophers—and with juſtice,
" ſince every individual participates in the glory of his illuſtri-
" ous countrymen."—But where, alas, is this thirſt for national glory? when a ſubject of ſuch importance is permitted to a pen like mine! Why does not ſome *ſon of Anak* in genius ſtep forward, and boldly throw his gauntlet to Prejudice, the avowed and approved champion of his country's lovely muſe?

IT is impoſſible for imagination to conceive too highly of the pitch of excellence to which a ſcience muſt have ſoared which was cheriſhed with ſuch enthuſiaſtic regard and cultivation as that of poetry, in this country. It was abſolutely, for ages, the vital ſoul of the nation *; and ſhall we then have no curioſity reſpecting the productions of genius once ſo celebrated, and ſo prized?

TRUE it is, indeed, and much to be lamented, that few of the compoſitions of thoſe ages that were famed, in Iriſh annals, for the *light of ſong*, are now to be obtained by the moſt diligent reſearch. The greater number of the poetical remains of our Bards, yet extant, were written during the middle ages; periods when the genius of Ireland was in its wane,

* See the elegant and faithful O'CONOR upon this ſubject; (*Diſſertations on the Hiſtory of Ireland*, p. 66.) and he is ſupported by the teſtimonies of the moſt authentic of antient and modern hiſtorians.

" —— Yet

" ———— Yet ſtill, not loſt
" All its original brightneſs———."

On the contrary, many of the productions of thoſe times breathe the true ſpirit of poetry, beſides the merit they poſſeſs with the Hiſtorian and Antiquary, as ſo many faithful delineations of the manners and ideas of the periods in which they were compoſed.

WITH a view to throw ſome light on the antiquities of this country, to vindicate, in part, its hiſtory, and prove its claim to ſcientific as well as to military fame, I have been induced to undertake the following work. Beſides the four different ſpecies of compoſition which it contains, (the HEROIC POEM, the ODE, the ELEGY, and the SONG) others yet remain unattempted by tranſlation :—the ROMANCE, in particular, which unites the fire of Homer with the enchanting wildneſs of Arioſto. But the limits of my preſent plan have neceſſarily excluded many beautiful productions of genius, as little more can be done, within the compaſs of a ſingle volume, than merely to give a few ſpecimens, in the hope of awakening a juſt and uſeful curioſity, on the ſubject of our poetical compoſitions.

UNACQUAINTED with the rules of tranſlation, I know not how far thoſe rules may cenſure, or acquit me. I do not profeſs to give a merely literal verſion of my originals, for that I ſhould have found an impoſſible undertaking.—Beſides the ſpirit which they breathe, and which lifts the imagination far above the tameneſs, let me ſay, the *injuſtice*, of ſuch a taſk,—there are many complex words that could not be tranſlated literally, without

out great injury to the original,—without being " falſe to its " ſenſe, and falſer to its fame."

I AM aware that in the following poems there will ſometimes be found a fameneſs, and repetition of thought, appearing but too plainly in the Engliſh verſion, though ſcarcely perceivable in the original Iriſh, ſo great is the variety as well as beauty peculiar to that language. The number of ſynonima * in which it abounds, enables it, perhaps beyond any other, to repeat the ſame thought, without tiring the fancy or the ear.

IT is really aſtoniſhing of what various and comprehenſive powers this neglected language is poſſeſſed. In the pathetic, it breathes the moſt beautiful and affecting ſimplicity; and in the bolder ſpecies of compoſition, it is diſtinguiſhed by a force of expreſſion, a ſublime dignity, and rapid energy, which it is ſcarcely poſſible for any tranſlation fully to convey; as it ſometimes fills the mind with ideas altogether new, and which, perhaps, no modern language is entirely prepared to expreſs. One compound epithet muſt often be tranſlated by two lines of Engliſh verſe, and, on ſuch occaſions, much of the beauty is neceſſarily loſt; the force and effect of the thought being weakened by too ſlow an introduction on the mind; juſt as that light which dazzles, when flaſhing ſwiftly on the eye, will be gazed at with indifference, if let in by degrees.

BUT, though I am conſcious of having, in many inſtances, failed in my attempts to do all the juſtice I wiſhed to my origi-

* There are upwards of forty names to expreſs a *Ship* in the Iriſh language, and nearly an equal number for a *Houſe*, &c.

nals,

nals, yet ſtill, ſome of their beauties are, I hope, preſerved; and I truſt I am doing an acceptable ſervice to my country, while I endeavour to reſcue from oblivion a few of the invaluable reliques of her ancient genius; and while I put it in the power of the public to form ſome idea of them, by clothing the thoughts of our Iriſh muſe in a language with which they are familiar, at the ſame time that I give the originals, as vouchers for the fidelity of my tranſlation, as far as two idioms ſo widely different would allow.

HOWEVER deficient in the powers requiſite to ſo important a taſk, I may yet be permitted to point out ſome of the good conſequences which might reſult from it, if it were but performed to my wiſhes. The productions of our Iriſh Bards exhibit a glow of cultivated genius,—a ſpirit of elevated heroiſm,—ſentiments of pure honor,—inſtances of diſintereſted patriotiſm,—and manners of a degree of refinement, totally aſtoniſhing, at a period when the reſt of Europe was nearly ſunk in barbariſm: And is not all this very honorable to our countrymen? Will they not be benefited,—will they not be gratified, at the luſtre reflected on them by anceſtors ſo very different from what modern prejudice has been ſtudious to repreſent them? But this is not all.——

As yet, we are too little known to our noble neighbour of Britain; were we better acquainted, we ſhould be better friends. The Britiſh muſe is not yet informed that ſhe has an elder ſiſter in this iſle; let us then introduce them to each other! together let them walk abroad from their bowers, ſweet ambaſſadreſſes of cordial union between two countries that ſeem formed by nature

to

to be joined by every bond of intereſt, and of amity. Let them entreat of Britain to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with her neighbouring iſle. Let them conciliate for us her eſteem, and her affection will follow of courſe. Let them tell her, that the portion of her blood which flows in our veins is rather ennobled than diſgraced by the mingling tides that deſcended from our heroic anceſtors. Let them come—but will they anſwer to a voice like mine? Will they not rather depute ſome favoured pen, to chide me back to the ſhade whence I have been allured, and where, perhaps, I ought to have remained, in reſpect to the memory, and ſuperior genius of a Father—it avails not to ſay how dear!— But my feeble efforts preſume not to emulate,—and they cannot injure his fame.

To guard againſt criticiſm I am no way prepared, nor do I ſuppoſe I ſhall eſcape it; nay, indeed, I do not wiſh to eſcape the pen of the *candid* critic: And I would willingly believe that an individual capable of no offence, and pretending to no pre-eminence, cannot poſſibly meet with any ſeverity of criticiſm, but what the miſtakes, or the deficiencies of this performance, may be juſtly deemed to merit; and what, indeed, could ſcarcely be avoided by one unſkilled in compoſition, and now, with extreme diffidence, preſenting, for the firſt time, her literary face to the world.

It yet remains to ſay a few words relative to the Tale which is annexed to this volume: for that I had no original; the ſtory, however, is not my own; it is taken from a revolution in the hiſtory of ancient Ireland, Anno Mundi 3649. And no where

will

will the Muſe be furniſhed with nobler ſubjects than that neglected hiſtory affords. The whole reign of CEALLACHAIN is one continued ſeries of heroiſm, and high-wrought honor, that riſes ſuperior to all the flight of Romance, and defies Poetic fable to ſurpaſs it. Alſo, the reign of BRIAN BOIROIMH, and the famous retreat of the glorious tribe of DALGAIS; beſides many other inſtances too numerous for detail; amongſt which I ſelected the ſtory of MAON, as a ſubject more ſuited to my limited powers, than thoſe which demand a "Muſe of fire," to record them.

I CANNOT conclude this preface without the gratification of acknowledging the favours with which I have been honored, ſince the commencement of my work.

FROM the judgment and taſte of DOMINICK TRANT, Eſq; (a gentleman too well known to need my panegyric) I have received much information and aſſiſtance.

TO the Right Honorable the Counteſs of MOIRA I am indebted for ſome valuable communications; as alſo to the learned WILLIAM BEAUFORD, Eſq; of Athy; to RALPH OUSLEY, Eſq; of Limerick; and to THEOPHILUS O'FLANAGAN, Eſq; of Trinity College, Dublin.

TO the learning and public ſpirit of SYLVESTER O'HALLORAN, Eſq; I owe innumerable obligations; and JOSEPH C. WALKER, Eſq; has afforded every aſſiſtance which zeal, judgment, and extenſive knowledge, could give.

BESIDES the literary favours of my friends, there are others which I cannot omit to acknowledge as they equally tend to evince their wiſhes for the ſucceſs of this undertaking.

THE accompliſhed family of CASTLE-BROWNE, in the county of Kildare, have exerted all the influence of taſte, and character, to extend the ſubſcription to this work. The learned author of the HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE IRISH BARDS, and his brother, SAMUEL WALKER, Eſq; late of Trinity College, Dublin, have alſo been equally zealous and ſucceſsful; and to theſe two families I am indebted for the greater number of my ſubſcribers, in this kingdom. For the reſt, I am obliged to the influence of the Honorable Juſtice HELLEN; DOMINICK TRANT, Eſq; RICHARD GRIFFITH, Eſq; the Reverend EDWARD RYAN, D. D. the Reverend T. B. MEARES, and ſeveral other friends.

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[*The Publication of this Work has been delayed ſome Time, for the purpoſe of being enabled to give the following Liſt complete;—ſtill there are ſeveral Subſcribers whoſe Names are not yet come to hand, and the Liſt is therefore neceſſarily, though reluctantly, printed without them.*]

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Right Honorable Lord Chief Baron Yelverton.
Mrs. Yelverton.
John Young, Eſq;
Reverend Matthew Young, D. D. F. T. C. D. and M. R. I. A.

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ODES.

E R R A T A.

Page 6, *line* 22, *for* Conal-cearach, *read* Conall-cearnach.

61, *line* 5, *for* mighty, *read* conq'ring.

82, *line* 2 *of the note, for* Cumal, *read* Cumhal.

169, *lines* 14 *and* 17 *of the note, for* DAVES, *read* DAVIES.

185, *line* 4, *for* flow, *read* blow.

201, *line* 8, *for* That, *read* Had.

333, *line* 1, *for* their, *read* thin.

337, *line* 23, *for* the, *read* her.

340, *line* 2, for *force, read* force.

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HEROIC POEMS

I.

CONLOCH:

A

POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE not been able to diſcover the Author of the Poem of CONLOCH, *nor can I aſcertain the exact time in which it was written; but it is impoſſible to avoid aſcribing it to a very early period, as the language is ſo much older than that of any of my Originals,* (the War Odes *excepted,) and quite different from the ſtyle of thoſe Pieces which are known to be the compoſitions of the middle ages.*

With equal pride and pleaſure, I prefix to it the following Introduction, *and regard it as an ornament and an honor to my work. For many other valuable communications, I am alſo indebted to* Mr. O'Halloran; *and am happy in this opportunity of returning my public acknowledgments for the kind zeal with which he has aſſiſted me in the courſe of my undertaking; beſides the information which (in common with his other admiring readers) I have received from his ineſtimable* Introduction to the Hiſtory and Antiquities of Ireland; *a work fraught with learning, rich with the treaſures of ages, and animated by the very ſoul of Patriotiſm, and genuine Honor!*

AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE TO THE POEM OF *CONLOCH.*

By SYLVESTER O'HALLORAN, Eſq; *M.R.I.A.*

HAD the ancient hiſtory and language of Ireland been regarded in the very important light which both moſt aſſuredly merit, our accounts of the Laws, Cuſtoms, Legiſlation and Manners of the early Celtæ would not now be ſo imperfect and confuſed; nor would modern writers preſume ſo flatly to contradict the facts recorded of them by the ancient Greek and Roman hiſtorians. But this is not the place to expatiate on ſo intereſting a ſubject: As an introduction to the following Poem, I ſhall only ſay a few words relative to the antiquity of Chivalry in Europe.

It is a fact unanimouſly ſubſcribed to, that the cuſtom of creating Knights in Europe originated not from the Romans, but amongſt the Celtæ themſelves. The Romans, wherever they carried their arms, waged war againſt arts and ſciences, as well as againſt mankind; and hence it partly proceeds that our accounts of the greateſt nations of antiquity are now ſo meagre and mutilated. The ancient Celtæ were amongſt the number of thoſe ſtates that experienced this ſad truth; for though the early Greeks confeſs how much they were indebted to them for Letters and Philoſophy, though Pauſanias bears teſtimony to their Knights, and though Cæſar—an eye witneſs—confeſſes that theſe Knights were the ſecond order amongſt the Gauls; yet, becauſe the ſucceeding Romans were ſo induſtrious in the deſtruction of their records, that ſcarce a trace remains behind, our writers of the preſent, and of the two laſt centuries, agree that the firſt inſtitution of chivalry in Europe was about the time of the croiſades. But though all the other nations in Europe were overrun, and of courſe their annals deſtroyed, yet Ireland ſtill remained free and independent, receiving into her foſtering arms the diſtreſſed, and the proſcribed of Britain and of the Continent. *Here* did thoſe Arts and Sciences flouriſh, which *there* were annihilated by war and rapine; and *here* it is that Pezron, Menage, Bochart, Aldrite, &c. ſhould have appealed for a ſatisfactory explanation of the feodal laws and cuſtoms; the want of which has led them to repreſent their early anceſtors as a rude and illiterate people, (notwithſtanding the fulleſt Greek and Roman teſtimonies to the contrary,) and that the feodal ſyſtem and military tenures were inſtituted,

inſtituted, *for the firſt time*, after the expulſion of the Romans from Gaul; whereas *theſe*, as well as chivalry, flouriſhed among the Celtæ in thoſe days of politeneſs and erudition, which long preceded the conqueſts in Gaul, and were always in force in Ireland.

WITH us chivalry flouriſhed from the remoteſt antiquity: there were five orders of it; four for the provinces, and one confined to the blood-royal; and ſo highly was this profeſſion reſpected among us, that a Prince could not become a candidate for the monarchy, who had not the GRADH-GAOISGE, or order of Knighthood, conferred upon him. At a very tender age, the intended cavalier had a golden chain hung round his neck, and a ſword and ſpear put into his hands. At ſeven years old he was taken from the care of the women, and deeply inſtructed in Philoſophy, Hiſtory, Poetry and Genealogy. The uſing his Weapons with judgment, elegance and addreſs, was alſo carefully attended to; principles of Morality were ſedulouſly inculcated, and a reverence and tender reſpect for the Fair, completed the education of the young hero. By his vows he was obliged to protect and redreſs the injured and the oppreſſed. He was not to reveal his name or his country to any uncourteous Knight, who ſeemed to demand it as a right. He was not to go out of his road for any menace. He could not decline the combat with any knight, how intrepid ſoever. And ſtill further to ſhew to what a pitch of elevation they carried their ideas of military glory; even in death, they were to face this deſtroyer of mankind,

kind, *armed*, and ready to oppoſe force to force. This is ſo true, that on Cuchullin's being mortally wounded at the battle of Muirthievne, he had his back placed againſt a rock, with his ſword and ſpear in his hands, &c. And Eogain-more, after the battle of Lena, was laid out completely armed, as our hiſtory has recorded. See alſo how theſe accounts illuſtrate later periods: De Saint Palaye, in his MEMOIRS OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY, tells us, that always, on the deceaſe of a Knight, he was laid out in complete armour. And Hume mentions an Engliſh Knight, who, dying, ordered himſelf to be armed, with his lance and ſword by him, as if ready to encounter death! The Chevalier Bayard, one of the braveſt and moſt accompliſhed Knights of France, during the reign of Francis the firſt, finding himſelf mortally wounded in battle, ordered his attendants to place his back againſt a tree, with his ſword in his hand, and died thus facing his conquering, though commiſerating, enemies.

THE hiſtory of the following Poem is briefly this:—In the reign of Conor Mac-Neſſa, King of Ulſter, (about the year of the world 3950) Ireland abounded in heroes of the moſt ſhining intrepidity; inſomuch that they were all over Europe, by way of eminence, called the HEROES OF THE WESTERN ISLE. Amongſt theſe were Cuchullin, the ſon of Sualthach; Conal-cearach, and the three ſons of Uiſneach, Naoiſe, Ainle, and Ardan, all couſins-german. Cuchullin, in one of his continental expeditions, returning home by way of Albany, or modern Scotland, fell in love, at Dun-Sgathach, with the beautiful Aife, daughter to Aird-

genny.

genny. The affairs of his country calling him home, he left the lady pregnant; but, on taking leave, he directed, in caſe his child ſhould be a ſon, to have him carefully brought up to arms, at the academy of Dun-Sgathach: He gave her a chain of gold to be put round his neck, and deſired that he ſhould be ſent to Ulſter, as ſoon as his military ſtudies were completed, and that he ſhould there recognize him by means of the golden chain. He alſo left the following injunctions for his conduct: That he ſhould never reveal his name to a foe; that he ſhould not give the way to any man, who ſeemed to demand it as a right; and that he ſhould never decline the ſingle combat with any Knight under the ſun.

THE youth (his education completed,) came to Ireland to ſeek his father; but it appears that he arrived in armour; a manifeſt proof, according to the etiquette of thoſe days, that he came with an hoſtile intention, and to look for occaſions to ſignalize his valour. On his approaching Emania, the royal reſidence of the Ulſter Kings, and of the Croabh-ruadh, or Ulſter Knights, Conor ſent a herald to know who he was? A direct anſwer, and he armed, would have been improper; it would have been an acknowledgment of timidity: In ſhort, the queſtion was only a challenge; and his being aſked to pay an eric, or tribute, implied no more than that he ſhould confeſs the ſuperiority of the Ulſter Knights. On his refuſal to anſwer the queſtion, Cuchullin appeared: they engaged, and the latter, hard preſſed, threw a ſpear, with ſuch direction at the young hero, as to wound him mortally.

mortally. The dying youth then acknowledged himſelf his ſon, and that he fell in obedience to the injunctions of his mother. It appears, however, from the poem, that when Cuchullin left her thoſe injunctions, he was far from expecting that his ſon ſhould have put them in force upon his arrival in Ireland. On the contrary, it appears the effect of jealouſy in the lady, and of revenge, hoping that Cuchullin (now advanced in years) might himſelf fall in the conflict; for, though a gallant and moſt intrepid knight, yet our hiſtory proves that he was by no means conſtant in his attachments to the fair.

As to the numbers of knights engaged and vanquiſhed by Conloch, previous to his conflict with Cuchullin, it is all poetic fiction, to raiſe the characters of the two heroes. Even Conall-Cearnach, Maſter of the Ulſter Knights, is made to ſubmit to Conloch, who then falls the greater victim to the glory of his own father.

CONLOCH:

CONLOCH:

A POEM[a].

CONLOCH, haughty, bold, and brave,
Rides upon Ierne's wave!—
Fluſh'd with loud-applauding fame,
From Dunſcaik's walls he came;
Came to viſit Erin's coaſt;
Came to prove her mighty Hoſt!

 Welcome,

[a] It is feared the meaſure choſen for the tranſlation of this Poem, may appear greatly out of rule: but, in truth, I tried ſeveral others, and could ſucceed in none but this. I am conſcious that the meaſure of an irregular Ode is not ſtrictly ſuited to an Heroick Poem; the reader, however, as he advances, will perhaps find reaſon to acquit me; as he will perceive that the variety in the ſubject, required a variety in the meaſure; it is much too animated for the languid flow of Elegy, and too much broken by paſſion for the ſtately march of Heroicks:—at leaſt it exceeded my limited powers to transfuſe into either the ſpirit of my original.

Welcome, O youth of the intrepid mien,
In glittering armour dreſt!
Yet, *thus* to ſee thee come, I ween,
Speaks a ſtray'd courſe, illuſtrious Gueſt [b]!
But now, that ſafe the Eaſtern gale
Has given thee to our view;
Recount thy travels, give the high detail
Of thoſe exploits from whence thy glory grew.

Do not, like others of Albania's land,
Reject our fair demand;
Nor from its ſheath the ſword of conqueſt call,
To cauſe thy youth, like theirs, to fall:
Should'ſt thou, like them, with fruitleſs pride, delay
The uſual tribute of the bridge to pay.

" If ſuch, (the youth replied) ere while,
" Has been the practice of your worthleſs Iſle [c];
" Yet never more a Chief ſhall it diſgrace,
" For this right arm ſhall your proud Law efface."

Thus

[b] It is here evident that the Herald only *affects* to miſtake the meaning of Conloch's martial appearance, with a view, perhaps, to engage him to change his intention; or, poſſibly, through politeneſs to a *Stranger*, he would not ſeem to think him an enemy, until he had poſitively declared himſelf ſuch. But, be this as it may, we cannot avoid perceiving the extreme elegance and delicacy with which the Herald addreſſes him, and makes his demand.

[c] The fierceneſs of this reply plainly denotes the impreſſion which Conloch had received of Ireland, from the jealouſy and reſentment of his Mother, and that he came firmly purpoſed to evince it by all his actions.

Thus, while he ſpoke, collecting all his might,
Fierce he addreſt his conquering arms to fight;
No ſtop, no ſtay his furious faulchion found,
Till his dire hand an hundred warriors bound:
Vanquiſh'd they ſunk beneath his dreadful ſway,
And low on earth their bleeding glories lay.

Then Conor [d] to his bluſhing hoſt exclaim'd,
" Of all our Chiefs, for feats of proweſs fam'd,
" Is there not one our glory to reſtore?
" So cold is then become our martial heat,
" That none will dare yon haughty youth to meet,
" His name and errand to explore,
" The ſlaughter of his dreadful arm reſtrain,
" And force his pride its purpoſe to explain!"

'Twas then the kindling ſoul of Conall [e] roſe,
Victorious name! the terror of his foes!
His threatening arm aloft the hero rais'd,
And in his graſp the deadly faulchion blaz'd!

Secure of conqueſt, on he moved,
The youthful foe to meet;
But there a force, till then unknown, he proved!
Amazed we ſaw the ſtrange defeat;

 We

[d] Conor Mac-Neſſa, King of Ulſter.

[e] Conall Cearnach, Maſter of the Ulſter Knights, couſin-german and intimate friend to Cucullin.

We ſaw our Champion bound;
Subdued beneath fierce Conloch's arm he lay;
No more, as erſt, to boaſt unvanquiſhed ſway,
A name, till then, for victory ſtill renown'd.

" Quick let a rapid courier fly!
(Indignant Auliffe cried,)
" Quick with the ſhameful tidings let him hie,
" And to our aid the firſt of heroes call,
" From fair Dundalgan's [f] lofty wall,
" Or Dethin's [g] ancient pride!"

" Welcome, Cucullin! [h] mighty chief!
" Though late, O welcome to thy friend's relief!
" Behold the havoc of yon deadly blade!
" Behold our hundred warriors bite the ground!
" Behold thy friend, thy Conall bound!
" Behold—nor be thy vengeful arm delay'd!"

" No

[f] Dundalgan, (now Dundalk,) the reſidence of Cucullin.

[g] Dun-Dethin, the reſidence of Dethin, the mother of Cucullin.

[h] This paſſage exhibits a ſpecies of beauty that has been often, and deſervedly admired: Here is the poet's true magical chariot, that annihilates ſpace and circumſtance in its ſpeed! We ſcarce know that the meſſenger of Conor is gone, until we find him returned; and without the tedious intervention of narrative, the bard places his hero at once before our eyes.—Thus, in the inimitable ballad of *Hardyknutè*:

The little Page flew ſwift as dart,
Flung from his Maſter's arm;
" Cum down, cum down Lord Hardyknute,
" And red your King frae harm!"

" No wonder (he replied,) each foreign knight
" Should now inſult our coaſt!
" Loſt are the ſouls of martial might,
" The pride of Erin's hoſt!
" Oh! ſince your deaths, ye fav'rite ſons of fame[i]!
" Diſmay, defeat, diſtreſs, and well-earn'd ſhame,
" Alike our loſs, and our reproach proclaim!——

" For

[i] Cucullin here alludes to the death of his kinſmen, the three ſons of Uſnoth, (or Uiſneach,) who were cut off ſome time before by the perfidy of Conor. As their ſtory may perhaps be acceptable to my readers, I will here preſent them with it, in all its fabulous array.

Deirdre, the beautiful daughter of Feidlim Mac-Doill, ſecretary to Conor king of Ulſter, had, from her infancy, been ſhut up and ſtrictly guarded in a fortreſs, to fruſtrate the prophecy of a Druid, who had foretold at her birth, that ſhe ſhould be fatal to the houſe of Ulſter. On a day, as ſhe looked abroad from her priſon, ſhe perceived a raven feeding on the blood of a calf, that had been killed for her table, and had tinged with crimſon ſome new-fallen ſnow.—Immediately turning to Leavarcam, (her governeſs,) ſhe aſked, if there was any one in the world ſo beautiful as to have hair black as that raven's wing; cheeks of as bright and pure a red as that blood; and a ſkin of the ſame dazzling fairneſs as that ſnow? Leavarcam replied, that there was; and that Naoiſe, the ſon of Uſnoth, more than anſwered the deſcription.

Deirdre, curious to behold this wonder, entreated her governeſs to contrive ſome means by which ſhe might procure a ſight of him; and Leavarcam, pitying her ſituation and confinement, and thinking this a good opportunity to effect her deliverance from it; went directly to the young and gallant Naoiſe, informed him of the circumſtance, extolled her pupil's charms, and promiſed to indulge him with an interview, provided he would, on his part, engage to free the fair captive, and make her his wife. Naoiſe joyfully accepted the invitation:—they met;—mutual aſtoniſhment and admiration concluded in vows of the moſt paſſionate love! Naoiſe, with the aid of his brothers, Ainle and Ardan, ſtormed the fortreſs, and carried off his prize; and eſcaping thence to Scotland, they were there joined in marriage.

But

" For me, my friends, what now remains,
" When I behold yon mighty Chief in chains?

" With

But the fatal beauty of Deirdre prevented the peaceable enjoyment of her happineſs:—a Prince of great power in Albany ſaw her and was enamoured; and finding that it was vain to ſue, he had recourſe to arms, to force her from the protection of her huſband. But Naoiſe, with a few faithful followers, cut his way through all oppoſition, and made good his retreat to one of the adjacent iſlands; where expecting to be again attacked, he diſpatched meſſengers to Ulſter, to entreat the aid of his friends.

The nobility of that province, on being informed of his ſituation, went in a body to the King, requeſting that Naoiſe might be aſſiſted and recalled; and Conor now trembling for the event of the prophecy, and perceiving that he could not by open force effect the deaths of thoſe whoſe lives he feared would fulfil it, veiled his treacherous purpoſe under the maſque of generous forgiveneſs to the raſhneſs of a youthful lover; he affected to engage with pleaſure in the cauſe of the unhappy pair; he granted the deſired repealment, and ſent a ſhip to convey them back to Ireland, and a body of troops to wait their arrival on the ſhore, and eſcort them to the palace of Emania. But Eogain, the commander of this body, had received private orders from the King to cut off the little band of Naoiſe on their landing; and particularly not to let Deirdre and the three ſons of Uſnoth eſcape. His commands were too ſucceſsfully obeyed, and in ſpight of the moſt gallant reſiſtance, the unhappy brothers were ſlain. But Deirdre was reſerved for ſtill further woe: the murderous Eogain, ſtruck with her beauty, could not lift his arm againſt her; he therefore brought her back a priſoner to the palace, and requeſted her from the King, as the reward of his guilty ſervice. The baſe and inhuman Conor conſented to his wiſhes, on obtaining a promiſe that ſhe ſhould be kept confined, and ſtrictly watched, to prevent the accompliſhment of the prediction. The wretched victim was accordingly placed in the chariot, and by the ſide of her huſband's murderer, who aggravated her anguiſh by the moſt brutal raillery; and convinced her that death alone could free her from horrors, yet worſe than any ſhe had hitherto endured. Inſpired with the ſudden reſolution of deſpair, ſhe watched a moment favourable to her purpoſe, and ſpringing with violence from the chariot, ſhe daſhed herſelf againſt a rock and expired.

But the cruel Conor drew down on his houſe the denunciation that he dreaded, by the very means through which he ſought to avoid it. The friends of the unhappy lovers,

enraged

" With ſuch a hero's conqueror ſhould I cope,
" What could my humbler boaſt of proweſs hope[k]?
" How ſhould you think *my* arms could e'er prevail,
" Where Conall-Cearnach's ſkill and courage fail?"——

" And wilt thou then decline the fight,
" O arm of Erin's fame!
" Her glorious, her unconquered knight,
" Her firſt and fav'rite name!
" No, brave Cucullin! mighty chief
" Of bright victorious ſteel!
" Fly to thy Conall, to thy friend's relief,
" And teach the foe ſuperior force to feel!"

" Then,

enraged at his perfidy, aſſembled all their forces, and took ample vengeance on the tyrant for his cruelty and breach of faith. His whole army was routed; his palace of Emania was ſeized upon, and given up to the plunder of the ſoldiery; and his favourite ſon, together with the chief officers of his houſehold, and all who were ſuppoſed to be his friends, fell in the carnage of that day, as ſo many victims to the manes of the murdered ſons of Uſnoth.

Whatever part Cucullin had taken in revenging the deaths of his young kinſmen, it appears that a kind of ſullen reconciliation was afterwards effected between him and the King of Ulſter; ſince we here find him (though reluctantly) conſenting to fight his battles, and obey his commands. But the ſeverity of reproach, and the bitterneſs of recollection, which is implied in the ſpeech before us, plainly demonſtrate that his grief and his injuries were ſtill keenly felt, and warmly reſented.

[k] Cucullin had been once a candidate for the Maſterſhip of the Ulſter Knights, but voluntarily reſigned his claim to his kinſman Conall, as to one who had exhibited greater proof of ſoldierſhip than he himſelf had, at that time, been happy enough to have an opportunity of evincing.

Then, with firm ſtep, and dauntleſs air,
Cucullin went, and thus the foe addreſt:
" Let me, O valiant knight, (he cried)
" Thy courteſy requeſt!
" To me thy purpoſe, and thy name confide,
" And what thy lineage and thy land declare?
" Do not my friendly hand refuſe,
" And proffer'd peace decline;——
" Yet, if thou wilt the doubtful combat chuſe,
" The combat then, O fair-hair'd youth! be thine!"

" Never ſhall aught ſo baſe as fear
" The hero's boſom ſway!
" Never, to pleaſe a curious ear,
" Will I my fame betray!
" No, gallant chief! I will to none
" My name, my purpoſe, or my birth reveal;
" Nor even from *thee* the combat will I ſhun,
" Strong though thine arm appear, and tried thy martial
" ſteel.

" Yet hear me own, that, did the vow
" Of chivalry allow,
" I would not thy requeſt withſtand,
" But gladly take, in peace, thy proffer'd hand.

" So

" So does that face each hoſtile thought controul[1]!
" So does that noble mien poſſeſs my ſoul!"

Reluctant then the chiefs commenc'd the fight,
Till glowing honor rous'd their ſlumbering might!
Dire was the ſtrife each valiant arm maintain'd,
And undecided long their fates remain'd;
For, till that hour, no eye had ever view'd
A field ſo fought, a conqueſt ſo purſu'd!
At length Cucullin's kindling ſoul aroſe;
Indignant ſhame recruited fury lends;
With fatal aim his glittering lance he throws,
And low on earth the dying youth extends.

Flown with the ſpear, his rage forſook
The hero's generous breaſt,
And, with ſoft voice, and pitying look,
He thus his brave unhappy foe addreſt.

" Gallant youth! that wound, I fear,
" Is paſt the power of art to heal!
" Now then, thy name and lineage let me hear,
" And whence, and why we ſee thee here, reveal!

[1] Deeply, as it is evident, that Conloch had been prepoſſeſſed againſt Cucullin, yet nature here begins to work; and the ſight of the paternal face raiſes ſtrong emotions in his breaſt. This is finely introduced by the maſterly poet, to heighten the diſtreſs of the cataſtrophe.

" That ſo thy tomb with honor we may raiſe,
" And give to glory's ſong thy deathleſs praiſe!"

" Approach!"—the wounded youth reply'd [m]:—
" Yet—yet more cloſely nigh!
" On this dear earth—by that dear ſide
" O let me die!——
" Thy hand—my Father!—hapleſs chief!—
" And you, ye warriors of our iſle, draw near,
" The anguiſh of my ſoul to hear,
" For I muſt kill a father's heart with grief!

" O firſt of heroes! hear thy ſon,
" Thy Conloch's parting breath!
" See Dunſcaik's early care [n]!
" See Dundalgan's cheriſh'd heir!
" See, alas! thy hapleſs child,
" By female arts beguil'd,
" And by a fatal promiſe won,
" Falls the ſad victim of untimely death!"

" O my

[m] From this line, to the end of the poem, my readers will perceive the neceſſity of an irregular meaſure in the tranſlation.

[n] Dun-Sgathach (i. e. the fortreſs of Sgathach) in the Iſle of Sky.—It took its name from a celebrated Albanian heroine, who eſtabliſhed an academy there, and taught the uſe of arms.

" O my loſt ſon!—relentleſs fate!—
" By this curſt arm to fall!—
" Come wretched Aifè, from thy childleſs hall,
" And learn the woes that thy pierc'd ſoul await!
" Why wert thou abſent in this fatal hour?—
" A mother's tender power
" Might ſure have ſway'd my Conloch's filial breaſt!
" My ſon, my hero then had ſtood confeſt!

" But it is paſt!—he dies!—ah woe!—
" Come, Aifè, come, and let thy ſorrows flow!
" Bathe his dear wounds!—ſupport his languid head!
" Waſh, with a mother's tears, away the blood a father ſhed!"

" No more (the dying youth exclaim'd,)
" No more on Aifè call!
" Curſt be her art!—the treacherous ſnare ſhe fram'd
" Has wrought thy Conloch's fall!
" Curſe on the tongue that arm'd my hand
" Againſt a father's breaſt!
" That bound me to obey her dire command,
" And with a lying tale my ſoul poſſeſt;
" That made me think my youth no more thy care,
" And bade me of thy cruel arts beware!

" Curſt be the tongue to whoſe deceit
" The anguiſh of my father's heart I owe.
" While thus, to bathe his ſacred feet,
" Through this unhappy ſide,
" He ſees the ſame rich crimſon tide
" That fills his own heroic boſom flow!

" O yes! too ſurely am I thine!
" No longer I the fatal truth conceal.
" Never before did any foe
" The name of Conloch know;
" Nor would I now to thee my birth reveal,
" But ſafety, even from thy dear hand decline,
" Did not my ebbing blood, and ſhort'ning breath,
" Secure thy Conloch's honor—in his death.

" But, ah Cucullin!—dauntleſs knight!—
" Ah!—had'ſt thou better mark'd the fight!
" Thy ſkill in arms might ſoon have made thee know
" That I was only *half* a foe!
" Thou would'ſt have ſeen, for glory though I fought,
" Defence,—not blood I ſought.
" Thou would'ſt have ſeen, from that dear breaſt,
" Nature and love thy Conloch's arm arreſt!

" Thou

" Thou would'ſt have ſeen his ſpear inſtinctive ſtray;
" And, when occaſion dar'd its force,
" Still from that form it fondly turn'd away,
" And gave to air its courſe °."

No anſwer the unhappy ſire return'd,
But wildly thus, in frantic ſorrow mourn'd.
" O my lov'd Conloch! beam of glory's light!
" O ſet not yet in night!
" Live, live my ſon, to aid thy father's ſword!
" O live, to conqueſt and to fame reſtor'd!
" Companions of the war, my ſon, we'll go,
" Mow down the ranks, and chaſe the routed foe
" Ourſelves an hoſt, ſweep o'er the proſtrate field,
" And ſquadrons to my hero's arm ſhall yield!
" Not mighty Erin's ſelf, from wave to wave,
" Not all her chiefs could our joint proweſs brave

" Gone!—art thou gone?—O wretched eyes!
" See where my child! my murder'd Conloch lies
" Lo!—in the duſt his ſhield of conqueſt laid!
" And proſtrate, now, his once victorious blade!

" O let

° Here is one of thoſe delicate ſtrokes of nature and ſentiment, that paſs ſo directly to the heart, and ſo powerfully awaken its feelings!—Sympathy bleeds at every line of this paſſage, and the anguiſh of the father and the ſon are at once transfuſed into our breaſts!

" O let me turn from the ſoul-torturing ſight!
" O wretch! deſerted and forlorn!
" With age's ſharpeſt anguiſh torn!—
" Stript of each tender tie! each fond delight!

" Cruel father!—cruel ſtroke!—
" See the heart of nature broke!—
" Yes, I have murder'd thee, my lovely child!
" Red with thy blood this fatal hand I view!—
" Oh, from the ſight diſtraction will enſue,
" And grief will turn with tearleſs horror wild!——

" Reaſon!—whither art thou fled?—
" Art thou with my Conloch dead?—
" Is this loſt wretch no more thy care?
" Not one kind ray to light my ſoul;
" To free it from the black controul
" Of this deep, deep deſpair!——

" As the lone ſkiff is toſs'd from wave to wave,
" No pilot's hand to ſave!
" Thus, thus my devious ſoul is borne!
" Wild with my woes, I only live to mourn!

" But all in death will ſhortly end,
" And ſorrow to the grave its victim ſend!

" Yes

" Yes, yes, I feel the near approach of peace,
" And miſery ſoon will ceaſe!
" As the ripe fruit, at ſhady autumn's call,
" Shakes to each blaſt, and trembles to its fall;
" I wait the hour that ſhall afford me reſt,
" And lay, O earth! my ſorrows in thy breaſt.

Here ends the Poem of CONLOCH: the ſubject is indeed continued in the following pages; but it is in a diſtinct and ſeparate piece, of which I have ſeen a number of copies, all in ſome degree differing from each other, and none of them connected with the above, except in this one copy, which I got from Mr. O'HALLORAN. The following poem, however, is poſſeſſed of conſiderable merit; and, beſides the pathos that it breathes, it exhibits a ſpecies of originality in its way, that is *unique*, and ſtriking to a very great degree.

The above tranſlation is made from Mr. O'HALLORAN's copy, but the original of the poem here ſubjoined, being rather fuller than the one which was annexed to his, I have for that reaſon adopted it.

THE LAMENTATION OF CUCULLIN, OVER THE BODY OF HIS SON CONLOCH.

ALAS, alas for thee,
O Aife's hapleſs ſon!
And oh, of ſires the moſt undone,
My child! my child! woe, tenfold woe to me!
Alas! that e'er theſe fatal plains
Thy valiant ſteps receiv'd!
And oh, for Cualnia's [a] wretched chief
What now, alas, remains!
What, but to gaze upon his grief!
Of his ſole ſon, by his own arm bereav'd!

O had

[a] Cucullin was called, by way of pre-eminence, the HERO OF CUALNIA, that being the name of his patrimony, which it ſtill retains, in the county of Louth.

O had I died before this hour!—
My loſt, my lovely child!
Before this arm my Conloch's arm oppos'd;
Before this ſpear againſt him was addreſt;
Before theſe eyes beheld his eye-lids clos'd,
And life's warm ſtream thus iſſuing from his breaſt!
Then, Death, how calmly had I met thy power!
Then, at thy worſt of terrors, had I ſmil'd!

Could fate no other grief deviſe?—
No other foe provide?——
Oh!—could no arm but mine ſuffice
To pierce my darling's ſide!—
My Conloch! 'tis denied thy father's woe
Even the ſad comfort of revenge to know!—
To ruſh upon thy murderer's cruel breaſt,
Scatter his limbs, and rend his haughty creſt!—
While his whole tribe in blood ſhould quench my rage,
And the dire fever of my ſoul aſſuage[b]!
The debt of vengeance, then, ſhould well be paid,
And thouſands fall the victims of thy ſhade!

[b] What a picture of a heart torn with ſorrow is here exhibited, in theſe wild ſtartings of paſſion!—the ſoul of a hero, preſſed down with a weight of woe,—ſtung to madneſs by complicated aggravations of the moſt poignant grief, and ſtruggling between reaſon, and the impatient frenzy of deſpair!—How naturally does it rave around for ſome object whereon to vent the burſtings of anguiſh, and the irritations of a wounded ſpirit!

Ultonian knights[c]! ye glory of our age!
Well have ye ſcap'd a frantic father's rage!
That not by *you* this fatal field is won!
That not by *you* I loſe my lovely ſon!—
Oh, dearly, elſe, ſhould all your lives abide
The trophies from my Conloch's valour torn;
And your RED-BRANCH, in deeper crimſon dy'd,
The vengeance of a father's arm ſhould mourn!

O thou loſt hope of my declining years!
O cruel winds that drove thee to this coaſt!
Alas! could Deſtiny afford
No other arm, no other ſword,
In Leinſter of the pointed ſpears,
On Munſter's plains, or in fierce Cruachan's[d] hoſt,
To quench in blood my filial light,
And ſpare my arm the deed, my eyes the ſight!

O had proud India's ſplendid plain
Beneath thy proweſs bled,
There, ſunk on heaps of hoſtile ſlain,
Had thy brave ſpirit fled,

That

[c] Theſe were the famous heroes of the RED-BRANCH.

[d] In Connaught.

That then EMANIA [e] might the deed purſue,
And, for thy fate, exact the vengeance due!
Expiring millions had thy ranſom paid,
And the wild frenzy of my grief allay'd!

O that to Lochlin's land of ſnows
My ſon had ſteer'd his courſe!
Or Grecian [f] ſhores, or Perſian [g] foes,
Or Spain, or Britain's force!

There-

[e] By EMANIA he means the knights of the RED-BRANCH, as a conſiderable part of that palace was occupied by this celebrated body. The part appointed for their reſidence was called *Teagh na Craoibhe-ruadh* (i. e. the palace of the RED-BRANCH), where there was alſo an academy inſtituted for the inſtruction of the young knights, and a large hoſpital for their ſick and wounded, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the Houſe of the Warriors' Sorrow. See O'HALL. *Int. to the Hiſt. of Ireland*, p. 40. See alſo KEATING.

The palace of Emania, or Eamania, ſtood near Armagh. Some ruins of it were remaining ſo late as the time of Colgan. Vide *Collect. de Reb. Hib.* vol. III. p. 341.

[f g] The anti-hibernian critic will here exclaim—"What knowledge could Cucullin "poſſibly be ſuppoſed to have had of Greece, or Perſia, or of proud India's ſplendid "plain?—Does not the very mention baniſh every idea of the antiquity of this "poem, and mark it out at once as a modern production?" It is granted that this would indeed be the caſe, had our early anceſtors been *really* ſuch as modern writers repreſent them:—*Barbarians, deſcended from barbarians, and ever continuing the ſame;* but their Phœnician origin of itſelf ſufficiently accounts for their knowledge of the ſituation, inhabitants, manners, &c. of the various nations of the earth; ſince the Phœnicians, a maritime and commercial people, traded to every port, and were acquainted with every country.

Beſides this, the literary and intellectual turn of the ancient Iriſh, frequently ſent them, in queſt of knowledge, to different parts of the globe. "Our early writers "(ſays Mr. O'HALLORAN) tell us, (and Archbiſhop USHER affirms the ſame,) that

"the

There had he fallen, amidſt his fame,
I yet the loſs could bear;
Nor horror thus would ſhake my frame,
Nor ſorrow be—Deſpair!—

Why was it not in Sora's barbarous lands
My lovely Conloch fell?
Or by fierce Pictiſh chiefs[h], whoſe ruthleſs bands
Would joy the cruel tale to tell;
Whoſe ſouls are train'd all pity to ſubdue;
Whoſe ſavage eyes unmov'd that form could view!

Rejoice, ye heroes of Albania's plains!
(While yet I live, my conquering troops to lead,)
Rejoice, that guiltleſs of the deed
Your happy earth remains!

And

" the celebrated champion Conall Cearnach, Maſter of the Ulſter Knights, was " actually at Jeruſalem at the time of the crucifixion of our Saviour, and related the " ſtory to the King of Ulſter on his return." He alſo adds that one of our great poets, in the fifth century, traverſed the eaſt, and dedicated a book to the Emperor Theodoſius. Many ſimilar inſtances and proofs could alſo be here ſubjoined; but the limits of my deſign oblige me to refer my readers to the learned works of O'Conor, O'Halloran and Vallancey, names dear to every ſpirit of liberality and ſcience, but by *Iriſhmen* peculiarly to be revered.

[h] The period, when the Picts firſt invaded North-Britain, has not (I believe) been exactly aſcertained.—We *here* find that country divided between the Picts and the Albanians, and the former mentioned as a bloody and cruel people.—It was not till two centuries after this that a *third* colony from Ireland, under Carbry Riada, was eſtabliſhed there.

And you, ye chiefs of Galia's numerous hoſt;
Bleſs the kind fate that ſpar'd your favour'd coaſt[i]!

But what for me—for me is left!
Of more, and dearer far than life, bereft!
Doom'd to yet unheard of woe!
A father, doom'd to pierce his darling's ſide,
And,—oh! with blaſted eyes abide
To ſee the laſt dear drops of filial crimſon flow!

Alas!—my trembling limbs!—my fainting frame[k]!—
Grief!—is it thou?——
O conquering Grief!—I know thee now!
Well do thy ſad effects my woes proclaim!
Poor Victor!—ſee thy trophies, where they lie!—
Waſh them with tears!—then lay thee down and die!

Why

[i] I had nearly forgotten to acknowledge, that ſome ſtanzas of the original of this poem are omitted in the tranſlation; Cucullin, before this, enumerates the heroes of the RED-BRANCH; viz. Conal Cearnach, Loire Buahach, Cormac Conluingeas, Dubthach, Forbuidh, &c. &c. and tells them, one by one, that they happily eſcaped being guilty of the death of his ſon, and the vengeance that he would have exacted. In ſome other copies of the poem I do not find theſe ſtanzas; I therefore took the liberty of leaving them out, as I thought they broke the pathos of the compoſition; and, beſides, they were (in point of poetry) rather inferior to the reſt of the piece.

[k] The beautiful lines, in my original, from which the three following ſtanzas are tranſlated, were not in Mr. O'HALLORAN's copy.

Why, why, O Aifè! was thy child
Thus cruelly beguil'd!
Why to my Conloch did'ſt thou not impart
The fatal ſecret of his father's art?
To warn him to avoid the deadly ſnare,
And of a combat on the waves beware[1].

Alas, I ſink!—my failing ſight
Is gone!—'tis loſt in night!
Clouds and darkneſs round me dwell!
Horrors more than tongue can tell!
See where my ſon, my murdered Conloch lies!
What further ſufferings now can fate deviſe!
O my heart's wounds! well may your anguiſh flow,
And drop life's tears on this ſurpaſſing woe!

Lo, the ſad remnant of my ſlaughter'd race,
Like ſome lone trunk, I wither in my place!—
No more the ſons of USNOTH to my ſight
Give manly charms, and to my ſoul delight!

No

[1] Some of our romances and poems aſcribe to Cucullin the property of being invulnerable in water, and in relating this circumſtance of his life, ſay, that (when hard preſſed by Conloch) he took the refuge of a ford, and *then* threw the fatal GATHBOLG, with which he was ſure of killing his antagoniſt. The preceding poem makes no mention of this fable, perhaps through tenderneſs for the honor of Cucullin; and from this, and ſome other circumſtances, I am tempted to think they were not written by the ſame hand.

No more my Conloch ſhall I hope to ſee;
Nor ſon, nor kinſman now ſurvives for me!
O my loſt ſon!—my precious child, adieu!
No more theſe eyes that lovely form ſhall view!
No more his dark-red ſpear ſhall Ainle [m] wield!
No more ſhall Naoiſe thunder o'er the field!
No more ſhall Ardan ſweep the hoſtile plains!—
Loſt are they all, and nought but woe remains!—
Now, chearleſs earth, adieu thy every care:
Adieu to all, but Horror and Deſpair!

[m] Ainle, Naoiſe, and Ardan, were the three ſons of Uſnoth, whoſe tragical ſtory is related in the notes to the preceding poem.

II.

MAGNUS THE GREAT:

A

POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE language of the following Poem, as it now ſtands, is certainly too modern to be aſcribed to an earlier period than the middle ages;—but, whether it did or did not exiſt, prior to thoſe times, in a dreſs more ancient than that in which we now find it, is a matter which I confeſs myſelf unqualified to determine: for, though there be many reaſons to ſuppoſe that this is really the caſe; yet there are alſo ſome circumſtances in the Poem, which ſeem to contradict the ſuppoſition. If, by the Magnus *of our Bard, he means the King of that name, who made ſome deſcents on Ireland about the latter end of the eleventh century, he is then guilty of a great anacroniſm, in ſynchroniſing heroes, who flouriſhed at ſuch different periods; and we muſt fix the date of his compoſition at ſome time in the twelfth, or thirteenth century. This, however, is mere conjecture, upon the ſtrength of which, it would be unfair to judge, much leſs to condemn our Bard.* Magnus *is a name ſo common amongſt the Northern princes, that it cannot determine our opinion.*

According to the accounts that Iriſh hiſtory gives of Daniſh Invaſions in this kingdom, the earlieſt was about the end of the eighth century; we therefore cannot ſafely reſt upon the credit of our Bards, who tell us of numberleſs deſcents, which that fierce and warlike people made upon our coaſts, wherein they were oppoſed and beaten back by kings and heroes, who flouriſhed here in the earlieſt ages of Chriſtianity. Yet, ſmall as is the faith to be placed in mere poetical authority, it ought

not to be wholly diſregarded: it ſeems to me that they muſt have had ſome foundation for their perpetual alluſions to the early period of Daniſh depredations in Ireland; nor is the ſilence of our hiſtory a ſufficient reaſon for concluding that all their accounts are founded in fiction only. The greater part of our hiſtorical records are loſt, and, doubtleſs, amongſt them, many authentic accounts of events much more intereſting than this now in queſtion; and which are not mentioned in the few of our annals that yet remain. Beſides this, an invaſion, ſuch as that recorded by our Bard, might eaſily have paſſed unnoticed by either a conciſe or a careleſs hiſtorian. The Danes, under his hero, acquired no footing, gained no victory in our iſland; they were only juſt landed, and beaten back: ſo fruitleſs an attempt might have been purpoſely omitted by the hiſtorian, as not of ſufficient conſequence to take up room in his annals; or it may perhaps have been noticed in ſome of our more voluminous records, which are loſt. Add to this, that numbers of the Latin writers (from the commencement of the fourth, to the cloſe of the tenth and eleventh centuries) ſpeak fully of an intercourſe between the old Inhabitants of Ireland, and the Northern nations. All theſe circumſtances conſidered, it is left to the judgment of the reader, whether to acquit our Bard of anachroniſm, or not.

There are numberleſs copies of this Poem in the hands of the learned and curious. The one from which I have tranſlated is in the collection of Mr. Joſeph C. Walker. *The author (or perhaps only the moderniſer of the piece) is ſaid to have belonged to the family of the* O'Neils; *but, what his name was, I have not been able to learn.*

MAGNUS

MAGNUS[a] THE GREAT:

A POEM.

OISIN. ST. PATRICK.

OISIN. I Care not for thee, ſenſeleſs clerk!
Nor all thy pſalming throng,
Whoſe ſtupid ſouls, unwiſely dark,
Reject the light of ſong:

Unheeding, while it pours the ſtrain,
With Finian glory ſwell'd;
Such as thy thought can ſcarce contain,
Thine eye has ne'er beheld!

PATRICK.

[a] Magnus is pronounced in the Iriſh, *Manos*; but the name being a foreign one, is here purpoſely written according to the ſpelling of the original. The Iriſh names are, in general, given in ſuch ſpelling as will convey the ſound of the original.

PATRICK. O ſon of Finn! the Fenii's fame
Thou glorieſt to prolong;
While I my heav'nly King proclaim,
In pſalm's diviner ſong.

OISIN. Doſt thou inſult me to my face?
Does thy preſumption dare
With the bright glories of my race
Thy wretched pſalms compare?

Why did my folly let thee live,
To brave too patient age,
To ſee how tamely I forgive,
And preach me from my rage!

PATRICK. Pardon, great chief!—I meant no ill;
Sweet is to me thy ſong;
And high the themes and lofty ſkill
Its noble ſtrains prolong.

Sing then, ſweet bard! thy purpos'd tale,
While gladly I attend,
And let me on thy grace prevail
Its lovely ſounds to lend.

OISIN. Once, while we chac'd the dark-brown deer [b],
Along the ſea-girt plain,
We ſaw a diſtant fleet appear,
Advancing on the main.

Quick ceas'd the hunt:—to eaſt, to weſt
Our rapid mandate hi'd;
With inſtant march the Fenii preſt
To join their leader's ſide.

Beneath the chief of mighty fame,
Whom lovely Morna [c] bore,
Seven warlike bands [d] to join us came,
Collected on the ſhore.

Then

[b] "Theſe hunting matches (ſays O'CONOR) continued ſeveral days; and, in ſome "ſeaſons, ſeveral months: at night they encamped in woods, and repoſed in booths, "covered with the ſkins of the animals they hunted down." The chaſe was alſo, to them, "a ſort of military ſchool, which rendered toil eaſy, and annexed pleaſure to "the rudeſt fatigue. It gave them great muſcular ſtrength, and great agility and "firmneſs againſt the ſeverity of the moſt rigorous ſeaſons. It beſides taught them "vigilance; ſkill in archery, and great patience under long abſtinence from food. "They came out of the foreſt expert ſoldiers; and no nation could excel them in "rapid marches, quick retreats, and ſudden ſallies. By theſe means it was, that they "ſo often baffled the armies of South-Britain, and the Roman legions, united." O'CONOR's *Diſſertations*, p. 71, 101.

[c] Morna, or Muirne monchaoimh, (i. e. the beloved maid, with the gentle, or engaging wiles,) was the mother of Finn, and it was in right of her that he poſſeſſed his palace of Almhain. Vide KEATING, p. 271.

[d] Theſe were the *Fiana Ereann*, the celebrated militia, ſo renowned in the annals of

Then Finn, the ſoul of Erin's might,
With fame and conqueſt crown'd;
To deeds of glory to incite,
Addreſs'd the heroes round.

" Which

this country, and in the ſongs of her Bards. Dr. Warner gives the following account of that formidable body.——

" The conſtant number of this ſtanding army in times of peace, when there were " no diſturbances at home, nor any want of their aſſiſtance to their allies abroad, were " nine thouſand men, divided equally into three battalions. But in caſe of any appre- " henſions of a conſpiracy, or rebellion againſt the monarch, or if there was any " neceſſity for tranſporting a body of troops to Scotland, in order to defend their " allies, the Dalriada's, it was in the power of Finn, the generaliſſimo, to encreaſe " his forces to ſeven battalions, of three thouſand each. Every battalion was com- " manded by a Colonel; every hundred men by a Captain; an officer, in the nature of " a Lieutenant, was ſet over every fifty; and a Serjeant, reſembling the Decurio of " the Romans, was at the head of every five and twenty. When they were drawn " out for action, every hundred men were diſtributed into ten files, with ten (of " courſe) in each; and the leader of the file gave the word to the other nine. As it " was thought a great honor to be a member of this invincible body of troops, their " General was very ſtrict in inſiſting on the qualifications neceſſary for admiſſion " into it."

" The parents, (or near relations) of every candidate for the militia, were to give " ſecurity that they would not attempt to revenge his death, but leave it to his fellow- " ſoldiers to do him juſtice. He muſt have a poetical genius, and be well acquainted " with the twelve books of poetry. He was to ſtand at the diſtance of nine ridges " of land, with only a ſtick, and a target; and nine ſoldiers were to throw their " javelins at him at once, from which he was to defend himſelf unhurt, or be re- " jected. He was to run through a wood, with his hair plaited, purſued by a com- " pany of the militia, the breadth of a tree only being allowed between them at " ſetting out, without being overtaken, or his hair falling looſe about him. He was " to leap over a tree, as high as his forehead; and eaſily ſtoop under another that " was as low as his knee. Theſe qualifications being proved, he was then to take

an

" Which of my chiefs the firſt will go
" To yon inſulted ſhore,
" And bravely meet the daring foe,
" Their purpoſe to explore !"

Then

" an oath of allegiance to the King, and of fidelity to Finn, his commander in " chief.

" The reader will judge of the propriety of moſt of theſe qualifications; but this " was not every thing that was required, in order for admiſſion into this illuſtrious " corps. Every ſoldier, before he was enrolled, was obliged to ſubſcribe to the fol- " lowing articles. That, if ever he was diſpoſed to marry, he would not conform to " the mercenary cuſtom of requiring a portion with his wife; but, without regard to " her fortune, he would chuſe a woman for her virtue, and courteous manners. " That he would never offer violence to any woman. That he would be charitable " to the poor, as far as his abilities would permit. And that he would not turn his " back, nor refuſe to fight with ten men of any other nation.

" In the times of peace, they were required to defend the inhabitants againſt the " attempts of thieves and robbers; to quell riots and inſurrections; to levy fines, " and ſecure eſtates that were forfeited for the uſe of the crown; in ſhort, to ſup- " preſs all ſeditious and traiterous practiſes in their beginning; and to appear under " arms, when any breach of faith required it. They had no ſubſiſtence money from " the monarchs but during the winter half year, when they were billeted upon the " country, and diſperſed in quarters. During the other part of the year, from the " firſt of May to November, they were encamped about the fields, and were obliged " to fiſh and hunt for their ſupport. This was not only a great eaſe to the monarch " and his ſubjects, but it inured the troops to fatigue, preſerved them in health and " vigour, and accuſtomed them to lie abroad in the field: and in a country which " abounded ſo much with veniſon, fiſh, and fowl, as Ireland did, it was no other " hardſhip than what was proper to the life of ſoldiers, to be obliged to draw their " ſubſiſtence in the ſummer ſeaſon from thoſe articles.

" They made but one meal in four and twenty hours, which was always in the " evening; and beſides the common method of roaſting their meat before the fire, " they had another very remarkable, and which they ſeem moſt to have practiſed.

Then Conan [e] of the froward mind,
The bald M'Morni ſpoke,
And as his ſpleenful ſoul inclin'd,
His ſneering accents broke.

" O chief

" The places, which they choſe to encamp in, were always in the neighbourhood of " water, where great fires were made, in order to heat ſome large ſtones, for ſod- " dening of their meat; here large pits were dug, into which they threw a layer of " ſtones, when they were hot, and then a layer of fleſh, covered up in ſedges or " ruſhes; then another courſe of ſtones, and another of fleſh, till the pit was full, " or their quantity of meat was finiſhed. While their food was ſtewing in this man- " ner, they waſhed their heads, necks, &c. till they had cleanſed themſelves from the " duſt and ſweat, occaſioned by hunting; and this contributed as much to take off " their fatigue as it did to promote their health and cleanlineſs. When they were " dreſſed, and their meat was ready, they uncovered the pits, and took out their food, " of which they eat large quantities with great chearfulneſs and ſociability.

" If their exerciſe led them, as it often did, to too great a diſtance to return to " the camp, as ſoon as dinner was ended they erected little temporary tents or " booths, in which their beds were laid out, and conſtructed with great exactneſs. " Next the ground were placed the ſmall branches of trees, upon which was ſtrewed " a large quantity of moſs, and over all were laid bundles of ruſhes, which made a " very commodious lodging, and which, in the old manuſcripts, are called 'The " Three Beds of the Iriſh Militia.' The marks of their fires continue deep in the " earth, in many parts of the iſland, to this day; and when the huſbandman turns up " the black burnt clay with his plow, he immediately knows the occaſion of it; and " even now that ſoil is called by the name of 'Fullacht Finn.' The militia were as " much under diſcipline, when encamped thus in the ſummer, as when they were at " quarters, and they were at ſtated times obliged to perform their military exerciſe. " Beſides theſe regulations for the army, the celebrated Finn, who was as great a " philoſopher as a general, drew up ſeveral axioms of juriſprudence, which were incor- " porated into the celeſtial judgments of the ſtate." WARNER's *Hiſt. of Ireland*, p. 289.

[e] Conan, wherever he is mentioned, or wherever he appears, always bears the ſame character for inſolent perverſeneſs; but, like Homer's Therſites, he was endured; and probably for the ſame reaſon.

" O chief of Erin's batt'ling hoſt!
" Whom ſhould yon navy bring?—
" Haply ſome Prince, or hero's boaſt,
" To match our *wond'rous* King!

" Let Fergus, *peaceful* Bard, advance
" To meet their haughty lord;
" He, with accuſtom'd art, perchance
" The threaten'd blow may ward [f]."

" Peace, tongue accurs'd, bald, froward fool!"
(The graceful Fergus cry'd)
" Think'ſt thou I move beneath *thy* rule,
" To go or to abide?——

" Yet, for the Fenii, I will go
" To yon inſulted ſhore,
" And meet, for them, the daring foe,
" Their purpoſe to explore."

[f] In the tranſlation of this paſſage, more is given than is abſolutely expreſſed in the original, but not more than is implied: the words of Conan here are very few;—he only ſays " Who, O mighty Finn of battles! who ſhould there be but ſome great " chief, or prince, coming againſt thee?—let Fergus then, with his conſummate art, " go and meet him; he is accuſtomed to ſuch errands." From the epithet *perverſe*, or *froward*, being beſtowed on Conan, immediately before; and from the angry reply of the uſually gentle Fergus, I collected the full force of the intended irony, and underſtood whatever my tranſlation has added.

Bright in the glittering blades of war,
The youthful Fergus goes;
Loud ſounds his martial voice afar [g],
And greets the diſtant foes.

" Whence are thoſe hoſts? Come they the force
" Of Finian arms to brave?—
" Or wherefore do they ſteer their courſe
" O'er Erin's guarded wave?"

" Mac-Mehee, of the crimſon ſhields [h],
" Fierce Magnus heads our bands,
" Who Lochlin's mighty ſceptre wields,
" And mighty hoſts commands."

" Why

[g] " With us (ſays Mr. WALKER) as with the ancient Greeks, (Iliad, b. v.) before " the uſe of trumpets was known in our armies, it was the buſineſs of thoſe Herald-" bards, (who had Stentoric lungs,) to ſound with the voice the alarm, and call the " ſquadrons together." *Hiſt. Mem. of Iriſh Bards.*

A loud and well-toned voice was, indeed, peculiarly neceſſary to the Bard; ſince, without it, it was impoſſible that the animated exhortations of his Roſg-cata could be heard, amidſt the din of arms.

[h] The ſhields of the Danes were uſually coloured crimſon. We find in HOLINSHED's Chronicle, where he deſcribes the army led by Haſculphus againſt Dublin, in the reign of Henry II. that " their ſhields, bucklers and targets, were round, and " *coloured red*, and bound with iron." Perhaps, however, it is only in a figurative ſenſe, that the *red ſhield* is here mentioned by the poet, as having been often dyed in the blood of the enemy; it is in this ſenſe that we frequently read of the *red ſpear*, the *red ſword*, &c.

" Why does he thus our coaſts explore,
" And hither lead his power?
" If peace conducts him to our ſhore,
" He comes in happy hour."

The furious Magnus ſwift reply'd,
With fierce and haughty boaſt,
(The King whoſe navy's ſpeckled[i] pride
Defied our martial hoſt.)

" I come (he cried) from Comhal's ſon
" A hoſtage to obtain;
" And, as the meed of conqueſt won,
" His ſpouſe and dog to gain[k].

" His

[i] *Breac*, ſpeckled.—I have nothing but conjecture to offer upon this epithet; and muſt leave it to thoſe who are better verſed in Northern antiquities, to determine what kind and degree of ornament is here meant.

[k] It is not certain, whether ſuch a demand as that of " the ſpouſe and dog" was uſual, upon ſimilar occaſions, amongſt the Scandinavian, or Celtic nations. Among the Aſiatics and other ancients, it was the cuſtom to demand " earth and water," as a token of ſubmiſſion. The " ſpouſe and dog" are here inſiſted on, evidently in the ſame ſenſe; and perhaps it was the practiſe of the Northerns to do ſo.

" His Bran[l], whoſe fleetneſs mocks the wind
" His ſpouſe of gentle love:
" Let them be now to me reſign'd,
" My mightier arm to prove."

" Fierce will the valiant Fenii fight,
" And thin will be their hoſt,
" Before our Bran ſhall, in their ſight,
" Perform thy haughty boaſt;

" And Finn will ſwell green Erin's wave
" With Lochlin's [m] blood of pride,
" Before his ſpouſe ſhall be thy ſlave,
" And leave his faithful ſide."

" Now by that generous hand of thine,
" O Fergus! hear me ſwear,
" Though bright your Finian glories ſhine,
" And fierce you learn to dare;

" Or

[l] This Bran is much celebrated in many of the Finian tales and poems, for fidelity and extraordinary endowments.

[m] Lochlin is the Gaelic name for Scandinavia in general.

" Or Bran ſhall ſoon the dark-brown deer
" O'er Lochlin's hills purſue;
" Or ſoon this arm ſhall teach you fear,
" And your vain pride ſubdue."

" Though ſtrong that valiant arm you deem,
" Whoſe might ſo loud you boaſt;
" And high thoſe martial troops eſteem,
" Whoſe numbers hide our coaſt;

" Yet, never with thy haughty will
" Shall Erin's chief comply;
" Nor ever deer, o'er Lochlin's hill,
" Before our Bran ſhall fly."

Mild Fergus then, his errand done,
Return'd with wonted grace;
His mind, like the unchanging ſun[a],
Still beaming in his face.

Before

[a] The reader's attention is particularly called to the peculiar beauty of this image, and indeed of the whole preceding paſſage. How exquiſitely is the character of Fergus ſupported! He greets the enemy with courteſy: he is anſwered with inſolence; yet ſtill retains the ſame equal temper, for which he is every where diſtinguiſhed. We ſee his ſpirit riſe, but it is with ſomething more noble than reſentment; for his reply to Magnus breathes all the calmneſs of philoſophy, as well as the energy of the patriot, and the dignity of the hero.

Before bright Honor's generous chief,
His noble fire, he goes;
And thus unfolds, in accents brief,
The meſſage of his foes.

" Why ſhould I, from the valiant ear,
" The words of death withhold;
" Since, to the heart that knows no fear,
" All tidings may be told.

" Fierce Magnus bids thee inſtant yield,
" And take the granted hour;
" Or ſoon the dire conteſted field
" Shall make thee feel his pow'r;

" Fleet-bounding Bran, his deer to chaſe,
" And prove his mightier arm;
" And thy ſoft love, his halls to grace,
" And his fierce ſoul to charm;

" Theſe are his proud, his ſtern demands,
" Or ſoon, from ſhore to ſhore,
" His ſpear ſhall deſolate thy lands,
" And float thy fields with gore."

" From

" From me ſhall my ſoft love be torn,
" A ſtranger's halls to grace?—
" Or my fleet Bran away be borne,
" A ſtranger's deer to chaſe?—

" Oh! firſt ſhall ceaſe this vital breath,
" And uſeleſs be this blade;
" And low in earth, and cold in death,
" This arm be powerleſs laid!

" O Gaul! ſhall theſe redoubted bands
" Stand cold and ſilent by;
" And hear ſuch inſolent demands,
" And not to vengeance fly!

" Shall we not chaſe yon vaunting hoſt,
" With rout and death away,
" And make them rue their haughty boaſt,
" And rue this fatal day?——"

" Yes, by that arm of deathful might,
" O Comhal's noble ſon!
" Soon ſhall our ſwords purſue their flight,
" And ſoon the field be won;

" Yon King, whoſe ſhips of many wave
" Extend along our coaſt,
" Who thus thy power inſulting braves,
" And dares our gallant hoſt.

" Soon ſhall this arm his fate decide,
" And, by this vengeful blade,
" Shall that fierce head of gloomy pride
" In humble duſt be laid!"

" Not ſo! (with eager warmth exclaim'd
My generous ſon of Love)
" Yon King, though fierce, though widely fam'd,
" Thy Oſgur's arm ſhall prove!

" Soon his twelve Judges' tribe[p] before
" My valiant troop ſhall flee;
" And their proud King ſhall fall, no more
" His iſle of boars to ſee."

" No,

[p] In the original, clan an Da comhairleach Deag. (tribe of the twelve Counſellers or Judges). " Odin, the conqueror of the North, eſtabliſhed in Swe-
" den a ſupreme court, compoſed of twelve members, to aſſiſt him in the functions
" of the prieſthood, and civil government. This, doubtleſs, gave riſe to what was
" afterwards called the ſenate; and the ſame eſtabliſhment, in like manner, took
" place in Denmark, Norway, and other Northern ſtates. Theſe ſenators decided,
" in the laſt appeal, all differences of importance; they were, if I may ſo ſay, the
" aſſeſſors

" No, mine" (the famed Macluya [q] cry'd)
" Mine be yon vaunting foe!
" Mine be the taſk to check his pride,
" And lay his glories low!

" Dark Norway's King myſelf will meet,
" And well his arm employ:
" For danger, in thy cauſe, is ſweet,
" And life is riſqu'd with joy."

" No, I to glorious fame will ſpring!
(Brown Dermid [r] cry'd) " or die;
" Mine be to meet yon ſtranger king,
" His boaſted arm to try:

" aſſeſſors of the prince; and were in number twelve, as we are expreſsly informed " by Saxo, in his Life of King Regner Lodbrog. Nor are there other monuments " wanting, which abundantly confirm this truth. We find in Zealand, in Sweden, " near Upſal, and, (if I am not miſtaken) in the county of Cornwall alſo, large " ſtones, to the amount of twelve, ranged in the form of a circle, and, in the midſt " of them, one of ſuperior heighth. Such, in thoſe rude ages, was the hall of " audience; the ſtones that formed the circumference were the ſeats of the ſenators; " that in the middle was the throne of the King." MALLET's *Northern Antiquities*, p. 44, note [c].

[q] Mac Luigheach.

[r] For an account of Dermid; ſee notes on *The Chaſe*.

" Strong though it be, it ſoon ſhall yield,
" While in thy cauſe I fight;
" Or ſoon theſe eyes, on yonder field,
" Shall cloſe in endleſs night."

" My viſion now I call to mind!
(The ſtarting Fallan [s] cry'd)
" I dream'd that with the Mooriſh [t] King,
" Alone the fight I try'd:

" At length, methought, one lucky aim
" Struck off his gloomy head;
" And thence my ſoul forebodes our fame,
" And ſees our glories ſpread!"

" Bleſt be your ſouls, ye arms of war [u]!
(The blooming Finn exclaim'd)
" May victory bear your triumphs far,
" To diſtant nations fam'd!

" But,

[s] Fœlan.

[t] Rig tire na bxear ngorm.—Literally " the King of the country of the Moors." This ſeems a ſtrange paſſage, and I muſt confeſs myſelf unable to conjecture whence it could have taken riſe, or what connection there could have been between the Iriſh and the Moors.

[u] How natural and how beautiful is this burſt of feeling! We ſee the affections of Finn exult ſtill more in the attachment of his heroes, than his pride does in their proweſs.

" But, my brave troops! your chief alone,
" Shall chief in danger be;
" And Magnus ſhall be all my own,
" Whate'er the fates decree.

" Strong though his arm, the war to wage,
" I mean that arm to try;
" Nor from his might, nor from his rage,
" Shall Erin's chieftain fly [x]."

Then, girding on each warlike blade,
And glorying in their might,
Our martial hoſt advanc'd, array'd,
And ardent for the fight.

Auſpicious arms around us blaz'd [y],
Each thigh its weapon grac'd;
And, on each manly ſhoulder rais'd,
A ſpear of war is plac'd.

Each

[x] There is not one of the heroes who ſpeaks with ſo much modeſty as Finn, the greateſt of them all. The reſt promiſe, with confidence, a certain ſucceſs to their valour; he alone ſpeaks without a boaſt, and is modeſt, though determined.

[y] The pagan Iriſh had a cuſtom, which was introduced by the Tuatha-de-Danans, of uſing charms, to enchant their weapons, previous to their going to battle; but perhaps, by the word *auſpicious*, the poet only means that their weapons had been tried and victorious in fight.

Each chief with ardent valour glows,
To prove the faith he ſwore;
And forth we march, to meet the foes
Encamp'd upon the ſhore.

No mirth conducts the night along;
No wax [z] illumes our board:
Nor ſaffron [a], banquet, wine or ſong,
The darkſome hours afford.

At length we ſee grey morning riſe
Upon its early dew;
And the firſt dawn of eaſtern ſkies
Gives Lochlin's hoſt to view.

Before us, on the crouded ſhore,
Their gloomy ſtandard roſe,
And many a chief their navy bore,
And many princely foes.

And

[z] It appears ſtrange to meet with *wax-lights* amongſt the antient Iriſh, but thoſe mentioned in this paſſage were probably a part of the plunder of the Roman provinces.

[a] I cannot conjecture the reaſon why *ſaffron* is here introduced, and muſt therefore diſmiſs the paſſage without any thing more than a faithful adherence to my original.

And many a proud and boſſy ſhield,
And coat of martial mail [b],
And warlike arms of proof they wield,
To guard, or to aſſail.

And

[b] We here ſee a marked difference between the arms and appearance of either hoſt. The troops of Magnus are covered with ſteel; but we meet with no *coats of mail* amongſt the chiefs of the Fenii.

" It ſhould ſeem (ſays Mr. WALKER) that body armour of any kind was un-
" known to the Iriſh previous to the tenth century, as we find King Muirkertach, in
" that century, obtaining the aſcititious name of *Muirkertach na geochall croceann*,
" for ſo obvious an invention as that of the leathern jacket. Yet coats of mail are
" mentioned in the Brehon laws, and the word *mail* is ſuppoſed to be derived from
" *mala* in Iriſh. Though the poets * of the middle ages deſcribe the heroes of Oiſin,
" as ſhining in poliſhed ſteel, no relic of that kind of armour has eſcaped the wreck
" of time in Ireland; nor has there even a ſpecimen of the braſs armour, in which
" it is ſaid the Danes ſo often met the Iriſh, fallen under my obſervation. Smith
" indeed tells us that corſelets of pure gold were diſcovered on the lands of Clonties
" in the county of Kerry †; but theſe might have been left there by the Spaniards,
" who had a fortification called *Fort del Orè*, adjoining thoſe lands.

" That the bodies of Iriſhmen ſhould have been totally defenceleſs with reſpect to
" armour, during their ſeveral bloody conteſts with the Danes, I am neither prepared
" to admit nor deny; but I confeſs myſelf inclined to think, that their inflexible
" attachment to their civil dreſs would not yield to the faſhion of the martial garb
" of their enemies, though it gave thoſe people an evident advantage over them in
" the field of battle. It is however certain that the Engliſh did not find them caſed
" in armour ‡." *Hiſt. Eſſay on the Dreſs and Armour of the Iriſh*, p. 106.

* The poet before us is, however, (as well as many others) an exception.

† *Nat. and Civ. Hiſt. of Kerry*, p. 187. One of theſe corſelets was purchaſed by Mr. O'HALLORAN, the gold of which was ſo ductile, as to roll up like paper. *Introd. to Hiſt. of Ireland*, p. 210.

‡ Vide SPENCER's *State of Ireland*.

And many a ſword with ſtuds engrav'd[c]
In golden pomp was there;
And many a ſilken ſtandard wav'd
Its ſplendid pride in air.

And many a chief in fight renown'd,
Finn of the banquets led,
And many a helmet[d] darkly frown'd
On many a valiant head.

And

[c] I am not certain whether theſe four lines relate to the troops of Magnus, or thoſe of Finn, and have therefore purpoſely given to the tranſlation, the ſame ambiguity which is found in the original. It is, however, moſt probable that the poet here ſpeaks of the Fenii, becauſe the two lines from which this verſe is tranſlated begin a ſtanza in the original, and in the third line, "Finn of the banquets" comes in. However, "Golden-hilted ſwords have been found in great abundance in this kingdom; and "we are told, in the Life of St. Bridget, that the king of Leinſter preſented to Dub-"tachus, her father, a ſword ornamented with many coſtly jewels, which the pious "virgin purloined from Dubtachus, and ſold for the charitable purpoſe of relieving "the neceſſities of the poor." *Hiſt. Eſſay on the Dreſs and Armour of the Iriſh*, p. 118.

[d] At what period helmets were firſt worn in Ireland, is a matter of mere conjecture. That they were in uſe, previous to the tenth century, is certain, from ſome coins, diſcovered in the Queen's county, in the year 1786; (*Tranſ. of the Royal Iriſh. Acad.* 1787. See alſo SIMON's *Eſſay on Iriſh Coins.*) But how much earlier, or of what kind of metal they were formed, I have never been able to diſcover. Mr. WALKER's memoirs of our ancient armour, give an account of a golden helmet, which was found in the county of Tipperary; it is deſcribed as reſembling in form a huntſman's cap, with the leaf in front divided equally, and elevated, and the ſcull encompaſſed with a ribband of gold crimped. Golden helmets are ſometimes, but ſeldom, mentioned in the Iriſh poems which have fallen under my obſervation; but with helmets of ſome ſort, all their warriors are armed. *Clogad* in general they are called,

And many a warlike axe[e] was there,
To hew the ranks of fight;
And many a glittering ſpear[f] in air
Aroſe with ſtately height.

And

called, but hardly ever deſcribed; and when they are, it is in ſuch figurative language, that one can neither determine on the form, nor the material of which they are compoſed. "The ſtrong helmet," and "The dark frowning helmet," are the moſt common; but ſometimes we meet with "The golden helmet," "The helmet enwreathed with "gold," and "The helmet blazing with gems of the Eaſt." Theſe latter are in general deſcribed as a part of the armour of foreigners, not of Iriſh.

[e] The Iriſh were particularly expert in the uſe of the Tuat-cata, or battle-axe. Cambrenſis, in ſpeaking of this dreadful weapon, as wielded by our countrymen, ſays, "They make uſe of but one hand to the axe, when they ſtrike, and extend their "thumb along the handle, to guide the blow, from which neither the creſted helmet "can defend the head, nor the iron folds of the armour, the body; whence it has "happened, in our time, that the whole thigh of a ſoldier, though caſed in well-"tempered armour, hath been lopped off by a ſingle blow of the axe, the whole "limb falling on one ſide of the horſe, and the expiring body on the other."

[f] A great number, and a variety of ſpear-heads have been found, in different parts of this kingdom. The *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis* has furniſhed drawings of ſeveral, and ſeveral more are given in Mr. WALKER's *Memoir on the Armour of the Iriſh.*

STANIHURST has deſcribed the dexterous manner in which the Iriſh uſe the ſpear or lance. "They graſp (ſays he) about the middle, heavy ſpears, which they do not "hold pendant at their ſides, under their arms, but hurl with all their ſtrength over "their heads." In ſpight of the incommodious length of theſe weapons, HARRIS tells us, that the Iriſh uſually caſt them with ſuch might, as no Haubergeon or coat of mail were proof againſt their force, but were pierced through on both ſides. *Hibern.* p. 52.

And many [g] a chief of martial fame,
And prince of mighty ſway,
All rang'd beneath our banners came
That memorable day.

Bright waving from its ſtaff, in air,
Gall-grena [h] high was rais'd,
With gems that India's [i] wealth declare,
In radiant pomp it blaz'd,

The

The helmet, the ſword, the axe, and the ſpear, are the only arms with which the poet before us has furniſhed the Iriſh troops *, though to the enemy he has given coats of mail, and ſhields; and this circumſtance ſo far confirms the moſt correct ideas that we have been enabled to form of the arms of our ancient countrymen. This, however, does not invalidate the authority and antiquity of other poems, in which we find ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed chiefs of the Fenii poſſeſſed of ſhields; not the wicker target, but of metal, and ſometimes emboſſed with gold. Theſe we may very well ſuppoſe were trophies borne away from vanquiſhed enemies, and therefore, though we ſhould find them ſtill more frequently mentioned, it would not be a matter of wonder.

[g] The repetition of the word *many* is exactly literal; it had an admirable effect in the original, and, I thought, alſo, appeared well in an Engliſh dreſs.

[h] *The blazing ſun.*—This was the celebrated ſtandard of the Finian general.

[i] The words in the original are ċloċaiḃ ṫire anoir, i. e. precious ſtones from the country of the eaſt.

* Even the target is not mentioned; but this appears only an omiſſion of the poet, for it is certain that it was univerſally in uſe amongſt the antient Iriſh.

The next in rank, and next in name,
Gaul's *Fuillaing-torrigh* [1] roſe,
Attendant on its maſter's fame,
And dreadful to his foes;

Oft, while the field of death he brav'd,
Triumphant in his might,
High o'er the ranks its beauty wav'd,
And led the rage of fight!

At length we mov'd;—then was the ſhock!
Then was the battle's roar!
Re echoing ſhouts from rock to rock
Reſounding, ſhook the ſhore!

With tenfold might each nerve was ſtrung;
Each boſom glow'd with flame!
Each chief exulting, forward ſprung,
And ruſh'd to promis'd fame!

The foe recoil'd?—fierce on we preſt,
For freedom or for death!—
Each arm to vengeance was addreſt,
And victory gaſp'd for breath.

[1] The ſtandard of the tribe of Morni.

Almoſt the bloody field was won,
When through the ranks of fight,
Dark Lochlin's king, and Comhal's ſon,
Ruſh'd forth, like flame, to fight.

Round on their falling hoſts, their eyes
With rage and grief they threw ;—
Then, ſwift as bolts from angry ſkies,
They fierce to vengeance flew !

Each Chief, with the collected rage
Of his whole hoſt was fir'd ;
And dire was the ſuſpence, O Sage !
That dreadful fight inſpir'd !

As when two ſinewy ſons of flame
At the dark anvil meet ;
With thundering ſound, and ceaſeleſs aim
Their mighty hammers beat :

Such are the fierce contending kings !
Such ſtrokes their fury ſends ;
Such thunder from their weapons rings,
And ſparkling flame aſcends !

Dire was the rending rage of fight,
And arms that ſtream'd with gore;
Until dark Lochlin's ebbing might
Proclaim'd the combat o'er.

Beneath the mighty Finn he lay,
Bound[1] on the blood-ſtain'd field;
No more to boaſt his martial ſway,
Or hoſtile arms to wield.

Then, baſe of ſoul, bald Conan ſpoke—
"Hold now the King of Spears,
"Till, with one juſt and vengeful ſtroke,
"I eaſe our future fears!"

"Ungenerous chieftain that thou art!
(The hapleſs Magnus cry'd)
"With thee no mercy can have part;
"No honor can abide!

"Not

[1] From this, and many ſimilar paſſages, it appears that our ancient countrymen, in their martial conteſts, thirſted rather for honor than for blood. In the heat and confuſion of a mixed engagement, numbers were neceſſarily ſlaughtered; but, wherever mercy could be ſhewn, we find that the conqueror ſpared the life of even his bittereſt enemy, and was content with the honor of laying him "bound on the "field."

" Not for thy favour e'er to call
" My ſoul ſhall I abaſe;
" Beneath a hero's arm I fall,
" Beneath a hero's grace."

" Since then to me the glory fell
" Thy valour to ſubdue,
" My arm ſhall now thy foes repel,
" Nor injure thoſe who ſue.

" For thou thyſelf an hero art [m],
" Though Fortune on thee frown;
" Riſe therefore free, and free depart,
" With unimpair'd renown.

" Or chuſe, ſtrong arm of powerful might!
" Chuſe, Magnus, now thy courſe:
" With generous foes in peace unite,
" Or dare again their force.

" Better

[m] The ancient Iriſh have been repeatedly ſtigmatiſed with the name of *Barbarians*. Their ſouls, their manners, and their language, were thought alike incapable of any degree of refinement. The reader will eaſily judge how little of the marks of barbariſm appear in the paſſage before us; yet this poem has been the favourite of many centuries; and its antiquity has never been queſtioned, though the date cannot be exactly aſcertained. Here, however, it may be urged, that we do not contend for its being of prior date to the middle ages. Does *this* then invalidate the proof? and were we leſs barbarians, when torn with civil broils, and foreign invaſions, than when we were a conquering and flouriſhing people?

" Better our friendſhip to engage,
" And be in peace ally'd,
" Than thus eternal warfare wage,
" Defying and defy'd."

" O never more my arm, through life,
" Againſt thee, Finn, ſhall riſe!
" O never ſuch ungrateful ſtrife
" Shall Mehee's ſon deviſe!

" And O! that on their hills of ſnow
" My youths had ſtill remain'd,
" Nor thus againſt a generous foe
" Unproſperous war maintain'd!

" Exulting in their conſcious might,
" And glorying in their fame,
" And gay with ſpoils of many a fight,
" And fluſh'd with hope they came!

" (O ſad reverſe! O fatal hour!
" In mangl'd heaps to die!)
" Too mighty Erin! to thy power,
" Pale victims, here they lie."

Thus

Thus was the mighty battle won
On Erin's ſounding ſhore;
And thus, O Clerk! great Comhal's ſon
The palm of valour bore!

Alas! far ſweeter to my ear
The triumphs of that day,
Than all the pſalming ſongs I hear,
Where holy zealots pray.

Clerk, thou haſt heard me now recite
The tale of Lochlin's ſhame,
From whoſe fierce deeds, and vanquiſh'd might,
The battle took its name.

And by that hand, O blameleſs ſage!
Hadſt thou been on the ſhore,
To ſee the war our chiefs could wage;
The ſway their proweſs bore:—

From Laogare's ſweetly flowing ſtream [n],
Had'ſt thou the combat view'd,
The Fenii then thy thoughts would deem
With matchleſs force endued.——

Thou

[n] In hopes of being able to aſcertain the ſcene of this battle, I have endeavoured to find which of our rivers was anciently called by the name of *Laogare's Stream*, but

Thou haſt my tale,—Tho' memory bleeds,
And ſorrow waſtes my frame,
Still will I tell of former deeds,
And live on former fame!

Now old,—the ſtreams of life congeal'd,
Bereft of all my joys!
No ſword this wither'd hand can wield,
No ſpear my arm employs°.

Among thy clerks, my laſt ſad hour
Its weary ſcene prolongs;
And pſalms muſt now ſupply the pow'r
Of victory's lofty ſongs.

but in vain. I can diſcover nothing more of it than what the poem points out, that it is near to and within ſight of the ſea.

° How beautifully pathetic is the cloſe of this poem! Surely every reader of ſenſibility muſt ſympathiſe with a ſituation ſo melancholy, and ſo very feelingly deſcribed!

III.

THE CHASE:

A

POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY curioſity reſpecting the Poem of The Chaſe, *was firſt awakened by a long extract from it, which I ſaw in* Mr. WALKER's Memoirs of the Iriſh Bards. *I accordingly wrote to that Gentleman, to requeſt an entire copy of it, and alſo his opinion reſpecting the age in which it was compoſed; together with any anecdotes upon the ſubject, which his knowledge of Iriſh Antiquities might enable him to afford me. To this requeſt I received an anſwer, from which I have obtained* Mr. Walker's *permiſſion to give the following extract, as an introduction to the Poem.*

" *I am happy to find that my work has been the means of intro-*
" *ducing the Poem of* The Chaſe *to your notice. It is indeed eminently*
" *deſerving of the judgment you have paſſed upon it. The ſtory is ex-*
" *tremely intereſting, and admirably well conducted; and for brilliancy*
" *of fancy, and powers of deſcription, we may almoſt rank the author*
" *with* Arioſto *himſelf.*"

" *I am ſorry I cannot afford you all the information I could wiſh*
" *upon the ſubject of this beautiful Poem: indeed I have little more to*
" *offer than vague conjecture.*"

" *The legend which either gave riſe to, or was taken from the Poem*
" *of* The Chaſe, *is frequently alluded to, in many of the written, as*

" *well*

" *well as traditional tales of the Iriſh. It is alſo ingeniouſly interwoven*
" *with the romance of* Feis Tighe Chanain. *Of its antiquity I cannot*
" *ſpeak with any certainty; all my enquiries concerning the author, and*
" *the age in which it was written, have been unſucceſsful. Nor can*
" *we give it (at leaſt in its preſent dreſs,) either to* Oiſin, *or to any*
" *other poet of the age in which he lived. The marks of a claſſical*
" *hand appear frequently throughout the whole; and the mention of*
" bells *alſo ſeem to bring it forward to more modern times; ſo that*
" *I fear we ſhould riſk an error in aſcribing it to any period earlier than*
" *the middle ages.*"

" *I have never had an opportunity of viſiting the ſcene of this*
" *Poem, though I often ſaw* Slieve Guillen, *at ſome diſtance, as I*
" *travelled through the county of* Armagh. *But a friend, whoſe*
" *buſineſs often leads him to that mountain, drew up, at my requeſt, the*
" *following deſcription of it, in which you will find mention of the*
" *lake where the poet tells us the gallant* Finn *paid ſo dearly for*
" *his complaiſance, when he ſought the Enchantreſs's ring; and alſo*
" *of the cave whence ſhe iſſued, when preſſed by the Finian heroes to*
" *reſtore their beloved chief to his priſtine form.*"

' *I am tenant to a lady for* Slieve Guillen, *(ſays my correſpondent,)*
' *and often viſit it, during the ſummer, to ſee my cattle. In July laſt,*
' (1788) *I went over the extent of this mountain: From bottom to top it*
' *is reckoned two miles. On the ſummit there is a large heap of ſtones,*
' *which is called* Cailleach Birrn's Houſe; *in which it is ſaid that*
' Finn Mac Cumhal *lies buried; and, at an hundred paces diſtance, on*

' *nearly*

'nearly the ſame level, there is a circular lake, the diameter of which 'is about one hundred feet; and is about twenty deep. On one ſide of 'this lake, another heap of ſtones is piled; and round it, at all ſea-'ſons, is a beaten path, leading to the Old Lady's, *or* Witch's Houſe. *'Lately, ſome peaſants, expecting to find out this old woman, (who, 'however, has at no time thought proper to appear,) threw down her 'houſe, and came to a large cave, about twenty feet long, ten broad, 'and five deep, covered with large flags, in which either the dame, 'or money was expected, but only a few human bones were found. 'From the ſummit of this mountain, if the day happens to be clear, you 'command an extenſive view of* Lough-Neagh, *and all the circum-'jacent country.'*

Mr. Walker, *after this deſcription of the mountain by his friend, adds his regret that he was not poſſeſſed of a complete copy of* The Chaſe; *but I afterwards procured one from* Maurice Gorman, *of this city (a profeſſor of the Iriſh language), and from that copy I have made my tranſlation.*

THE CHASE:

A POEM.

[a] OISIN. ST. PATRICK.

OISIN. O SON of Calphruin!—ſage divine!
Soft voice of heavenly ſong,
Whoſe notes around the holy ſhrine
Sweet melody prolong;

Did

[a] There are numberleſs Iriſh poems ſtill extant, attributed to Oiſin, and either addreſſed to St. Patrick, or like this, compoſed in the form of a dialogue between the Saint and the Poet. In all of them, the antiquary diſcovers traces of a later period than that in which Oiſin flouriſhed; and moſt of them are ſuppoſed to be the compoſitions of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries. But be they of what age they may, as productions abounding with numberleſs beauties, they plead for preſervation, and recommend themſelves to taſte: and as, (at the very lateſt period to which it is poſſible to aſcribe them,) they muſt certainly relate to an age of much antiquity,

Did e'er my tale thy curious ear
And fond attention draw,
The ſtory of that Chaſe to hear,
Which my fam'd father ſaw?

The Chaſe, which ſingly o'er the plain,
The hero's ſteps purſu'd;
Nor one of all his valiant train
Its wond'rous progreſs view'd.

PATRICK. O royal bard, to valour dear,
Whom fame and wiſdom grace,
It never was my chance to hear
That memorable Chaſe.

But let me now, O bard, prevail!
Now let the ſong aſcend;
And, thro' the wonders of the tale,
May truth thy words attend!

OISIN.

and reflect much light on manners, cuſtoms and events that, in conſequence of modern pyrrhoniſm, have been doubted to have ever exiſted, they ſurely have a high and ſerious claim to attention, and call equally upon the poet, the hiſtorian, and the public-ſpirited, to preſerve theſe reliques of ancient genius amongſt us! But *Iriſhmen* —all of them at leaſt who would be thought to pride themſelves in the name, or to reflect back any part of the honor they derive from it;—*they* are *particularly* called upon, in favour of their country, to reſcue theſe little ſparks from the aſhes of her former glory.

OISIN. O Patrick!—to the Finian race
A falſehood was unknown;
No lie, no imputation baſe
On our clear fame was thrown;

But by firm truth, and manly might
That fame eſtabliſh'd grew,
Where oft, in honorable fight*,
Our foes before us flew.

Not thy own clerks, whoſe holy feet
The ſacred pavement trod,
With thee to hymn, in concert ſweet,
The praiſes of thy God;

Not thy own clerks in truth excell'd
The heroes of our line,
By honor train'd, by fame impell'd
In glory's fields to ſhine!

O Patrick of the placid mien,
And voice of ſweeteſt ſound!
Of all thy church's walls contain
Within their hallow'd round,

* The heroes of ancient Ireland were ſworn never to attack an enemy at any diſadvantage. O'HALLORAN.

Not one more faithful didſt thou know
Than Comhal's noble ſon,
The chief who gloried to beſtow
The prize the bards had won [c] !

Were Morni's valiant ſon [d] alive,
(Now in the deedleſs grave,)
O could my wiſh from death revive
The generous and the brave !

Or

[c] In all theſe poems, the character of Oiſin is ſo inimitably well ſupported, that we loſe the idea of any other bard, and are for a time perſuaded it is Oiſin himſelf who ſpeaks. We do not ſeem to read a narration of events, wherein the writer was neither a witneſs, nor a party:—it is the *Son*,—the *Father*,—the *Hero*,—the *Patriot* who ſpeaks; who breathes his own paſſions and feelings on our hearts, and compels our ſympathy to accompany all his griefs; while, in a ſtrain of natural and impaſſioned eloquence, he deſcants on the fame and virtues of a parent whom he deſcribes as at once ſo amiable, and ſo great; and bewails the loſs of all his former friends, kindred, and companions, and laments his own forlorn and diſconſolate ſtate, in apoſtrophes that pierce the very ſoul of pity !—Beſides paſſages which occur in this, and the two poems of Magnus and Moira borb, the agallaṁ oiſin ⁊ ṗadruig exhibits a very pathetic inſtance, where, lamenting the loſs of his father and his celebrated Fenii, he exclaims, "To ſurvive them is my depth of woe! the banquet and "the ſong have now no charms for me! Wretched and old,—the poor ſolitary rem- "nant of the Fenii! Why,—O why am I yet alive ?—Alas, O Patrick! grievous is my "ſtate!—the laſt of all my race!—My heroes are gone! my ſtrength is gone!— "Bells I now hear, for the ſongs of my bards; and age, blindneſs and woe are all "that remain of Oiſin!"

[d] The celebrated Goll, or Gaul Mac Morni. He is a favourite hero, in moſt of the Fian tales; and is in general ranked next to Finn-Mae-Cumhal, and equal to Oſgur, in point of proweſs. Great as is Oiſin's partiality in favour of the heroes of his own race, yet we find him, on all occaſions, doing ample juſtice to the character

Or Mac-O'Dhuivne[e], graceful form,
Joy of the female ſight;
The hero who would breaſt the ſtorm,
And dare the unequal fight.

Or he whoſe ſword the ranks defy'd,
Mac-Garra, conqueſt's boaſt,
Whoſe valour would a war decide,
His ſingle arm an hoſt[f],

Or could Mac-Ronan[g] now appear,
In all his manly charms;
Or—Oh my Oſgur[h]! wert thou here,
To fill my aged arms!

Not

racter and valour of a chief, who was not allied to his family, and whoſe tribe had even, at different times, been their very bittereſt enemies.

[e] Diarmad, or Dermot Mac O'Dhuivne. This hero was celebrated for his extraordinary beauty, and the graces of his form:—but we find he was not leſs brave than beautiful.

[f] Poſſibly this was the Mac Garraidh Mac Morni, king of Connaught, mentioned in the War-Ode to Oſgur at the battle of Gabhra. His having been, at that time, the enemy of the Fenii, would not be a reaſon ſufficient to prevent the poet from making Oiſin ſpeak thus highly of him here;—on the contrary, the Iriſh heroes were inſtructed, from their youth, to reſpect a brave enemy; and made it a point of honor to ſpeak of them in honorable terms. It is very ſeldom that an inſtance to the contrary occurs, as the attentive reader will perceive, through the whole courſe of theſe poems.

[g] Caoilte Mac Ronain; he is a very diſtinguiſhed chief amongſt the Fenii, and a favourite with all their poets.

[h] Oſgur, the ſon of Oiſin, who was killed at the battle of Gabhra.

Not then, as now, ſhould Calphruin's ſon,
His ſermons here prolong;
With bells, and pſalms, the land o'er-run,
And hum his holy ſong!

If Fergus[l] liv'd, again to ſing,
As erſt, the Fenii's fame;
Or Daire[k], who ſweetly touch'd the ſtring,
And thrill'd the feeling frame;

Your bells, for me, might ſound in vain,
Did Hugh the little, live[l];
Or Fallan's[m] generous worth remain,
The ceaſeleſs boon to give;

Or

[l] Fergus, the brother of Oiſin, and chief poet of the Fenii. See *Diſſ. on the* WAR-ODE.

[k] We find nothing particular related of this Daire, further than his ſkill in muſic. This enchanting ſcience, as well as poetry, was cultivated by the chiefs of antient Ireland.

[l] Hugh, or Aodh beag Mac-Finn.

[m] We meet this hero again, in the poem of Magnus.

Or Conan bald [n], tho' oft his tongue
To rage provok'd my breaſt;
Or Finn's ſmall dwarf [o], whoſe magic ſong
Oft lull'd the ranks to reſt.

Sweeter to me their voice would ſeem
Than thy pſalm-ſinging train;
And nobler far their lofty theme,
Than that thy clerks maintain!

PATRICK. Ceaſe thy vain thoughts, and fruitleſs boaſts;
Can death thy chiefs reſtore?—
Son of the King of mighty hoſts,
Their glories are no more.

Confide

[n] For the character of Conan, ſee the notes on the preceding poem.

[o] It is not eaſy to determine whether the poet, here, only means, that this dwarf had a voice of that particular cadence, as naturally to incline his hearers to ſleep; or whether he means to aſcribe to him the actual powers of magic. Upon the ſubject of the dwarf, I have only conjecture to offer. In the learned and curious work of Monſ. MALLET, we find that, amongſt the nations of the North, the Laplanders were conſidered as dwarfs, on account of the comparative lowneſs of their ſtature; and alſo, that their extreme ingenuity in the mechanic arts, which a diſpoſition of mind, naturally pacific, gave them leiſure and inclination to purſue, had acquired them the reputation of being ſkilled in magic. Perhaps the little Being here mentioned might have been one of thoſe. Oiſin, we ſee, piqued at the inſinuation of St. Patrick, takes pains to ſhew him, that, from the firſt of the heroes, down to the laſt; even the very dwarf that belonged to Finn, was dearer, and more acceptable to him than he was.

Confide in him whoſe high decree
O'er-rules all earthly power;
And bend to him thy humble knee,
To him devote thy hour;

And let thy contrite prayer be made
To him who rules above;
Entreat for his almighty aid,
For his protecting love!

Tho' (with thy perverſe will at ſtrife,)
Thou deem'ſt it ſtrange to ſay,
He gave thy mighty father life,
And took that life away.

OISIN. Alas! thy words ſad import bear,
And grating ſounds impart;
They come with torture to mine ear,
And anguiſh to my heart!

Not for *thy* God theſe torrents ſpring,
That drain their weeping ſource,
But that my Father, and my King,
Now lies a lifeleſs corſe!

Too much I have already done,
Thy Godhead's ſmile to gain;
That thus each wonted joy I ſhun,
And with thy clerks remain!

The royal robe, the ſocial board,
Muſick and mirth are o'er,
And the dear art I once ador'd
I now enjoy no more;

For now no bards, from Oiſin's hand,
The wonted gift receive [p];
Nor hounds, nor horn I now command,
Nor martial feats atchieve!

[p] All Iriſh Hiſtories, Chronicles and Poems, concur in teſtimony of the high reſpect in which the office of the Bard, and the favours of the Muſe, were formerly held in this kingdom. Oiſin, at once a Hero and a Bard, is ſuppoſed to have felt equally for both; as a Bard, to have felt the dignity and importance of thoſe talents, which had power to confer the immortality of fame, that, as a Hero, he ſo ardently deſired. We, therefore, are not to wonder if we find him frequently recurring with a pleaſed, yet melancholy retroſpection, to thoſe happy days, when he joined, to the luxury of beſtowing, the glory of encouraging an art, of which he was himſelf a maſter.

O Innisfail! thy Oiſin goes
To guard thy ports no more [q];
To pay with death the foreign foes
Who dare inſult thy ſhore [r]!

I ſpeak

[q] Dr. HANMER, in his Chronicle, gives us a long liſt of the chieftains, under the command of Finn-Mac-Cumal, who were particularly appointed to the care of the harbours of Ireland; at the end of which he adds, "Theſe were the chiefe commanders "by direction from Fin M'Koyll, who tooke farther order that beacons ſhould be ſet "up in ſundrie places of the land, where, in time of danger, they might have "direction for reliefe, and to draw a head for their defence.

[r] We find Oiſin, in this paſſage, does not appear ſo old, or ſo *infirm*, as he is repreſented in many other of the Fian Poems; on the contrary, he laments—not his inability—but the religious reſtraints which detain him from the field. Perhaps the poet here means to ſhew the over ſtrained zeal of the early Chriſtian miſſionaries, who, finding the Iriſh chiefs ſo paſſionately devoted to military glory; ſo haughty, high ſpirited and impatient of injury; thought it impoſſible ever to bow their minds to the doctrine of meekneſs, without carrying it abſolutely to an extreme, that exceeded the reaſonable bounds preſcribed by its divine Teacher. They were, however, ſucceſsful:—the ſame enthuſiaſm that led our heroes to the field, ſoon after plunged them into cloiſters. Still it was a ſenſe of duty; the object only was changed; through an unhappy error, they thought themſelves performing an acceptable ſervice to heaven, by contradicting the very purpoſes for which heaven deſigned them; by refuſing to fulfil the obligations of active life, and withdrawing alike from the ſpheres of domeſtic and public duty, to devote themſelves to the auſterities of ſecluded penitence, productive only of *individual*, inſtead of *general* advantage. Still, however, they were impelled by an ardour to perform, in its fulleſt extent, that ſervice which they conceived to be their duty; and therefore, for the conſequences of ſuch a miſtake, they were more to be pitied than condemned.

Of the ſame nature were the motives that influenced the hoſts of Iſrael (conſidering only the *letter* of the law,) to ſubmit themſelves tamely to the ſwords of their enemies, rather than defend their lives, at the hazard of offending heaven, by what,

they

I ſpeak not of the faſt ſevere
Thy rigid faith has taught;
Compar'd with all the reſt I bear,
It is not worth a thought.

PATRICK. O! Oiſin of the mighty deed!
Thy folly I deplore;
O! ceaſe thy frenzy thus to feed,
And give the ſubject o'er.

they conceived, would be a breach of the ſabbath day. But Mattathias, and his heroic ſons, more enlightened—not leſs religious than their miſtaken countrymen, ſtood forth and ſaid, " If we all do as our brethren have done, and fight not for our " lives and our laws, againſt the heathen; they will now quickly root us out of " the earth. Whoever ſhall come to make battle with us, on the ſabbath day, we " will fight againſt him; neither will we die all, as did our brethren!"—And the conſequence was, that " the work proſpered in their hands, and they recovered the law " out of the hands of the Gentiles, and out of the hands of Kings, and ſuffered " not ſinners to triumph." *Maccabees*, b. 1. ch. 2.

But the Iriſh, leſs inſtructed in the *ſpirit* of true religion than the ſons of Iſrael had been, did not ſo ſoon perceive, and recover from their error; an error to which, Mr. O'HALLORAN thinks, we may in part attribute the ſucceſs of Daniſh invaſions, and of Engliſh arms in Ireland; for, while ſuch numbers of their princes and chiefs abandoned the government, and the defence of their country, for the barren duties of a cloiſter, the remaining patriots, who ſaid, " Let us fight for our lives and our laws " againſt the heathen," were not always ſufficient to the taſk. Thoſe of their princes and nobility, who were led away by a noble, but unhappy miſtake, had they entertained the true ſenſe of what Chriſtian duty demanded, would have been the braveſt defenders, the firmeſt friends of their country; but, deprived of them, ſhe remained, for the moſt part, a prey to foreign invaders; or elſe, torn by the tumults of her own factious ſons,—too few of her nobler offſpring remaining for her defence.

Nor Finn, nor all the Finian race,
Can with his power compare,
Who to yon orbs aſſigns their place,
And rules the realms of air!

For man yon azure vault he ſpreads,
And clothes the flow'ry plains;
On every tree ſoft fragrance ſheds,
And blooming fruit ordains!

'Tis he who gives the peopl'd ſtream,
Replete with life to flow;
Who gives the Moon's reſplendant beam,
And Sun's meridian glow!

Would'ſt thou thy puny King compare
To that Almighty hand,
Which form'd fair earth, and ambient air,
And bade their powers expand?

OISIN. It was not on a fruit or flower
My King his care beſtow'd;
He better knew to ſhew his power
In honor's glorious road.

To load with death the hoſtile field;
In blood, his might proclaim;
Our land with wide protection ſhield,
And wing to heaven his fame!

In peace, his tranquil hours to bleſs,
Beneath ſoft beauty's eye;
Or, on the chequer'd field of cheſs [s],
The mimic fight to try;

Or

[s] ꝼꞃċꞃll, is the Iriſh name for Cheſs. " I have not been able to find the Iriſh " names of the *men* of this game, but it was univerſally played by the ancient nobi- " lity of Ireland. Dr. HYDE ſays, the old Iriſh were ſo greatly addicted to cheſs, " that, amongſt them, the poſſeſſion of good eſtates has been often decided by it: " and, adds he, there are ſome eſtates, at this very time, the property whereof ſtill " depends upon the iſſue of a game at cheſs. For example, the heirs of two certain " noble Iriſh families, whom we could name, (to ſay nothing of others,) hold their " lands upon this tenure, viz. that one of them ſhall encounter the other at cheſs, in " this manner; that which ever of them conquered, ſhould ſeize and poſſeſs the " eſtate of the other. Therefore, (ſays the doctor,) I am told they manage the affair " prudently among themſelves; once a year they meet, by appointment, to play at " cheſs; one of them makes a move, and the other ſays, I will conſider how to " anſwer you next year. This being done, a public notary commits to writing the " ſituation of the game; by which method, a game that neither has won, has been, " and will be continued for ſome hundred of years.

" I find, in the old BREHON LAWS, that one tax, levied by the Monarch of " Ireland, on every province, was to be paid in cheſs-boards, and complete ſets of " men: and that every *bruigh* (or inn-holder of the ſtates,) was obliged to furniſh " travellers with ſalt proviſions, lodging, and a cheſs-board, *gratis*." VALLANCEY's *Iriſh Grammar, Eſſay on the Celtic Lang*, p. 85.

Or Sylvan ſports [t], that well beſeem
The martial and the brave;
Or, plung'd amid the rapid ſtream,
His manly limbs to lave.

But, when the rage of battle bled!——
Then—then his might appear'd,
And o'er red heaps of hoſtile dead
His conquering ſtandard rear'd!

Where was thy God, on that ſad day,
When, o'er Ierne's wave,
Two heroes plough'd the wat'ry way,
Their beauteous prize to ſave?

From Lochlin's King of Ships, his bride,
His lovely Queen they bore,
Through whom unnumber'd warriors dy'd,
And bath'd in blood our ſhore [u].

Or

[t] See O'CONOR's *Diſſertations*, p. 101.

[u] A note for this paſſage was furniſhed from Laoidh Airgean mhóir, (i. e. the Poem of Airgean the Great) in the collection of J. C. WALKER, Eſq; the ſtory of which is briefly this.

Two heroes, (Mac-Connacher and Ainlè,) were forgotten by Finn at his feaſt: They reſented the neglect of their chief, deſerted from his ſtandard, and went over to that of his enemy, Airgean, King of Lochlin.

The

Or on that day, when Tailk's [x] proud might
Invaded Erin's coaſt;
Where was thy Godhead in that fight,
And where thy empty boaſt?

While

The graceful beauty of Ainlè's form, inſpiring the young Queen of Lochlin with a guilty and fatal paſſion, ſhe fled with him and his friend to Ireland, whither they were purſued by the furious King, who determined, if poſſible, to ſacrifice all the Fenii, for the crime of a ſingle hero. The poet expreſsly tells us, that Finn would have compelled the guilty pair to make all the reparation which the nature of the caſe would admit of; and further, offered from himſelf ſuch conditions of peace, as he thought might prevent the neceſſity of his fighting in ſo diſhonorable a cauſe:—but his overtures were rejected with diſdain, and he was conſtrained to the iſſue of a battle. The ſlaughter on each ſide was dreadful; the Iriſh, in the end, were victorious. Ainlè himſelf was killed in the engagement; but the poet does not deign to take any further notice of the unhappy partner of his crimes.

[x] Tailk or Tailc Mac Trein.—A Poem on this ſubject is in the ſame collection with that of *Airgean the Great*; there is alſo another copy of it, entitled Laoiḋ ċnoc ajr na'r (i. e. the Poem of the Hill of Slaughter). It contains ſome beauties, but, upon the whole, is ſcarce worth tranſlation. The ſtory, however, is here extracted, to gratify any curioſity that may be excited by the line to which this note refers.

A Grecian Princeſs flies, in diſguſt, from the brave, but fierce and deformed Tailk Mac Trein, whom her father had compelled her to marry, and ſolicits the protection of the Finian commander. He grants it, of courſe, but his generoſity coſts him dear. Tailk purſues his wife, and fights the Fians, who refuſe to give her up to him. After an incredible ſlaughter, he is at length ſubdued, and killed by Oſgur, the grandſon of Finn.

The Princeſs beholds the havoc ſhe has occaſioned, and overcome by the emotions of grief, terror, and ſuſpence, which ſhe had ſuffered, during the conflict, and ſhocked to ſee the numbers of her generous protectors, that had fallen in her defence, ſhe ſinks beneath the preſſure of her feelings, and expires in the midſt of her ſurviving deliverers.

While round the braveſt Fenii bled,
No help did he beſtow;
'Twas Oſgur's arm aveng'd the dead,
And gave the glorious blow!

Where was thy God, when Magnus came[y]?
Magnus the brave, and great;
The man of might, the man of fame,
Whoſe threat'ning voice was fate!

Thy Godhead did not aid us then;—
If ſuch a God there be,
He ſhould have favour'd gallant men,
As great and good as he!

Fierce Anninir's wide-waſting ſon,
Allean[z], of dreadful fame,
Who Tamor's treaſures oft had won,
And wrapt her walls in flame;

Not by thy God, in ſingle fight,
The deathful hero fell;
But by Finn's arm, whoſe matchleſs might
Could ev'ry force repel!

In

[y] Vide Poem of *Magnus the Great.*

[z] No connected, or probable account, has been learned of this hero, and his conqueſts.

In ev'ry mouth *his* fame we meet,
Well known, and well believ'd;—
I have not heard of any feat
Thy cloudy King atchiev'd.

PATRICK. Drop we our ſpeech on either ſide,
Thou bald and ſenſeleſs fool[a]!
In torments all thy race abide[b],
While God in heaven ſhall rule.

OISIN.

[a] It muſt be owned, this railing is rather of the coarſeſt; but our poet ſeems more partial to his heroes than to his ſaints, or he would hardly have put this language into the mouth of the good biſhop.

[b] In the Agallaṁ Oiſ,n ⁊ ṗaᴅrʏg (i. e. Dialogue between Oiſin and St. Patrick), the Saint gives his reaſon for ſuppoſing what he here aſſerts.

P. Iſ angeall le meaḋair na ccon,
S'le riar na ſluaġ gaċ lā,
Agus gan ſmuaineaḋ ar ḋia,
Ata fion na bʏ́ján alaiṁ.

Ta ſe niʏrioñ alaíṁ,
An ʏear buḋ ſā́iṁ ag broñaḋ oír,
Aneiric eaſumuḃais air ḋia,
Ta ſe attiġ na bpían ʏa bṙón.

In Engliſh,—" It is becauſe his whole time, and delight, were engroſſed by the plea-
" ſures of the chaſe, and the pomp of warlike hoſts; and becauſe he never beſtowed a
" thought upon God, that Finn of the Fenii is in thraldom.—He is now confined in

 " torment;

OISIN. If God then rules, why is the chief
Of Comhal's gen'rous race
To fiends consign'd, without relief
From justice, or from grace?

When, were thy God himself confin'd,
My King, of mild renown,
Would quickly all his chains unbind,
And give him back his crown.

For

" torment; nor does all his wealth, or generosity avail him, for the want of piety to-
" wards God:—for this he is now in sorrow, in the Mansion of Pain."

To these lines, immediately follows a passage, that very much resembles this part of *The Chase*.

Da maireaḋ faolan, agus Goll,
Diarmuid don, agus Osgur aiġ,
Ag duine, no ag Día
Ni beiṫ fion na bpian alaíṁ!

Da maireaḋ clanna Moírne stiġ,
No clanna baoisgne fir ba trean,
Do ḃeárdís fion amaċ,
No ḃeiṫ an teaċ aca fein!

In English,—" If Fallan and Gaul now survived, Dermot of the dark-brown
" locks, and Osgur of the mighty arm;—nor man,—no nor even Deity, should have
" power to detain their King in bondage!——If the tribe of Morni yet lived, or the
" heroes of Boishne's gallant race;—forth from thence their mighty Finn would they
" bring, or rend the infernal dominion from its immortal ruler!"

For never did his generous breaſt
Reject the feeling glow;
Refuſe to ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Or ſlight the captive's woe.

His ranſom loos'd the priſoner's chains,
And broke the dire decree;
Or, with his hoſts, on glory's plains,
He fought to ſet them free [c]!

O Patrick! were I ſenſeleſs grown,
Thy holy clerks ſhould bleed,
Nor one be ſpar'd, to pour his moan
O'er the avenging deed!

Nor books, nor croſiers ſhould be found,
Nor ever more a bell [d],
Within thy holy walls ſhould ſound,
Where prayers and zealots dwell.

[c] What a beautiful idea of the character of Finn, theſe wild ſtanzas convey?

[d] "Small bells, (ſuch, we mean, as were appended to the tunic of the Jewiſh "high prieſt, and afterwards employed by the Greeks and Romans, for various reli-"gious purpoſes, but particularly to frighten ghoſts and demons from their temples,) "—were undoubtedly introduced with Chriſtianity into this kingdom; being then "univerſally, as now, tingled occaſionally at the altars of the Roman Catholics, by "the officiating prieſt. Their uſe amongſt the Chriſtian clergy is ſuppoſed to be "coeval

PATRICK. O Oiſin, of the royal race!
The actions of thy ſire,
The king of ſmiles, and courteous grace,
I, with the world, admire;

Thy

" coeval with their religion; and the miſſionaries who were ſent to convert the " pagan Iriſh, would not omit bringing with them an appendage of their profeſſion " which is ſtill thought ſo neceſſary.

" But the period at which large bells, for belfries, were firſt uſed here, is not ſo " eaſy to determine. Primate Uſher informs us, that bells were uſed in the churches " of Ireland in the latter end of the ſeventh century; but as he does not aſcertain " the ſize of the bells, nor mention belfries, we may conclude he only means the " ſmall bells alluded to above. Sir John Hawkins, on the authority of Polyd. " Virgil, aſcribes the above invention of ſuch bells as are ſuſpended in the towers, " or ſteeples of churches, to Paulinus of Nola, about the year 400; but W. Strabo " aſſures us, that large ſuſpended bells were in his time (in the ninth century) but " a late invention. Now, as the perſecuted Chriſtians, in the infancy of the church, " dared not openly avow their profeſſion, much leſs publicly ſummon a congregation " by the ſound of a bell, we are inclined to lean to Strabo's aſſurance; ſo that we " cannot venture to give an higher antiquity to large ſuſpended bells in this kingdom, " than the calm which immediately ſucceeded the expulſion of the Danes; at which " time, according to Walſh, the Chriſtian clergy converted the round towers into " ſteeple-houſes, or belfries; ' from which latter uſe of them (continues he,) it is, that ' ever ſince, to this preſent time, they are called, in Iriſh, *Cloghteachs*; that is, ' belfries, or bell-houſes, *cloc* and *clog* ſignifying a bell, and *teach*, a houſe, in ' that language." *Hiſt. Mem. of the Iriſh Bards*, p. 93.

Of the large ſuſpended bell, Mr. WALKER certainly ſuppoſes the poet to ſpeak, when he ſays, that " the mention of bells ſeems to bring the poem forward to more modern " times." But this gentleman, not having the original of the paſſage now before us to conſult, did not perfectly recollect the preciſe words that muſt determine the diſtinction. There is not the leaſt mention of a ſteeple or belfry;—the words are ſimply theſe—no cloꝫ na ꝑꝛáṫ aṅ do ċꝑll (literally) " nor a bell of prayer time in " thy church;" ꝑꝛáṫ is in the genitive caſe, yet I conceive that it muſt mean " a bell *at* prayer time," (*of* or *during the* time of prayer). The reader is, however, at liberty to decide.

Thy ſtory therefore I await,
  And thy late promiſe claim,
The Chaſe's wonders to relate,
  And give the tale to fame.

OISIN. O Patrick! tho' my ſorrowing heart
  Its fond remembrance rend,
I will not from my word depart,
  Howe'er my tears deſcend!

Full joyous paſt the feſtive day
  In Almhain's ſtately hall [e],
Whoſe ſpears, with ſtudded ſplendours gay,
  Illum'd the trophy'd wall.

The

[e] Almhain, or Almhuin (pronounced Alwin) the palace of Finn Mac-Cumhal, in Leinſter: It was built on the top of the hill called, from it, "The Hill of Allen," in the county of Kildare.

In the buile Oiſin (i. e. Rhapſody of Oiſin) wherein he gives an account of the ſeven celebrated battalions of the Fenii, there is a paſſage, partly deſcriptive of the palace of Almhain, its œconomy, feaſts, &c.

Do ċonairc ſe mo liñ,
aige Fioñ ſe gaċ nol,
deiċ cceād corn go bfleaſg
ſo na ccneaſuib óir.

Do

The feaſt was for the Fenii ſpread [f];
Their chiefs, aſſembled round,
Heard the ſong riſe to praiſe the dead,
And fed their ſouls with ſound.

Or

Do bí ḋa bruiġin ḋeag
fa leór aṁead andun̄,
ag mac inġine ṫaidg,
O alṁoin na bḟián ur.

Do bí ḋa ſé ṫeinte
go cin̄te an ſgaċ tiġ,
fear ⁊ ceád gan gain̄e
fa gaċ teine ḋiob ſin.

In Engliſh,—" I have ſeen, when I banqueted in the halls of Finn, at every " banquet, a thouſand cups, (CORN) bound with wreaths of wrought gold.

" There were twelve palaces, filled with the troops of the ſon of the daughter of " Tages, at Almhain of the noble Fenii.

" Twelve conſtant fires flamed in each princely houſe; and each fire was ſur- " rounded by an hundred of the mighty Fenii."

Many of our romances, and poems, give accounts of ſplendid entertainments at this palace of Almhain.

[f] In this deſcription of the feaſt at Almhain, the poet accords exactly with the accounts which our hiſtory and annals have given, of the manner in which the early Iriſh held their entertainments. See O'Conor on this ſubject. " Conformable " (ſays he) to the ſpirit of hoſpitality, their entertainments were frequent, and " rational; ſeldom diſorderly. Every ſubject of the *Fileacht* entered into their con- " vivial aſſociations; peace, and war; ſcience, and law; government, and morals. " Theſe ſerious ſpeculations gave way, in their turn, to ſports and paſtimes, wherein " they ſung the actions of their anceſtors, and the exploits of their heroes. Nothing

" could

Or on the chequer'd fields of cheſs
Their mimic troops beſtow'd;
Or round, to merit or diſtreſs,
Their ample bounty flow'd.

At length, unnotic'd of his train,
The Finian king[g] aroſe,
And forth he went where Almhain's plain
With neighbouring verdure glows.

There, while alone the hero chanc'd
To breathe the fragrant gale,
A young and beauteous doe advanc'd,
Swift bounding o'er the vale.

He call'd his fleet and faithful hounds,
The doe's light ſteps to trace;
Sgeolan and Bran[h] obey'd the ſounds,
And ſprung upon the chaſe.

Unknown

" could animate their youth more. From theſe recitations they derived intrepidity " of mind, and many noble feelings, which counteracted the treachery and malevo- " lence to which our human nature is otherwiſe ſubject." O'CONOR's *Diſſertations on the Hiſt. of Ireland*, p. 100.

[g] Finn was not a king, though, indeed, few kings were poſſeſſed of more authority and power. Rig na bɣian (king of the Fenii,) means no more than general, or military ſovereign over that formidable body.

[h] Sgeolan, and Brann, were the two famed and favourite dogs of Finn.

Unknown to us, no friend to aid,
Or to behold the deed;
His dogs alone, and Luno's blade [i],
Companions of his ſpeed.

Swift on to ſteep Slieve Guillin's foot [k],
The doe before him flew;
But there, at once, ſhe mock'd purſuit,
And vaniſh'd from his view!

He knew not whether eaſt or weſt
She paſt the mountain's bounds,
But eaſt his random courſe he preſt,
And weſt his eager hounds!

At

[i] In the original, mac an Lvin, (the ſon of Luno). This ſword, tradition tells us, was made by a ſmith of Lochlin, named Luno, and therefore it was called after him, poetically, the ſon of Luno What makes this account the more probable is, that we do not find the ſwords of the Iriſh heroes diſtinguiſhed by names, as amongſt thoſe of the northern nations, and alſo of ancient Britain.

Anecdotes have been ſought for, in vain, of this famous Lun, or Luno; but, from the wonders recited, of the product of his art, it ſeems probable that he was one of thoſe people, whom the Norwegians denominated dwarfs, and complimented with the reputation of Magic. See *Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 46.

"Give me out of the tomb, (ſays Hervor) the hardened ſword, *which the dwarfs made* for Suafurlama." *Five Pieces of Run. Poetry*, p. 13.

[k] Here the muſe has led our poet and his hero a very long dance indeed; and ſo beguiled the way with the melody of her ſong, that he appears to have been quite inſenſible of the diſtance between Almhain in Leinſter, and Slieve Guillin in Ulſter, and in the county of Armagh.

At length he ſtopp'd,—he look'd around,
To ſee the doe appear;
When ſoft diſtreſs, with plaintive ſound,
Aſſail'd his gentle ear.

The plaintive ſound, quick to his breaſt,
With wonted influence ſped;
And on he follow'd in its queſt,
Till to Lough-Shieve it led.

There he beheld a weeping fair,
Upon a bank reclin'd,
In whoſe fine form, and graceful air,
Was every charm combin'd.

On her ſoft cheek, with tender bloom[1],
The roſe its tint beſtow'd;
And in her richer lip's perfume,
The ripen'd berry glow'd.

[1] The Iriſh poets, both antient and modern, abound, and excel in deſcriptions of female beauty. The one before us, though exquiſitely charming, is not *ſingly* ſo; for the collection of ſongs, contained in this volume, exhibit many inſtances of the ſame ſpecies of excellence; and many more are to be found in other ſongs and poems, in the Iriſh language.

Her neck was as the bloſſom fair,
  Or like the cygnet's breaſt,
With that majeſtic, graceful air,
  In ſnow and ſoftneſs dreſt:

Gold gave its rich and radiant die,
  And in her treſſes flow'd [m];
And like a freezing ſtar, her eye
  With Heaven's own ſplendour glow'd [n].

Thyſelf, O Patrick! hadſt thou ſeen
  The charms that face diſplay'd;
That tender form, and graceful mein,
  Thyſelf had lov'd the maid!

My

[m] A learned friend remarked, on this paſſage, that the poet here drew from his ſtore of Eaſtern imagery, for that golden hair was unknown in theſe cold climates. It is certain that the mention of yellow, or golden hair, though it ſometimes occurs, yet is not very common in the deſcriptions of our poets;—the "fair waving treſſes" are moſt general; ſometimes we are told of "hair like the raven's wing," and often of locks "of ſhining brown," which, from the brightneſs aſcribed along with the colour, we may conclude to have been auburn.

[n] For this deſcription of eyes, the poet has indeed left our world—and every one in it—far behind him.

In one of CAROLAN's ſongs, compoſed for Miſs Mary O'Neil, he has given the following beautiful ſimile, which, though indeed not equal to the above, is yet well entitled to preſervation.—"Her eyes (ſays he) are, to her face, what a diamond is "to a ring, throwing its beams around, and adorning the beauty of the ſetting."

My king approach'd the gentle fair,
The form of matchleſs grace.——
" Haſt thou, ſweet maid of golden hair!
" Beheld my hounds in chaſe?"

" Thy chaſe, O king, was not my care;
" I nothing of it know;
" Far other thoughts my boſom ſhare,
" The thoughts, alas, of woe!"

" Is it the huſband of thy youth,
" O fair-one, that has died?
" Or has an infant pledge of truth
" Been torn from thy ſoft ſide?

" White-handed mourner! ſpeak the grief
" That cauſes thy diſtreſs;
" And, if it will admit relief,
" Thou may'ſt command redreſs[o]."

 " Alas,

[o] We cannot too much admire the elegance and delicacy of this addreſs!—Such tender refinement could not ſurely have exiſted amongſt a nation of barbarians. The character of the Finian commander appears uniformly the ſame in all the Iriſh poems; and whether our bards, when they gave it, drew a faithful picture, or not, it is ſtill a proof that they muſt have had *ſome* good and perfect models before them, to ſhew what Nature ought to be; ſince, in their favourite character, we ſee all the mildneſs and tenderneſs of female diſpoſition, united with the ardour of the warrior, the firmneſs of the patriot, and the calmneſs of the philoſopher. In the ſon of Comhal we ſee every quality that is either intereſting, amiable, or great.

" Alas, my ring, for whoſe dear ſake
" Theſe ceaſeleſs tears I ſhed,
" Fell from my finger in the lake!"
(The ſoft-hair'd virgin ſaid).

" Let me conjure thee[p], generous king!
" Compaſſionate as brave,
" Find for me now my beauteous ring,
" That fell beneath the wave!"

Scarce was the ſoft entreaty made,
Her treaſure to redeem,
When his fair form he diſarray'd,
And plung'd into the ſtream.

At

[p] It has been already ſhewn that, amongſt the ancient Iriſh, each knight was bound, by his military vows, to the protection and reſpectful ſervice of the fair: this is expreſsly recorded by our hiſtory; and our poetry and romances throw further light on the ſubject. According to them, no danger or difficulty was to deter an hero from the aſſiſtance of a diſtreſſed female, and her requeſt was to be a law.

In the romance of Fion mac Cumhaill, where the ſtory of this poem is related, Finn tells his chieftains, that he had a kind of inſtinctive horror at the thoughts of entering that lake; yet he inſtantly obeyed the injunction of the damſel, " for (ſays he) " it was a matter that no hero could refuſe." Many ſimilar inſtances of this reſpect and devotion to the fair occur in our old romances and poems.

At the white-handed fair's requeſt,
Five times the lake he try'd;
On ev'ry ſide his ſearch addreſs'd,
Till he the ring deſcry'd.

But when he ſought the blooming maid,
Her treaſure to reſtore;
His powers were gone,—he ſcarce could wade
To reach the neareſt ſhore!

That form where ſtrength and beauty met,
To conquer, or engage,
Paid, premature, its mournful debt
To grey and palſied age [q].

While

[q] Our Iriſh poets inform us that Finn was married extremely young; yet even ſo, he muſt have been advanced in life at this period, ſince we find his grandſon Oſgur introduced in the following pages of the poem: 'Tis true he is mentioned only as a boy; yet ſtill, one would think his *grandfather* old enough to be grey, without the operation of ſorcery, to make him ſo. At the very leaſt, he muſt have been now, ſome years above fifty; yet he is repreſented as retaining all the bloom, as well as the ſtrength and activity, of youth. But we may well overlook a few faults of inadvertance, in favour of the numerous beauties with which this poem abounds. Our magical bard conjures up ſuch delightful enchantments, that our attention ſhould be too much engroſſed by the grace and grandeur of his images, to count the knots on his poetical wand.

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While magic thus our king detain'd,
In hateful fetters bound;
We in fair Almhain's halls remain'd,
And feſtal joy went round.

The mirthful moments danc'd along
To muſic's charming lore;
And, to the ſons of lofty ſong,
Wealth pour'd her bounteous ſtore!

Thus fled the hours, on heedleſs wing,
From every care releas'd;
Nor thought we of our abſent king,
Nor miſs'd him from the feaſt:

Till Caoilte, ſtruck with ſudden dread [r],
Roſe in the Hall of Spears:
His words around ſtrange panic ſpread,
And wak'd miſgiving fears!

"Where

[r] We learn, from Iriſh romance, that the Fenii, and the chiefs of the Dananian race, were enemies, (ſee ꝼeiꝼ tiȝe canain,); and as theſe people were ſuppoſed to be ſkilful in magic, the heroes of Finn were naturally alarmed for the ſafety of their general, when they miſſed him from the feaſt, and recollected the determined enmity and ſupernatural power of the Tuatha de Danans.—Caoilte, in the paſſage before us, ſeems to apprehend that Finn was ſnatched away by enchantment from amongſt them. For a particular account of theſe Tuatha de Danans, the reader is referred to the antient Hiſtory of Ireland.

" Where is the noble Comhal's ſon,
" Renown'd aſſembly! Say?—
" Or is our arm of conqueſt gone,—
" Our glory paſs'd away!"

We ſtood aghaſt.—Conan alone,
The raſh Mac Morni, ſpoke;
" O joyful tidings! I ſhall groan
" No more beneath his yoke.

" Swift Caoilte[1], of the mighty deed!
" On this auſpicious day,
" I, to his fame and power, ſucceed,
" And take the ſovereign ſway."

We laugh'd to ſcorn his ſenſeleſs boaſt,
Tho' with a grieving heart;
And Almhain ſaw our numerous hoſt,
With headlong haſte depart.

The van myſelf and Caoilte led,
The Fenii in the rear;
And on our rapid march we ſped,
But ſaw no king appear.

We

[1] Caoilte was remarkable for his ſpeed in running.

We follow'd, where he led the chaſe,
  To ſteep Slieve Guillin's foot;
But there we could no further trace,
  And ſtop'd the vain purſuit.

North of the mount our march we ſtay'd,
  Upon a verdant plain,
Where conqueſt once our arms array'd [1],
  Tho' bought with heaps of ſlain!

Hope threw each eager eye around,
  And ſtill'd attention's ear,—
In vain,—for neither ſight or ſound
  Of our lov'd chief was near.

But, on the borders of a lake,
  A tall old man we ſpy'd,
Whoſe looks his wretched age beſpake
  To want and woe ally'd!

Bare wither'd bones, and ghaſtly eyes,
  His wrinkl'd form diſplay'd;
Palſy'd and pale, he ſcarce could riſe,
  From age and ſtrength decay'd.

We

[1] The battle here alluded to is deſcribed in a Poem, entitled Laoiḋ an Dub mac Diṫrib.—The terrible Mac-Dirive, after an obſtinate combat, is at laſt ſlain by the hand of Oſgur.

We thought, perchance, that famine gave
That wan and waſted frame,
Or that from far, adown the wave,
A fiſherman he came.

We aſk'd him, had he ſeen in chaſe,
Two hounds that ſnuff'd the gale
And a bold Chief, of princely grace,
Swift bounding o'er the vale.

The head of age in ſilence hung,
Bow'd down with ſhame and woe,
Long e'er his heſitating tongue
The cruel truth could ſhew [u].

At length, to Caoilte's faithful ear,
The fatal change he told,
And gave our raging hoſt to hear
The dreadful tale unfold!

[u] It is but proper to acquaint the reader, that in this paſſage, the ſenſe of the poem is a little extended, and brought nearer to that of the romance.—In the poem, we are only told that Finn, when queſtioned by his chieftains, did not, at firſt, give a direct anſwer; but, after ſome time, imparted the ſecret to the ear of Caoilte. In the romance, Finn himſelf tells the ſtory, and ſays, that "he *felt it grievous to his* "*heart* to acquaint them, that he was the object of their ſearch; nevertheleſs, when his faithful bands ſurrounded him, he at laſt informed them of his fatal adventure.

With horror ſtruck, aghaſt and pale,
Three ſudden ſhouts we gave.—
Affrighted badgers fled the vale,
And trembling ſought the cave!

But Conan glory'd in our grief;
Conan the bald, the baſe;
He curs'd with rage the Finian chief,
And all the Finian race.

" O, were I ſure (he fiercely ſaid)
" Thou wert that heart of pride,
" Soon ſhould this blade thy ſhaking head
" From thy old trunk divide!

" For never did thy envious mind
" Beſtow my valour's meed;
" In ſecret has thy ſoul repin'd
" At each heroick deed.

" I grieve not for thy ſtrength decay'd,
" Shrunk form, and foul diſgrace;
" But that I cannot wave my blade
" O'er all thy hated race.

" Oh,

" Oh, were they all like thee this day,
" My vengeance, as a flood,
" Should ſweep my hated foes away,
" And bathe my ſteel in blood!

" Since Comhal of the Hoſts was ſlain [x]
" Upon the enſanguin'd field,
" By Morni's ſon, who ne'er in vain
" Uprear'd his golden [y] ſhield;

" Since then, our clan in exile pine,
" Excluded from thy ſight;
" And the fam'd heroes of our line
" But live in thy deſpight."

CAOILTE.

[x] Comhal, or Cumhal, the father of Finn. He was killed in a battle againſt the tribe of Morni; we find, however, that this tribe were afterwards reconciled to the Fenii, and obedient to their chief, who treated them with the utmoſt kindneſs. This complaint of Conan's is therefore to be aſcribed to his own perverſe humour, and not to any injuſtice that he or his clan had met with from the Finian general.

[y] Here we find mention of a golden ſhield; but it is not ſuppoſed that ſuch were common in Ireland, becauſe they do not often occur in our MSS. and very few of them have been found in our bogs. But we are not, from this, to conclude that the metal itſelf was ſcarce in the kingdom.—CAMBRENSIS and STANIHURST bear teſtimony to the riches of our mines. Doctor BOAT alſo, in his *Natural Hiſtory*, mentions the gold and ſilver mines of Ireland; and DONATUS, Biſhop of Feſulæ, a poet of the 7th century, in a beautiful deſcription of our iſland, does not omit to celebrate the natural wealth of its ſoil.

CAOILTE. " Did not my ſoul too keenly ſhare
" In our great cauſe of woe,
" On aught like thee [z] to waſte its care,
" Or any thought beſtow;

" Bald, ſenſeleſs wretch! thy envy, ſoon
" This arm ſhould make thee rue;
" And thy cruſh'd bones, thou baſe buffoon,
" Should bear thy folly's due!"

OSGUR. " Ceaſe thy vain bab'ling, ſenſeleſs fool!
" Bald boaſter [a], ſtain to arms,
" Still forward to promote miſrule,
" But ſhrink at war's alarms!"

CONAN.

The Leaban Lecan, (or Book of Sligo) informs us, that in the reign of Tighearmas was firſt introduced the boiling and refining of gold; that the refiner's name was Inachadan, and he carried on the art at the eaſt ſide of the Liffey. Beſides the teſtimony of foreign writers, and our domeſtic annals; numbers of utenſils, arms, collars, chains, &c. of pure gold, have been dug up in different parts of the kingdom. But it would be endleſs to multiply proofs upon this ſubject. If the reader wiſhes any further teſtimonies, he will find them at large in Mr. O'HALLORAN's *Introduction to the Hiſt. and Antiq. of Ireland.*

[z] We are here, at once, let into the character of Conan, and ſee that contempt alone is the cauſe of the forbearance with which his inſolence is ſuffered to paſs.

[a] We could wiſh that this dialogue were not ſo coarſely conducted; but the heroes of Homer are ſtill leſs acquainted with good breeding, than thoſe of our Iriſh Bard; and Conan is only the *Therſites* of Oiſin. In juſtice, however, to the Finian chiefs,

it

CONAN. " Ceaſe thou, vain youth [b], nor think my ſoul
" Can by thy ſpeech be won,
" Servile to ſtoop to the controul
" Of Oiſin's beardleſs ſon.

" Even Finn, who, head of all thy line,
" Can beſt their boaſts become,
" What does he do, but daily dine,
" Upon his mangl'd thumb [c].

" 'Twas not the ſons of Boiſhne's clan,
" But Morni's gallant race,
" That thunder'd in the warlike van,
" And led the human chaſe.

" Oiſin,

it ſhould be obſerved, that it is the inſolent folly of Conan which provokes abuſive language, becauſe they will not raiſe their arm againſt an idiot. To an enemy they are never abuſive; but, on the contrary, polite to a degree that might afford improved example, even to modern refinement. See *Magnus*.

[b] Conan, afraid to reply to Caoilte, yet ventures to diſcharge his ſpleen upon " Oiſin's beardleſs ſon."

[c] This ſtrange paſſage is explained by ſome lines in the Poem of Dub-mac-ꝺꞅġꞃꞇb, where Finn is reproached with deriving all his courage from his foreknowledge of events, and chewing his thumb for prophetic information. The reader will eaſily perceive the ſource of this ridiculous miſtake of the wonder-loving multitude; a habit taken up, when deep in thought, was conſtrued into divination; and we may conclude how great that wiſdom, and that heroiſm, muſt have been, which was ſuppoſed no other way to be accounted for, than by gifting the poſſeſſor with inſpiration.

In

" Oiſin, this ſilken ſon of thine,
" Who thus in words excels,
" Will learn of thee the pſalming whine,
" And bear white books and bells [d].

" Ceaſe Oſgur, ceaſe thy fooliſh boaſt,
" Not words, but deeds decide;
" Now then, before this warlike hoſt,
" Now be our valour try'd!"

My ſon high rais'd his threat'ning blade,
To give his fury ſway;
But the pale Conan ſhrunk diſmay'd,
And ſprung with fear away:

Amid

In the romance of ꝼeiꝼ tiġe Canaiꝛn, among other curious particulars, Finn is ſaid to have derived a portion of his knowledge from the waters of a magical fountain, in the poſſeſſion of the Tuatha-de-danans; a ſingle draught of which was ſold for three hundred ounces of gold.

[d] From this paſſage, it appears, that Oiſin was ſuppoſed to have been won over, at leaſt in part, by ſome of the miſſionaries who preceded the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland.—Here alſo we ſeem to have proof that the bells, mentioned in the courſe of the poem, were not, nor could have been, the large ſuſpended ones; but only the ſmaller ones, that were borne by the prieſts, and tingled at the altars, in the very firſt ages of Chriſtianity. Conan could not poſſibly mean any other than theſe, when he ſays that Oſgur would learn in time to *bear* or carry them;—that is, leaving the profeſſion of arms, to become a prieſt, by which he plainly intends to reproach him with cowardice, as deſirous to excel in *words alone*.

Amid the ſcoffing hoſt he ſprung,
To ſhun th' unequal ſtrife;
To 'ſcape the forfeit of his tongue,
And ſave his worthleſs life.

Nor vainly did he importune;
The hoſt, as he deſir'd,
Engag'd my ſon to give the boon
His cowardice requir'd.

Once, twice, and thrice, to Erin's chief
The ſorrowing Caoilte ſpoke:
" O ſay, lov'd cauſe of all our grief!
" Whence came this cruel ſtroke?

" What curſt Tuathan's [e] direful charm
" Has dar'd that form deface?
" O! who could thus thy force diſarm,
" And wither ev'ry grace?"

" Guillen's

[e] In the original, Tuaṫa Dé (i. e. Tuatha-de-danan). Moſt of the Iriſh Romances are filled with Dananian enchantments; as wild as the wildeſt of ARIOSTO's fictions, and not at all behind them in beauty.

" Guillen's fair daughter, (Finn reply'd,)
" The treacherous ſnare deſign'd [f],
" And ſent me to yon magic tide,
" Her fatal ring to find."

Conan who, penitent of tongue,
Would now his guilt revoke,
Forward, with zeal impatient ſprung,
And vengeful ire beſpoke.

" May

[f] This apparent malice, and ingratitude of the Enchantreſs, is fully accounted for in the romance. Finn had ever been the ſervant and protector, and of courſe, the favourite of the fair: he is ſcarce ever mentioned, without ſome epithet, expreſſive of amiable attraction, ſuch as " the majeſtic—the graceful—the courteous—the gene-" rous—the gentle—the ſmiling—the blooming—ſon of Comhal." He ſurpaſſed his cotemporaries as much in the manly beauty, and majeſtic graces of his countenance and form, as he did in the ſuperior ſtrength of his arm, and the extraordinary endowments of his mind.

Miluachra, and Aine, the two fair daughters of Guillen Cualgne, of the Dananian race, ſaw, and fell in love with him. Miluachra was jealous of her ſiſter's charms; and hearing her, one day, take an oath, that ſhe would never marry any man whoſe hair was grey, ſhe determined, if poſſible, to make this raſh vow a bar to her union with Finn. She aſſembled her friends of the Tuatha-de-danans; and, by the power of their enchantments, they called forth a magical lake, on the ſide of Slieve-Guillen, which had the property of rendering any perſon grey-headed, who ſhould enter the waters thereof. This done, ſhe aſſumed the form of a beautiful doe, and appeared to Finn, as already related: then followed the chaſe; but the romance gives only three days and nights to the deſtruction of the Enchantreſs's cave; the poem gives eight. Alſo, in the romance, the magical cup, which reſtored our hero to his former ſhape, endowed him, at the ſame time, with added wiſdom, and knowledge. His hair, however, remained grey; but the Enchantreſs, after acknowledging, in much confuſion and terror, the reaſon of the trick ſhe had played him, offered to reſtore that alſo: this offer, we are told, he declined, chuſing to continue grey; but the reaſon of his refuſal does not appear.

" May never from this hill (he cry'd,)
" Our homeward ſteps depart,
" But Guillen[g] dearly ſhall abide
" Her dark and treacherous art!"

Then our ſtout ſhields with thongs we bound[h],
Our hapleſs King to bear;
While each fond chieftain preſs'd around,
The precious weight to ſhare.

North of the mount, to Guillen's cave,
The alter'd form we bore;
Determin'd all her art to brave,
And his loſt powers reſtore.

Eight nights and days, without ſucceſs,
We tore the living tomb,
Until we pierc'd the laſt receſs
Of the deep cavern's gloom.

[g] Her name, as we have ſeen, was Miluachra, though ſhe is here called Guillen, as being daughter to the Enchantreſs Guillen.

[h] This paſſage ſeems to throw ſome light on the ſize of the Iriſh ſhield.—It is ſpoken of in the plural number here, by which it ſhould ſeem that it muſt have been the target; for, otherwiſe, one alone would have been ſufficient to have borne Finn from the field.

Then forth the fair Enchantreſs came,
Swift iſſuing to the light,
The form of grace, the beauteous dame,
With charms too great for ſight.

A cup quite full ſhe trembling bore
To Erin's alter'd chief,
That could his priſtine form reſtore,
And heal his people's grief.

He drank.—O joy! his former grace,
His former powers return'd;
Again with beauty glow'd his face,
His breaſt with valour burn'd.

Oh, when we ſaw his kindling eye
With wonted luſtre glow,
Not all the glories of thy ſky
Such tranſport could beſtow!

The Hero of the Stately Steeds,
From magic fetters free,
To Finian arms, and martial deeds
Thus—thus reſtor'd to ſee!—

Scarce could our ſouls the joy ſuſtain!—
Again three ſhouts we gave;
Again the badgers fled the plain,
And trembling ſought the cave!

Now, Patrick of the ſcanty ſtore,
And meager-making face!
Say, did'ſt thou ever hear before
This memorable Chaſe?

IV.

MOIRA BORB:

A

POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE original of this poem is in the hands of Maurice Gorman: *there is alſo another copy in* Mr. Walker's *collection, but not altogether ſo perfect as the one from which this tranſlation has been made. Neither of theſe copies are dated, nor can we diſcover the author. Like moſt of the* Finian *poems, it is aſcribed to* Oiſin; *but, though it may, poſſibly, have originated with him, it has certainly aſſumed, ſince that period, a different form from any that he could have given it. The poetry, indeed, breathes all the ſpirit of the* Finian Bard; *but the language is evidently not earlier than that of the middle ages.*

MOIRA BORB:

A POEM.

A Tale of old,—of Finian deeds I ſing:
Of Erin's mighty hoſts, the mighty King!
Great Comhal's ſon the lofty ſtrain ſhall ſwell,
And on his fame the light of ſong ſhall dwell.

Oft have I ſeen his arm deſtruction wield;
Oft, with its deadly proweſs, ſweep the field!
Then did the world his matchleſs deeds proclaim,
And my ear drank the muſick of his fame.

Once, while the careleſs day to ſport we gave,
Where fierce Mac-Bovar[a] rolls his headlong wave,

With

[a] The words of the original are Eas rſaḋ mac ḃoḃar na ṁoill, literally, *the fiercely ruſhing Cataract, deafening ſon of the heap!* This is a very beautiful fall

With deaf'ning clamour pours upon the plain,
Foams o'er his echoing banks, and ſeeks the main.

Careleſs we rang'd along the ſounding ſhore,
And heard the tumbling of the torrent's roar;
Thin was our hoſt, no thought of danger nigh,
When the near ocean caught our roving eye.

A white ſail'd boat, that ſwiftly ſought the ſhore,
On its light plank, a lovely female bore;
To meet our hoſt her rapid courſe was bent,
And much we queſtion'd on this ſtrange event.

Fifty brave chiefs, around their braver King.—
Ah, why to mind, their deeds, their glories bring!
Since anguiſh muſt on bleeding memory wait,
Comparing former fame with preſent fate.

Alas! with them is quench'd the hero's flame,
And glory, ſince, is but an empty name!
Oh, after them, 'tis Miſery's dire decree
The chiefs of theſe degenerate days to ſee.

Oh,

fall of the river Erne, at Ballyſhannon, and the principal ſalmon leap in Ireland. The ſcenery is extremely picturesque; a bold coaſt of perpendicular rocks is covered to the very edge with the richeſt verdure, and projects, in unequal promontories, as it opens to the ſea. This ſalmon leap is let at 400l. a year.

Oh, loſt companions! once your mighty ſway
Made the proud princes of the earth obey;
Your conq'ring powers through every region led,
And wide around victorious triumphs ſpread!

But to my tale.—Our wondering chiefs aroſe,
To ſee the bark its beauteous freight diſcloſe:
Swift glanc'd its courſe through the divided wave,
And the near ſtream a ready harbour gave.

As morn from ocean lifts her lov'ly light,
Freſh from the wave, with gentle ſplendours bright;
So roſe the maid, as ſhe approach'd the ſhore,
And her light bark to land its burden bore.

Deck'd by ſoft Love with ſweet attractive grace,
And all the charms of mind-illumin'd face;
Before our hoſt the beauteous ſtranger bow'd,
And, thrown to earth, her eyes their glories ſhroud.

Her ſoft ſalute return'd, with courteous air,
Finn, by the hand of ſnow, conducts the fair.
Upon his left, the valiant Gaul was plac'd,
And on his right, her ſeat the ſtranger grac'd.

And, oh, to tell the charms her form array'd!
The winning ſweetneſs that her face diſplay'd!
On her alone we could or think, or gaze,
And our rapt ſouls were loſt in ſweet amaze!

" Soft Mariner! (the ſon of Comhal cry'd,)
" What chance has torn thee from protection's ſide?
" Why com'ſt thou here, and from what happy earth?
" And whoſe the noble race that gave thee birth?"

" Truth, O great chief! my artleſs ſtory frames:
" A mighty King [b] my filial duty claims.
" But princely birth no ſafety could beſtow;
" And, royal as I am, I fly from woe.

" Long have I look'd that mighty arm to ſee,
" Which is alone of force to ſet me free:
" To Erin's far fam'd chief for aid I fly,
" And on that aid my trembling hopes rely."

" Say,

[b] This paſſage is not tranſlated literally, as it was difficult to know what turn to give it: the words in Iriſh are Ay mé jngean rig ſo tinn. *I am the daughter of the King under Waves:* or it may be rendered, *King of Waves*, or *King of* Ton, (in the genitive) Tun. Literally, a *wave;* but it may alſo mean ſome country, anciently called by that name; or poſſibly it may be a metaphorical phraſe, to imply either an iſland, or ſome of the low countries.

" Say, wherefore, loveliest! art thou thus distrest?
" Whom do'st thou fly?—by whom art thou oppress
" Why do'st thou seek me, o'er the rolling sea,
" And from what peril shall I set thee free?"

" And art thou, then, that gen'rous son of fame,
" Whose aid the wretched, and the helpless claim?
" O then, to me that needful aid extend!
" And, oh, thy strength to guard my weakness lend!"

With soothing speech, the pitying King reply'd,
" Fear not, sweet maid! thy cause to me confide.
" Speak but thy sorrows! whom do'st thou accuse?
" Who persecutes thee, Fair One?—who pursues?"—

" O! I am follow'd o'er the rolling wave!
" O! mighty Finn! thy trembling suppliant save!
" The son of Sora's [c] King with wrath pursues,
" The Chief of Spears, whose arm the host subdues!

" Dark

[c] Tradition inform us, that *Moira*, or (as some write it) *Boiry Borb*, was a Lusitanian Prince, of great fame and prowess, but cruel, and extremely fierce, as the word *borb* (i. e. *fierce*) implies. This admitted, it follows, of course, that *Sora* (in the original, *Sorcha*,) must have been, anciently, the Irish name for Portugal.

" Dark Moira-borb is his tremendous name,
" And wide o'er earth extends his dreadful fame!
" From him I fly, with theſe unhappy charms,
" To ſhun the horror of his hateful arms!

" To one delay his ſullen ſoul agreed,
" Nor can he from his promiſe now recede;
" He will not force me to become his bride,
" Until thy pow'r ſhall in my cauſe be try'd."

Then ſpoke my Oſgur, Erin's lovely boaſt,
Pride of her fame, and glory of her hoſt!
With generous zeal his youthful boſom glow'd;
His fervent ſpeech with rapid ardour flow'd.

" Fear not (he cry'd) no power ſhall force thee hence;
" My arm, my life, O maid! is thy defence!
" No hateful union ſhall thy vows compel,
" Nor ſhalt thou with the dreadful Sora dwell!"

Then, by his ſide, the ſon of Morni roſe;
Each champion equal to an hoſt of foes!
Proudly they ſtrode, exulting in their might,
The fierce, triumphant Deities of fight!

Before the hoſt they ſtood, in arms array'd,
To guard, from her approaching foe, the maid;
For now, ſwift riding on the ſubject wave,
A wond'rous chief to fight his terrors gave!

In the ſame path the princeſs took, he came,
And more than human ſeem'd his monſtrous frame;
A magic ſteed its giant burden bore,
And ſwiftly gain'd upon the trembling ſhore!

Fierce did he ſeem, as one in fight renown'd;
Dark on his head a gloomy helmet frown'd:
Emboſs'd with art, he held a mighty ſhield,
And well his arm its ponderous orb could wield!

Two ſpears of victory, on its front engrav'd,
Stood threat'ning, as if every foe they brav'd!
Never our eyes had ſuch a ſight beheld,
Nor ever chief ſo dreadfully excell'd!

His heavy ſword, of more than monſtrous ſize,
Next ſtruck with wonder our admiring eyes;
When, bending forward, from his mighty thigh
He drew, and wav'd its maſſy weight on high!

Of princely ſway the cloudy champion ſeem'd,
And terror from his eye imperial ſtream'd !
A ſoul of fire was in his features ſeen,
In his proud port, and his impetuous mien !

His wond'rous ſteed was like the torrent's force ;
White as its foam, and rapid as its courſe !
Proud, the defyer of our hoſt he bore,
And ſprung with fury to the hoſtile ſhore.

A ſight like this had never met our eyes,
Or ſtruck our ſenſes with a like ſurprize ;
To ſee a ſteed thus courſing on the wave,
And his fierce rider thus the ocean brave !

My King, whoſe arm would every peril dare,
Then calm demanded of the trembling fair,
" Is this the chief of whom thy terror ſpoke,
" Againſt whoſe power thou didſt our aid invoke ?"

" O that is he ! that is my deadly foe !
" Too well, alas.! his dreadful face I know !
" O Comhal's generous ſon ! I grieve for thee,
" Againſt thy hoſt that fatal arm to ſee !

" He comes! he comes to tear his victim hence!
" No power, alas, can now be my defence!
" No force, no courage can that ſword abide,
" And vainly will your generous aid be try'd!"

While thus to Comhal's noble ſon ſhe ſpoke,
Fierce through the hoſt, the foreign champion broke!
Glowing with rage, in conſcious might array'd,
Forward he ruſh'd, and ſeiz'd the trembling maid!

Swift flew the ſpear of Morni's wrathful ſon,
And to the foe unerring paſſage won:
Through his pierc'd ſhield the aim its fury guides,
Rends its proud boſſes, and its orb divides.

Impatient Oſgur glow'd with ardent fire,
With raging ſcorn, and with indignant ire;
And, darting fate from his impetuous hand,
He ſtretch'd the dying courſer on the ſtrand!

Unhors'd, and furious for his wounded ſteed,
And breathing tenfold vengeance for the deed;
With wrath augmented the fierce champion burn'd,
And mad with rage, on his aſſailants turn'd.

Dauntleſs he ſtood, with haughty ire inflam'd,
And loud defiance to our hoſt proclaim'd:
Againſt us all his ſingle arm he rais'd,
While in his hand the dreadful faulchion blaz'd!

Enrag'd, our hoſts the proud defiance hear,
And ruſh to vengeance with a ſwift career.
Finn and myſelf alone our arms withhold,
And wait to ſee the ſtrange event unfold.

When lo! amazement to our wondering eyes!
In vain each ſpear with rapid fury flies!
In vain with might, the nearer ſwords aſſail,
No ſpears can wound, no weapons can prevail.

Thoſe chiefs, who every foe till then excell'd,
Foil'd by his force, his ſingle arm repell'd.
Low on the blood-ſtain'd field with ſhame they lay,
Bound by his hand, and victims of his ſway!

Great Flan Mac-Morni fell beneath his ſword;
By valour, friendſhip, and by ſong deplor'd!
Of all the champions who his arm ſuſtain'd,
Not one unwounded on the field remain'd.

Had not our chiefs been all well arm'd for fight,
They all had ſunk beneath his matchleſs might!
Or had each, ſingly, met his dreadful force,
Each, in his turn, had fall'n a mangled corſe!

Now Gaul's brave boſom burns with frantic ire,
And terror flaſhes from his eyes of fire!
Rending in wrath, he ſprings upon the foe!
High waves his ſword, and fierce deſcends its blow!

Dire as when fighting elements engage,
Such is the war the dreadful champions wage!
Whoever had that fatal field beheld,
He would have thought all human force excell'd.

Loud was the claſh of arms that ſtream'd with gore,
And deep the wounds each dauntleſs boſom bore!
Broke are their ſpears, and rent each maſſy ſhield,
And ſteel, and blood beſtrew the deathful field!

Never again ſhall two ſuch chiefs contend,
Nor ever courage, as did theirs, tranſcend!
So great the havock of each deadly blade!
So great the force each valiant arm diſplay'd!

At length they ſlack'd the fury of the fight,
And vanquiſh'd Sora own'd ſuperior might:
No more he could the ſword of Gaul ſuſtain,
But gaſh'd with wounds, he ſunk upon the plain.

Woe was the day in which that ſtrife aroſe,
And dy'd with blood the harbour of his foes!
Woe to the champions of that lovely dame!
Woe to the land to which her beauty came[d]!

The valiant Sora by the ſtream we laid,
And while his laſt and narrow houſe we made,
We on each finger plac'd a glitt'ring ring[e],
To grace the foe, in honor of our King.

Thus fell the foreign champion on our coaſt,
And gave a dear-bought conqueſt to our hoſt.
The royal maid our courteſy embrac'd,
And a whole year the Finian palace grac'd.

Six

[d] It is probable that this paſſage alludes to ſome ſubſequent conſequences of the death of Moira-borb.

[e] It has not been found that any particular cuſtom of antiquity is here alluded to: the paſſage is tranſlated literally, and it appears that, by placing rings on the fingers of Moira-borb, they meant to ſhew the generoſity of their chief, in honouring a gallant foe.

Six following months, beneath the leeches hand,
The wounds of Gaul our constant care demand:
The valiant Gaul, unvanquish'd in the fight,
Gaul of the weapons of resistless might.

With Finn, the chief of princely cheer, he lay,
Whose friendly tendance eas'd the tedious day.
Finn, who was ever to the brave a friend;
Finn, who the weak would evermore defend [f]!

But

[f] In the bvile Oisin, (Rhapsody of Oisin) we find the following beautiful character, and personal description of this celebrated hero.

Fionn farsing fíal
bar gaisge fhearvib fáil
ríġ mórḋalaċ cóim.
fa mór aḋiol dán.

Aċroiḋe osgailte mear.
afhian fa mór.
fioñ fiorġlice faiḋ
a aġa fa mór bran.

Fa glan gorm arosg.
do bi afholt mar anór.
sgeim riġ fa bran
do bí aġruaiḋ mar an rós.

Do bi gaċ bean lan da ṡearc
aċneis mar an ccailc báin.
mac Murne fa cóim.
fionn, ríġ na narm naiġ.

But why of heroes ſhould I now relate?
Chang'd is my form, and chang'd is my eſtate!
Theſe alter'd looks, with age and ſorrow pale,
Should warn to ceaſe from the heroic tale!

In Engliſh,—" Finn of the large and liberal ſoul of bounty; exceeding all his " countrymen in the proweſs and accompliſhments of a warrior. King of mild " majeſty, and numerous bards.

" The ever-open houſe of kindneſs was his heart; the ſeat of undaunted courage! " great was the chief of the mighty Fenii; Finn of the perfect ſoul, the conſummate " wiſdom; whoſe knowledge penetrated events, and pierced through the veil of futu- " rity. Finn of the ſplendid and ever-during glories.

" Bright were his blue-rolling eyes, and his hair like flowing gold! Lovely were " the charms of his unaltered beauty, and his cheeks like the glowing roſe.

" Each female heart overflowed with affection for the hero whoſe boſom was like " the whiteneſs of the chalky cliff, for the mild ſon of Morna; Finn, the king of " the glittering blades of war."

O D E S.

AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE TO THE WAR ODE.

THE military Odes of the ancient Celtæ have been noticed by numberleſs hiſtorians; nothing amongſt thoſe people was left unſung: Poetry was their darling ſcience, and they introduced it into every ſcene, and ſuited it to every occaſion. One of the duties of the Bard was, to attend his chief to battle, and there exert his poetic powers, according to the fluctuations of victory, and the fortune of the fight. This fact is well atteſted by antient Greek and Roman writers; alſo, Du Cange, Mezeray, and many other antiquaries and hiſtorians affirm, that this cuſtom continued amongſt the Gauls, many centuries after their dereliction by the Romans. Even at the battle of Haſtings, the troops of Normandy were accompanied by a Bard, animating them to conqueſt with warlike odes. The great number of Troubadours retained

by the French nobleſſe, in the different invaſions of the Holy Land, prove how well this cuſtom was ſupported by civilized nations of the middle ages.

BUT it will, no doubt, appear ſingular, that, while France and Germany ſuffered no ruin or ſubverſion of their ſtates, from that epocha, yet ſo little care has been taken, by their antiquaries, for the preſervation of antient documents, that it is affirmed, there is not one of theſe Odes now extant amongſt them; while Ireland,—harraſſed by war and rapine; and her records plundered by foreign invaders, and envious policy,—yet ſtill has preſerved a number of theſe original productions, which throw many rays of light on the obſcureſt periods of Celtic antiquity.

BUT the WAR ODE was not peculiar to the Celtæ alone; Scandinavia, too, ſent her Scalds to battle, and her Chiefs were animated by their military ſongs; although indeed many centuries later than the period in which we find our Bards poſſeſſed of this office in Ireland. "Hacon, Earl of Norway (ſays Monſ. "MALLET) had five celebrated poets along with him in that "famous battle of which I have been ſpeaking, when the war-"riors of Jomſbourg were defeated; and hiſtory records that "they ſung each an Ode, to animate the ſoldiers, before they "engaged [a b]."

WE

[a] See TORF. BARTHOLIN, p. 172, who produces other inſtances to the ſame purpoſe; particularly that of Olave, king of Norway, who placed three of his ſcalds

We ſee here a remarkable difference between the Scandinavian and Celtic poet, in the execution of this military duty: The Ode of the Scald was compoſed for the purpoſe, and ſung *before the engagement:* while the Iriſh Bard, glowing with the joint enthuſiaſm of the poet, and the warrior, frequently ruſhed amidſt the ranks, and following his Chief through all the fury of the fight, continued, to the laſt, thoſe ſublime and elevating ſtrains, which, inſpired by the ſight of heroic valour, and called forth by, and ſuited to the inſtant occaſion, wrought up courage to a pitch of frenzy, and taught the warrior to triumph even in the pangs of death. But it was only when victory was doubtful; and occaſion required the Bards to exert all their powers, that we find them thus ruſhing through the carnage of the field. At other times "marching at the head of the armies, "arrayed in white flowing robes, harps glittering in their hands, "and their perſons ſurrounded with Orfidigh, or inſtrumental "muſicians; while the battle raged, they *ſtood apart*, and "watched in ſecurity (for their perſons were held ſacred) every

 action

ſcalds about him to be eye-witneſſes of his exploits: theſe bards compoſed, each of them, a ſong upon the ſpot, which Bartholin has printed, accompanied with a Latin verſion. Other ſongs of the ſame kind may be found in the ſame author.

Here is one inſtance wherein we find a Scandinavian war ode compoſed (as it appears) either *during*, or *after* the engagement; but their eſtabliſhed cuſtom was, to ſing the ode (as is related above) *before* the battle joined.

[b] *North. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 386.

" action of the Chief, in order to glean ſubjects for their " lays [c]."

INDEED, the enthuſiaſtic ſtarts of paſſion; the broken, unconnected, and irregular wildneſs of thoſe Odes which have eſcaped the wreck of ancient literature in this kingdom, ſufficiently and inconteſtibly point out their true originality to every *candid* reader. It need not here be objected, that the character in which we find the copies now extant of theſe Odes, is different from that which was in uſe among the pagan Iriſh, and that the language of them, alſo, is too intelligible to be referred to ſo remote an æra. With the beauties of theſe ſingular compoſitions, every Iriſh reader, of every age, muſt have been eager to acquaint himſelf; and when acquainted with them, to communicate to others the knowledge, and the pleaſure they afforded him: of courſe, when a word became too obſolete to be generally underſtood, it was changed for one more modern; and, for the ſame reaſon, when the ancient character was exploded, every enſuing copy of theſe Odes was written in the character of the times. Indeed there are ſtill a ſufficient number of obſolete words among them, to make the language extremely difficult; but I conceive that it is in the ſtructure of the compoſitions, and the ſpirit which they breathe, rather than in a few unintelligible epithets, that we are to look for the marks of their antiquity.

THE

[c] WALKER's *Hiſt. Mem. of the Iriſh Bards*, p. 10.

THE copies from which the two following Odes are tranſlated, I procured from Maurice Gorman; there is alſo a copy of them in the collection of Mr. O'Halloran of Limerick, and another, as I am informed, in the College collection. An accompliſhed proficient in the learning and antiquities of this country, whoſe name (had I permiſſion) I ſhould be proud to reveal, made the following elegant, and ſpirited remarks, on a literal tranſlation of the firſt of theſe Odes, upon which I had requeſted his judgment. "It is (ſays he) in my opinion, a very fine ſpecimen of "that kind of poetry, and carries genuine originality on the face "of it. It ſeems not only to have been compoſed on the occa- "ſion, but as if it was actually ſung by the bard during the "heat of the battle; which ſuppoſition is quite conſonant with "the accounts we have of the antient Celtic warriors, and the "office of their Bards. The extreme ſimplicity of it is no ſmall "part of its merit, and has more in it of the true ſublime, than "all the flowers and images with which a modern poet would "have embelliſhed it. Imagination may follow it through all "the changes that may be ſuppoſed to have attended an obſti- "nate engagement, in which the hero was exerting his valour "to the utmoſt; with his bard ſtanding cloſe at his back, "exhorting him to perſevere, and giving, as it were, freſh "energy and effect to every ſtroke of his ſword."

IT may appear ſtrange to ſee a Bard ruſhing, fearleſs and unhurt, through the midſt of contending warriors; his hand encumbered with the harp, and unprovided with any arms for either

either defence or attack: but the character of the *Filea* was held ſo ſacred amongſt the ancient Celtæ, that they wanted no other defence, and were ſo protected and revered by foes, as well as friends, that even "the very whirl and rage of fight" reſpected the perſon of the Bard.

IRISH hiſtory, indeed, affords one, and *but one*, inſtance of a ſort of ſacrilege offered to the life of a Bard; the circumſtances, however, which accompany the fact, as well as the manner in which it is told, preſent us with the ſtrongeſt idea of the horror that ſo unuſual a crime then excited. The Leabàr Lecan, (or *Book of Sligo*) has thus preſerved the relation: Fierce wars were carried on, about the middle of the fourth century, between Eochaidh, Monarch of Ireland, and Eana, the King of Leinſter. Cetmathach, the Monarch's laureat, had ſatyrized ſo ſeverely the enemy of his King, as to provoke the bittereſt reſentment of Eana, who vowed unſparing revenge. In the battle of Cruachan, the Monarch was defeated; and Cetmathach, purſued by the furious King of Leinſter, fled for ſafety amidſt the troops of the victor, who, though the enemies of Eochaidh, would have protected his Bard: but the brutal Eana was not to be appeaſed, and the life of the laureat fell a ſacrifice to his art. Eana, for this atrocious deed, was ever after branded with the opprobrious name of *Cin-ſalach*, (foul, or diſhonorable head). It has deſcended down, through his immediate poſterity, to the preſent day; numbers of his race, of the name of *Cin* or *Kin-ſalah*, now exiſting in Ireland.

OF

Of the firſt of the following Odes, Oſgur, the ſon of Oiſin, is the hero, but we are not told who the Bard was that compoſed it. We have, however, ſufficient reaſon to conclude, that it was ſung by Fergus, the uncle of Oſgur; firſt, becauſe he was the appointed Ard-filea of the Fenii; and alſo becauſe that, in an ancient poem on the battle of Gabhra, he is introduced as exhorting the troops, on that occaſion, to the fight, ſurrounded by his *Orſidigh*, or band of muſicians.

Bi feargus file,
agus orfideach na flaṫa,
dar mbroſdaḋ ſan nionġrin
dol dioñſoiġ an chaṫa.

Mr. Walker, in his Memoirs of the Irish Bards, takes particular notice of Fergus. " Oiſin (ſays he) was not Finn's chief " Bard, or Ollamh-re-dan. This honorable ſtation was filled by " Fergus *Fibheoil*, (of the ſweet lips) another ſon of the great " Finian commander; a Bard on whom ſucceeding poets have " beſtowed almoſt as many epithets, as Homer has given to his " Jupiter.—In ſeveral poems, ſtill extant, he is called Fergus " *Fir-glic*, (the truly ingenious); *Fathach*, (ſuperior in know- " ledge); *Focal-geur*, (ſkilled in the choice of words) &c. &c. " So perſuaſive was his eloquence, that, united with his rank, it " acquired him an almoſt univerſal aſcendency.

" But

" BUT it was in the field of battle that Fergus' eloquence " proved of real utility. In a fine heroic Poem [a] called " the Caṫ ꝼjn-tꞃaġa (The battle of Ventry), Finn is often " repreſented as calling on Fergus, to animate the droop- " ing valour of his officers, which the Bard never fails to do, " effectually. In this battle, Oiſin was beginning to yield in " ſingle combat; which being obſerved by Fergus, he addreſſed " ſome encouraging ſtrains to him, in a loud voice: Theſe were " heard by Oiſin, and his foe fell beneath his ſword [b].

" SEVERAL admirable poems, attributed to Fergus, are ſtill ex- " tant; Dargo, a poem [c], written on occaſion of a foreign prince " of that name invading Ireland. Dargo encountered the Fenii, " and was ſlain by Goll, the ſon of Morni.—Caṫ ʒabꞃa (the " battle of Gabhra). This battle was fought by the Fenii againſt " Cairbre, the monarch of Ireland, whoſe aim in provoking it, " was

[a] This compoſition is not written in verſe, but it does indeed abound with all the ornaments of poetry.

[b] O'HALLORAN's *Hiſt. Irel.* vol. i. p. 275.

[c] A copy of this poem is now in my poſſeſſion, and it glows with all the fire of genius; but at the ſame time is debaſed by ſuch abſurd impoſſibilities, that, as I could not venture to omit any part of the piece, I did not think it would anſwer for tranſlation. From the character given of this poem, I am tempted to ſuppoſe that my copy is a corrupt and bad one; perhaps a future day may enable me to procure a better.

" was to ſuppreſs the formidable power of that legion. Cairbre's " life fell a ſacrifice to this bold attempt.

" THESE Poems abound with all the imagery, fire, and glow- " ing deſcription of the ancient Gäelic, and juſtify the praiſes " beſtowed on Fergus. Each poem concludes with Fergus' at- " teſtation of his being the author. Beſides theſe, there are, A " Panegyric on Goll, the ſon of Morni [d], and another on Oſgur [e]. " In the latter, the poet has interwoven an animating harangue " to the hero, who is the ſubject of it, in the battle of Gabhra."

IN moſt of the Finian poems that I have ſeen, Fergus is honorably noticed, both for his poetical powers, and the peculiar ſweetneſs of his temper and diſpoſition: Thus in THE CHASE,

" Did Fergus live, again to ſing,
" As erſt, the Fenii's fame!"

Alſo in MAGNUS.

" Mild Fergus then, his errand done,
" Return'd with wonted grace;
" His mind, like the unchanging ſun,
" Still beaming in his face [f]."

THE

[d] See the ſecond War Ode in this collection.

[e] This I ſuppoſe is the ſame with the original of the following Ode.

[f] Probably this extreme gentleneſs of Fergus' temper, was the reaſon why he was choſen ARD-FILEA, or chief poet to the Fenii, though his brother Oiſin was ſo emi-

THE ANNALS OF INNISFALLEN, and other ancient records, and poems, inform us, that the battle of Gabhra was fought in the year of our Lord 296. The cauſe of this battle (as well as I can collect from various accounts) was pretty nearly as follows:—The celebrated body of the Fenii had grown to a formidable degree of power. Conſcious of the defence they afforded their country, and the glory they reflected upon it, they became overweening and inſolent, eſteeming too highly of their merits, and too meanly of their rewards; and this the more, as they perceived the Monarch diſpoſed to ſlight their ſervices, and envy their fame.

IT would be tedious here to relate the various cauſes aſſigned by different writers for the diſcontents which occaſioned this battle: Hiſtorians, in general, lay the chief blame upon the Fenii; and the poets, taking part with their favourite heroes, caſt the whole odium upon Cairbre, then Monarch of Ireland. The fault

nently diſtinguiſhed for his poetical talents. Oiſin, moſt likely, would not have accepted of the laureatſhip: his high and martial ſpirit would not be confined to the duties of that ſtation, as they would often have neceſſarily withheld him from mixing in the combat, and taking a *warrior*'s ſhare in the victory. The character of Fergus was much more adapted than that of Oiſin, to fill the place he held, even ſuppoſing the poetic powers of Oiſin ſuperior to thoſe of his brother.—Oiſin, like the Caractacus of the inimitable MASON, felt too much of

" ——————— the hot tide
" That flushes crimſon on the conſcious cheek
" Of him who burns for glory!"

And he would never have borne to hold the harp, in battle, while able to wield a ſword.

fault moſt likely was mutual, and both parties ſeverely ſuffered for it. Cairbre himſelf was killed in the action, and a dreadful ſlaughter enſued among his troops; but thoſe of the Fenii were almoſt totally deſtroyed[h]; for, relying upon that valour which they fondly deemed invincible, they ruſhed into the field againſt odds, that madneſs alone would have encountered. In an ancient poem upon this ſubject, Oiſin, relating the events of the battle to St. Patrick, tells him, that "few in number were the Fenii, "on that fatal day, oppoſed to the united forces of the king-"dom, headed by their Monarch! Finn and his heroes were "not there to aſſiſt them; they were abſent on a Roman expe-"dition."—Oſgur, the grandſon of Finn, commanded the little body that remained, and led them on to the attack; fired with the hope of encreaſing glory, and wrought up to a frenzy of valour, by the animated exhortations of his Bard, he performed prodigies, he ſlew numbers, and Cairbre himſelf at length fell by his hand. Victory then ſeemed to declare for the Fenii, till Oſgur, covered with wounds, ſunk upon the field. He died; with him died the hopes of his adherents. And Epic ſtory gives no further account of the few who ſurvived the field.

SEVERAL poems have been compoſed upon the ſubject of this battle. I have never yet ſeen that one which is ſaid to have been written by Fergus; but I have now before me two that bear the

 name

[h] *The Book of Hoath* affirms, that they were *all* deſtroyed, Oiſin excepted; and that he lived till the arrival of St. Patrick, to whom he related the exploits of the Fenii.

name of Oiſin, and are poſſeſſed of conſiderable merit: I would gladly, with the following Ode, have given a tranſlation of one of the many poems which this celebrated battle gave riſe to; but as I am told there are more perfect copies extant, than thoſe in my poſſeſſion, I am unwilling to give an inferior one to the public.

I.

WARODE

TO

OSGUR.

WAR ODE

TO

OSGUR, THE SON OF OISIN,

IN THE FRONT OF THE BATTLE OF GABHRA.

RISE, might of Erin! riſe[a]!
O! Oſgur, of the generous ſoul!
Now, on the foe's aſtoniſh'd eyes,
Let thy proud enſigns wave diſmay!
Now let the thunder of thy battle roll,
And bear the palm of ſtrength and victory away!

Son of the ſire, whoſe ſtroke is fate[b],
Be thou in might ſupreme!
Let conqueſt on thy arm await,
In each conflicting hour!

Slight

[a] Eıṗıġ! literally, *ariſe!*—It means here, *rouſe thyſelf! exert all thy powers!*

[b] Oiſin, the father of Oſgur, was as much celebrated for his valour, as for his poetical talents.

Slight let the force of adverſe numbers ſeem,
Till, o'er their proſtrate ranks, thy ſhouting ſquadrons pour!

O hear the voice of lofty ſong!—
Obey the Bard!——
Stop—ſtop M'Garaidh [c]! check his pride,
And ruſh reſiſtleſs on each regal foe!
Thin their proud ranks, and give the ſmoaking tide
Of hoſtile blood to flow!
Mark where Mac-Cormac [d] pours along!—
Ruſh on—retard
His haughty progreſs!—let thy might
Riſe, in the deathful fight,
O'er thy prime foe ſupreme,
And let the ſtream
Of valour flow,
Until thy brandiſh'd ſword
Shall humble ev'ry haughty foe,
And juſtice be reſtor'd [e].

Son

[c] This ſon of Garaidh was then King of Connaught, and he led a choſen band to the battle of Gabhra.

[d] Cairbre, Monarch of Ireland; he was ſon to Cormac, the preceding Monarch, and it was in his quarrel that the allied Princes were aſſembled in this day's battle, againſt the little band of the Fenii. He was alſo nearly related to the chiefs of the party he oppoſed, his ſiſter having been the wife of Finn-Mac-Cumhal.

[e] Injuſtice was the complaint, and the cauſe of quarrel, aſſigned both by the King's forces, and the Fenii: *The Book of Hoath* has preſerved a ſpeech of Oſgur's on this

Son of the King of ſpotleſs fame [f],
Whoſe actions fill the world!
Like his, thy ſtory and thy name
Shall fire heroick ſong,
And, with the proweſs of this day, the lofty ſtrain prolong!
Shall tell how oft, in Gabhra's plain,
Thy dreadful ſpear was hurl'd [g]:
How high it heap'd the field with ſlain,
How wide its carnage ſpread,
Till gorg'd upon the human feaſt, the glutted ravens fed.

X Reſiſtleſs

this occaſion; probably juſt as authentic as moſt other ſpeeches of the kind, that hiſtory gravely tells us have been ſpoken at ſuch times. It ſets forth the groſs injuſtice and ingratitude with which they had been treated by the Monarch; and that they only fought to maintain thoſe privileges which they had honorably won, and which were granted to their anceſtors by thoſe faithleſs Princes, now in arms againſt them. That they and their predeceſſors had been the guardians of the nation, protecting its harbours, and repelling its invaders; and alſo increaſing its glory by the ſplendour of foreign conqueſts, and the rich trophies of foreign tributes to its power; but that now, after ſo many battles fought, and ſo many honors and advantages derived to the Monarch by their valour, he wiſhed to acquit himſelf of the obligation, by putting his benefactors to the ſword, or baniſhing them for ever from the land.

[f] It is uncertain, here, *what* King the poet means, whether the father, or the grandfather of his hero; either of them might have been called *King* by the Bard, as the word *Righ* is frequently made uſe of for any great commander, or military ſovereign; and Oſgur might have been ſtiled *ſon* to either, becauſe *Mac* (ſon) ſignifies alſo grandſon, and often only a deſcendant.

[g] The poets tell us of an incredible ſlaughter, made in this battle by the ſword of Oſgur: the brave and fierce Mac-Garaidh, King of Connaught, of the tribe of Morni, and Cairbre, Monarch of Ireland, beſides numbers of inferior chieftains, fell by his ſingle arm.

Reſiſtleſs as the ſpirit of the night,
In ſtorms and terrors dreſt,
Withering the force of ev'ry hoſtile breaſt,
Ruſh on the ranks of fight!—
Youth of fierce deeds, and noble ſoul!
Rend—ſcatter wide the foe!—
Swift forward ruſh,—and lay the waving pride
Of yon high enſigns low!
Thine be the battle!—thine the ſway!—
On—on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,
And let thy deathful arm daſh ſafety from his ſide!
As the proud wave, on whoſe broad back
The ſtorm its burden heaves [h],
Drives on the ſcatter'd wreck
Its ruin leaves;
So let thy ſweeping progreſs roll,
Fierce, reſiſtleſs, rapid, ſtrong,
Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming might along!

From king to king [i], let death thy ſteps await,
Thou meſſenger of fate,
Whoſe awful mandate thou art choſen to bear:

Take

[h] It is impoſſible that the utmoſt ſtretch of human imagination and genius could ſtart an image of greater ſublimity than this!—Had Fergus never given any further proof of his talents than what is exhibited in the ode now before us, this ſtanza alone had been ſufficient to have rendered his name immortal!

[i] The monarch, and the provincial kings, who were united againſt the Fenii.

Take no vain truce, no reſpite yield,
'Till thine be the conteſted field;
O thou, of champion'd fame the royal heir!
Pierce the proud ſquadrons of the foe,
And o'er their ſlaughter'd heaps triumphant riſe!
Oh, in fierce charms, and lovely might array'd!
Bright, in the front of battle, wave thy blade!
Oh, let thy fury riſe upon my voice!
Ruſh on, and glorying in thy ſtrength rejoice!
Mark where yon bloody enſign flies[k]!
Ruſh!—ſeize it!—lay its haughty triumphs low!

Wide around thy carnage ſpread!
Heavy be the heaps of dead!
Roll on thy rapid might,
Thou roaring ſtream of proweſs in the fight!
What tho' Finn be diſtant far[l],
Art thou not *thyſelf* a war?—

[k] The taking of the enemy's ſtandard was, we find, an object of great importance; for we ſee the bard repeatedly point it out in the battle, and urge his hero to the capture of it. The ſtriking of a ſtandard among the Iriſh troops was in general a token of defeat. See O'HALLORAN.—"The duty of the hereditary ſtandard-bearer "was, to preſerve the royal banner; to be amongſt the foremoſt of the troops in "action, and in the rear on a retreat; for the troops had ever their eye on the "ſtandard, and when the prince was killed (for their princes ſeldom ſurvived a "defeat) the ſtandard was ſtruck, which was the ſignal for a retreat." Thus, had Oſgur been able to ſeize upon the enemy's banner, they might have miſtaken its diſappearing for the uſual ſignal, and ſo been thrown into confuſion.

[l] Finn, at the time of this battle, was abſent on a Roman expedition, and Cairbre took advantage of this circumſtance, to haſten the iſſue of the conteſt. A beautiful and

Victory ſhall be all thy own,
And this day's glory thine, and thine alone!
Be thou the foremoſt of thy race in fame!
So ſhall the bard exalt thy deathleſs name!
So ſhall thy ſword, ſupreme o'er numbers, riſe,
And vanquiſh'd Tamor's [m] groans aſcend the ſkies!

Tho'

and moſt affecting poem (aſcribed to Oiſin) on this ſubject, informs us, that Finn, with his troops, returned on the eve of the battle, and that he arrived juſt time enough to take a laſt adieu of his dying grandſon. Their meeting is deſcribed, and is deeply pathetic. The poet alſo adds, that "Finn never after was known to "ſmile: Peace, after that, had no ſweets, nor war any triumphs that could reſtore "joy to his breaſt, or raiſe one wiſh for ambition or for glory, even though the "empire of Heaven itſelf were to be won by his arm, or were offered to his ac-"ceptance!"

[m] Tamor, or Teamor, the royal ſeat of the monarch of Ireland. "Its chief "court, (ſays O'CONOR) was three hundred feet in length, thirty in height, and "fifty in breadth. It had acceſs by fourteen doors, which opened on their ſeveral "apartments, fitted up for the kings and deputies of each province: The royal ſeat "was erected in the middle of the houſe, where the monarch ſat in ſtate, with his "*Aſionn*, or imperial cap on his head. The kings of the two Munſters took their "ſeats on his left; thoſe of Ulſter, on his right; the king of Leinſter, in his "front; and the king of Connaught, together with the *Ollamhain*, behind the "throne. The particular reaſons for ſuch a diſpoſition are not ſet down in any "MSS. come to our hands.

"This high court of convention was ſurrounded by four other large houſes, fitted "up for the lodging and accommodation of the ſeveral provincial kings and deputies, "during the ſeſſion; cloſe to theſe were other houſes; one for ſtate priſoners, ano-"ther for Fileas, and another for the princeſſes, and the women who attended at "court.

"Teamor was the royal ſeat of the kings of Ireland, and the principal court of "legiſlation, from the days of Ollamh Fodla, down to the reign of Dermod Mac Cervaill;

Tho' unequal be the fight,
Tho' unnumber'd be the foe [n],
No thought on fear, or on defeat beſtow,
For conqueſt waits to crown thy cauſe, and thy ſucceſsful might!
Ruſh, therefore, on, amid the battle's rage,
Where fierce contending kings engage,
And powerleſs lay thy proud opponents low!

O lovely warrior! Form of grace,
Be not diſmay'd [o]!
Friend of the Bards! think on thy valiant race!
O thou whom none in vain implore,

Whoſe

" Cervaill; ſo that the Fees of Teamor continued, from time to time, through a " ſeries of more than eleven hundred years." *Diſſertations on the Hiſt. of Ireland*, p. 108.

The fear of extending this note to too great a length has obliged me, though reluctantly, to give only extracts from Mr. O'Conor's deſcription. For a more enlarged account of this celebrated palace, ſee *Collectanea*, vol. i.

[n] The Fenii were greatly out-numbered in this battle. In another poem on the ſubject, attributed to Oiſin, and addreſſed to St. Patrick, we find this paſſage. " There was Cairbre Liffecar, at the head of Erin's mighty hoſts, marching againſt " our forces, to the field of Gabhra, the battle of fatal ſtrokes! There was alſo " Mac Garaidh, and a thouſand champions, aſſembled againſt the powers of my " ſon:—Nine battalions alſo from Ulſter, and the Munſter troops, againſt our " Leinſter legion; beſides the king of Connaught, and his valiant bands, who joined " with the monarch againſt us, in that day's engagement. Unfair, and unequal was " that diviſion of our forces, for ſmall was the band of the Fenii."

[o] Here it appears that Oſgur begins for a moment to yield; but quickly after, animated, and renovated by the exhortations of his bard, we find him again dealing death around.

Whoſe ſoul by fear was never ſway'd,
Now let the battle round thy enſigns roar!

Wide, the vengeful ruin ſpread!
Heap the groaning field with dead!
Furious be thy griding ſword,
Death with every ſtroke deſcend!
Thou to whoſe fame earth can no match afford;
That fame which ſhall thro' time, as thro' the world, extend!

Shower thy might upon the foe!
Lay their pride, in Gabhra, low!
Thine be the ſway of this conteſted field!
To thee for aid the Fenii fly [p];
On that brave arm thy country's hopes rely,
From every foe thy native land to ſhield!

Aſpect of beauty! pride of praiſe!
Summit of heroic fame!
O theme of Erin! youth of matchleſs deeds!
Think on thy wrongs! now, now let vengeance raiſe
Thy valiant arm!—and let deſtruction flame,

Till

[p] The Iriſh in general were frequently called *Fenians*, or *Phenians*, from their great anceſter *Phenius Farſa*, or, perhaps, in alluſion to their Phœnician deſcent. But the Leinſter legions proudly arrogated that name entirely to themſelves, and called their celebrated body, excluſively, *Fenii*, or *Fiana Eireann*.

'Till low beneath thy ſword each chief of Ulſter lies!
O prince of numerous hoſts, and bounding ſteeds!
Raiſe thy red ſhield, with tenfold force endu'd!
Forſake not the fam'd path thy fathers[q] have purſu'd!
But let, with theirs, thy equal honours riſe!

Hark!—Anguiſh groans!—the battle bleeds
Before thy ſpear!—its flight is death!—
Now, o'er the heath,
The foe recedes!
And wide the hoſtile crimſon flows!—
See how it dyes thy deathful blade!—
See, in diſmay, each routed ſquadron flies!
Now!—now thy havoc thins the ranks of fight,
And ſcatters o'er the field thy foes!—
O ſtill be thy encreaſing force diſplay'd!
Slack not the noble ardour of thy might!
Purſue—purſue with death their flight!—
Riſe, arm of Erin!—Riſe!—

[q] All of the tribe of Boiſhne were particularly famed for proweſs, and celebrated by our ancient poets.

II.

O D E

TO

G A U L.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO throw light on the ſubject of the following Ode, I have endeavoured, in vain, to procure a copy of the legend of bruigean beag na h'almuine, *mentioned in* Mr. WALKER's Iriſh Bards; *in which, he ſays, is related the* "celebrated contention for precedence between "Finn *and* Gaul, *near* Finn's *palace at* Almhain. *The attending* "*Bards, (continues he) obſerving the engagement to grow very* "*ſharp, were apprehenſive of the conſequences, and determined, if* "*poſſible, to cauſe a ceſſation of hoſtilities. To effect this, they ſhook* "The Chain of Silence, *and flung themſelves among the ranks, ex-* "*tolling the ſweets of peace, and the atchievements of the combatants'* "*anceſtors. Immediately both parties, laying down their arms, liſtened,* "*with mute attention, to the harmonious lays of their Bards, and in* "*the end rewarded them with precious gifts*[a]."

I regret much that I have never ſeen this legend, and therefore can only conjecture that the Ode before us was compoſed, or rather recited, extempore, upon the ſame occaſion. There is frequent mention made, in our romances and poems, of a memorable conteſt between the rival tribes of Morni *and* Boiſhne, *of which* Gaul *and* Finn *were the leaders; and that, by the mediation of the Bards, it was finally concluded in peace: but I have never ſeen any particular account of the diſpute, or deſcription of the combat: nor been able to obtain any further information upon the ſubject, than the little I have here given to the public.*

[a] *Hiſt. Mem. Iriſh Bards*, p. 44. The legend here alluded to is not in the poſſeſſion of Mr. WALKER; if it was, his politeneſs and public ſpirit would not have ſuffered him to refuſe it.

O D E

T O

G A U L,

THE SON OF MORNI.

HIGH-minded Gaul, whoſe daring ſoul
Stoops not to our Chief's [a] controul!
Champion of the navy's pride [b]!
Mighty ruler of the tide!
Rider of the ſtormy wave,
Hoſtile nations to enſlave [c]!

Shield

[a] Finn Mac-Cumhal, then general of the Iriſh militia.

[b c] "Beſides their ſtanding armies, we find the Iriſh kept up a conſiderable naval "force, whereby, from time to time, they poured troops into Britain and Gaul, "which countries they long kept under contribution. To this, however, many "objections have been made; as if a people who invaded Ireland in thirty large "ſhips could ever be condemned to make uſe of noevogs, and currachs!—Their "migrations from Egypt to Greece, and from thence to Spain, have alſo been "doubted, from the ſuppoſed difficulty of procuring ſhipping; whilſt at the ſame "period of time no objections have been made to the accounts of the Phœnicians,

"the

Shield of freedom's glorious boaſt!
Head of her unconquer'd hoſt!
Ardent ſon of Morni's might!
Terror of the fields of fight!
Long renown'd and dreadful name!
Hero of auſpicious fame!
Champion, in our cauſe to arm!
Tongue, with eloquence to charm!
With depth of ſenſe, and reach of manly thought;
With every grace, and every beauty fraught!

Girt with heroic might,
When glory, and thy country call to arms,
Thou go'ſt to mingle in the loud alarms,
And lead the rage of fight!
Thine, hero! thine the princely ſway
Of each conflicting hour;

Thine

" the Tyrians, and, after them, the Greeks, having very conſiderable fleets, and mak-
" ing very diſtant ſettlements." O'HALL. *Introd. to the Hiſt. and Antiq. of Ireland*, p. 125.

The ſame learned author proceeds to bring forward ſuch proofs of the naval power of our early anceſtors, as muſt do away every doubt, in minds of any reaſon or candour; but a quotation of them at large would exceed the limits of a note; my readers are therefore referred to the valuable work from which the above is taken. In many parts of Colonel VALLANCEY's ineſtimable *Collectanea*, they may alſo find proofs of the knowledge of the early Iriſh in naval affairs:—indeed, the aſtoniſhing number of names (no leſs than between forty and fifty) for a ſhip, in the Iriſh language, appears to give ground for concluding that there muſt have been *ſome* degree of proportionable variety in their ſtructure.

Thine ev'ry bright endowment to diſplay,
The ſmile of beauty, and the arm of pow'r!
Science, beneath our hero's ſhade,
Exults, in all her patron's gifts array'd:
Her Chief, the ſoul of every fighting field!
The arm,—the heart, alike unknown to yield!

Hear, O Finn! thy people's voice!
Trembling on our hills[d] we plead;
O let our fears to peace incline thy choice!
Divide the ſpoil[e], and give the hero's meed!
For bright and various is his wide renown,
And war and ſcience weave his glorious crown!

Did all the hoſts of all the earth unite,
From pole to pole, from wave to wave,

Exulting

[d] This alludes to a cuſtom which prevailed, amongſt the early Iriſh, of holding all their public meetings, and frequently their feaſts, on the tops of lofty eminences. In the few prefatory lines, annexed to this ode, I have hazarded a conjecture that it was one of the extemporaneous compoſitions, ſo celebrated in the romance of Bruighean beag na h' almuine; yet this paſſage ſeems an objection, unleſs we ſuppoſe that an entertaiment, or a peaceable meeting, ended in a battle, (which indeed might have been the caſe) for the mention of "hills" here, implies peace, and the quotation from the romance expreſsly tells us, that the ode was ſung *at the combat.*

[e] Poſſibly it might have been about the diviſion of the booty, gained in ſome Britiſh, or perhaps Continental expedition, that the tribes of Morni and Boiſhne were at variance: at leaſt it appears by this paſſage that a part of their diſcontents aroſe from ſome ſuch occaſion.

Exulting in their might:
His is that monarchy of ſoul
To fit him for the wide controul,
The empire of the brave!

Friend of learning! mighty name!
Havoc of hoſts, and pride of fame!
Fierce as the foaming ſtrength of ocean's rage,
When nature's powers in ſtrife engage,
So does his dreadful progreſs roll,
And ſuch the force that lifts his ſoul!

Fear him, chief of Erin's might!
And his foe no longer be;
Sun of honor's ſacred light,
Rending ſtorm of death is he!

Finn of the flowing locks [f], O hear my voice!
No more with Gaul contend!
Be peace, henceforth, thy happy choice,
And gain a valiant friend!

Secure

[f] The natural and beautiful ornament of *hair* was much cheriſhed and eſteemed amongſt the ancient Iriſh. I know not whence the idea of their *matted* locks (ſo often mentioned by Engliſh chroniclers) had its riſe:—certain it is that we meet with no ſuch expreſſion, in any of our Iriſh annals, legends, or poems:—on the contrary, the epithets "flowing—curling—waving locks," perpetually occur, and are apparently eſteemed as eſſential to the beauty of the warrior, as to that of the fair.

Secure of victory, to the field
His conquering ſtandard goes;
'Tis his the powers of fight to wield,
And woe awaits his foes!

Not to mean inſidiuous art [s]
Does the great name of Gaul its terrors owe;
But from a brave, undaunted heart
His glories flow!

s "What added luſtre to the native valour, was, the extreme openneſs, candour, "and ſimplicity of this people (the Iriſh); not even to gratify that inſatiable thirſt for "power, the ſource of ſuch devaſtations, do we often read of indirect or diſhonorable "means uſed. Heralds were ſent to denounce fair, open war, and the place, time and "action were previouſly ſettled. If any unforeſeen accident diſappointed either party, "as to the number of troops, &c. notice was ſent to his opponent, and a further "day was appointed, and generally granted." O'HALL. *Int. to the Hiſt. and Antiq. of Ireland*, p. 223.

Indeed, for a ſpirit of honor, and a natural rectitude of mind, the Iriſh were remarked even by the writers of a nation, *once* their bitter enemies. Their love of juſtice, and attachment to the laws, was thus acknowledged by Baron FINGLAS, in the days of Henry the Eighth. "The laws and ſtatutes made by the Iriſh, on their hills, "they keep firm and ſtable, without breaking them for any favour or reward." Baron FINGLAS's *Breviate of Ireland*. Sir JOHN DAVES too, (Attorney General in the reign of James the Firſt) acknowledges that "there is no nation under the ſun "that love equal and indifferent juſtice better than the Iriſh; or will reſt better "ſatisfied with the execution thereof, although it be againſt themſelves." DAVES's *Hiſt. of Ireland*. Alſo COOKE, treating of our laws, ſays, "For I have been "informed by many of them that have had judicial places there, and *partly of* "*mine own knowledge*, that there is no nation of the Chriſtian world, that are greater "lovers of juſtice than they are; which virtue muſt of neceſſity be accompanied by "many others." COOKE's *Inſtitutes*, chap. 76.

Stature ſublime [h], and awful mien!
Arm of ſtrength, by valour ſteel'd!
Sword of fate, in battle keen,
Sweeping o'er the deadly field!

Finn of the dark-brown hair! O hear my voice!
No more with Gaul contend!
Be peace ſincere henceforth thy choice,
And gain a valiant friend!
In peace, tho' inexhauſted from his breaſt
Each gentle virtue flows,
In war, no force his fury can arreſt,
And hopeleſs are his foes.

Leader of the ſhock of arms,
Loudeſt in the loud alarms!
Friend of princes, princely friend,
Firſt in bounty to tranſcend!
Patron of the ſchools [i] encreaſe!
Sword of war, and ſhield of peace!

Glory

[h] Amongſt our early anceſtors, not only perſonal ſtrength, and courage, but alſo beauty,—a graceful figure, an elegant addreſs, and majeſtic ſtature, were requiſite in the candidates for knighthood. See O'HALLORAN. KEATING.

[i] To be eſteemed the patrons of ſcience, was (next to military renown,) the chief object of ambition, with the princes, and chieftains of the ancient Iriſh.

Glory of the fields of fame!
Pride of hoſts! illuſtrious name!
Strength of pow'r! triumphant might!
Firm maintainer of the fight!
Fierce in the conflicting hour;
Bulwark of the royal pow'r!

O generous charm of all-accompliſh'd love!—
Locks of bright redundant ſhade!
Breaſt where ſtrength and beauty ſtrove!
White as the hue the chalky cliffs diſplay'd*!
To thee glad Erin ſhould her homage pay,
And joy to own thy glorious ſway!
Spirit reſolute to dare!

* "The breaſt like the chalky cliff."—"The hero with the breaſt of ſnow."—"The ſide, white as the foam of the falling ſtream,"—frequently occur in our Iriſh poets' deſcriptions of their youthful warriors. The ideas which theſe paſſages convey, are rather inconſiſtent with the diſguſting ones that muſt be conceived of the early Iriſh, by thoſe who give credit to the accounts of writers who tell us, *they wore ſhirts dyed in ſaffron, for the convenience of hiding the dirt*, and further add, that *they never pulled them off until fairly worn out.*—In *this* caſe, whatever nature might have done in the blanching of their ſkins—habit muſt have counteracted all her good intentions. Whence then did the bard derive his idea?—So falſe a compliment, one would think, muſt rather have drawn reſentment upon him than thanks, by reminding his ſlovenly heroes what filthy creatures they were. But indeed the aſſertion ſeems too abſurd for argument, and is moſt worthily anſwered by a ſmile. The fact is, that the antient Iriſh were ſo *remarkably cleanly*, as never to reſt from fatigue, or ſit down to meat, after exerciſe, until they had firſt refreſhed and cleanſed themſelves by ablutions. See KEATING, WARNER, &c.

Aſpect ſweet beyond compare,
Bright with inſpiring ſoul! with blooming beauty fair!
Warrior of majeſtic charms!
High in fame, and great in arms!
Well thy daring ſoul may tow'r,
Nothing is above thy pow'r!

Hear, O Finn! my ardent zeal,
While his glories I reveal!
Fierce as ocean's angry wave[1],
When conflicting tempeſts rave;
As ſtill, with the encreaſing ſtorm,
Increaſing ruin clothes its dreadful form,
Such is the Chief, o'erwhelming in his force,
Unconquer'd in his ſwift, reſiſtleſs courſe!

Tho' in the ſmiles of blooming grace array'd,
And bright in beauty's every charm;
Yet think not, therefore, that his ſoul will bend,
Nor with the Chief contend;
For well he knows to wield the glittering blade,
And fatal is his arm!

Bounty

[1] Here we find a repetition of the ſame image that occurs a few ſtanzas before: the language is indeed a little varied, yet ſtill the image is the ſame. I have already apologized for this frequent repetition, and entreat my readers to recollect what has been ſaid upon the ſubject. But an extemporaneous compoſition, like this, ought to be exempt from that ſeverity of criticiſm which may with juſtice be exerciſed on the productions of ſtudy, and the labours of time.

Bounty in his boſom dwells;
High his ſoul of courage ſwells!
Fierce the dreadful war to wage,
Mix in the whirl of fight, and guide the battle's rage!
Wide, wide around triumphant ruin wield,
Roar through the ranks of death, and thunder o'er the field!

Many a chief of mighty ſway
Fights beneath his high command;
Marſhals his troops in bright array,
And ſpreads his banners o'er the land.

Champion of unerring aim!
Choſen of Kings, triumphant name!
Bounty's hand, and Wiſdom's head,
Valiant arm, and lion ſoul,
O'er red heaps of ſlaughter'd dead,
Thundering on to Glory's goal!

Pride of Finian fame, and arms!
Mildneſs [m] of majeſtic charms!
Swiftneſs of the battle's rage!
Theme of the heroic page!

Firm

[m] "The knowledge of arms was but a *part* of the education of the Celtic warrior. "In Ireland, they were well informed in hiſtory, poetry, and the polite arts; they "were ſworn to be the protectors of the fair, and the avengers of their wrongs; *and* "*to be polite in words and addreſs, even to their greateſt enemies.*" O'HALLORAN.

Firm in purpoſe! fierce in fight!
Arm of ſlaughter! ſoul of might!
Glory's light! illuſtrious name!
Splendour of the paths of fame!
Born bright precedent to yield,
And ſweep with death the hoſtile field!

Leader of Sylvan ſports; the hound, the horn,
The early melodies of morn!—
Love of the fair, and favourite of the muſe[n].
In peace, each peaceful ſcience to diffuſe:
Prince of the noble deeds! accompliſh'd name!
Increaſing bounty! comprehenſive fame!

Ardent, bold, unconquer'd Knight!
Breaker of the bulwark's might!
Chief of war's reſiſtleſs blade,
With ſpears of wrath, and arms of death array'd!
Heroic Gaul! beneath thy princely ſway,
The earth might bend, and all her hoſt obey!

Hear, O Gaul! the poet's voice!
O be peace thy gen'rous choice!

Yield

[n] Iriſh hiſtory informs us, that thoſe of their Monarchs or Chiefs who, beſides the accuſtomed patronage of ſcience and ſong, were *themſelves* poſſeſſed of the gifts of the muſe, obtained, on that account, from their Fileas, and from their countrymen in general, a diſtinguiſhed portion of honor, reſpect and celebrity.

Yield thee to the Bard's deſire!
Calm the terrors of thine ire!
Ceaſe we here our mutual ſtrife;
And peaceful be our future life!

GAUL. I yield, O Fergus! to thy mild deſire;
Thy words, O Bard! are ſweet;
Thy wiſh I freely meet,
And bid my wrath expire.
No more to diſcontent a prey,
I give to peace the future day:
To thee my ſoul I bend,
O guileleſs° friend!
The accents of whoſe glowing lip well know that ſoul to ſway.

BARD. O ſwift in honor's courſe! thou generous name!
Illuſtrious Chief, of never dying fame!

° A character ȝan ȳheall, (without *guile* or *deceit*,) was eſteemed the higheſt that could be given, amongſt the ancient Iriſh: and the favourite panegyric of a Bard, to his favourite hero, would be, that *he had a heart incapable of guile.*

III.

ODE

ON A

SHIP.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following deſcriptive Ode was written by a gentleman of the name of Fitz-Gerald, *in the reign of* Elizabeth, *as appears from paſſages in ſome other pieces, compoſed by the ſame author. The ſubject of it, we ſee, is a voyage to* Spain; *but the idea of thus celebrating the ſubject, was probably ſuggeſted by the third Ode of* Horace: *for though the* Iriſh *poet can by no means be ſaid to have copied the* Roman *one, yet he ſeems to have, in ſome meaſure, adopted his deſign.*

I ſhould be accuſed of treaſon to the majeſty of Horace, *did I ſay that he is ſurpaſſed by our* Iriſh *bard upon this ſubject:—I ſhall not, therefore, riſk the cenſure:—but, my readers are at liberty to do it, if they pleaſe.*

For the original of the following Ode I am indebted to Mr. O'Flanagan *of* Trinity College.—*There is alſo another copy of it in* Mr. O'Halloran's *collection.*

ODE, BY FITZ-GERALD,

Written on his ſetting out on a VOYAGE to SPAIN.

BLESS my good ſhip, protecting pow'r of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the deſtin'd coaſt,
Breathe benign ſpirit!—Let thy radiant hoſt
Spread their angelic ſhields!
Before us, the bright bulwark let them place,
And fly beſide us, through their azure fields!

O calm the voice of winter's ſtorm!
Rule the wrath of angry ſeas!
The fury of the rending blaſt appeaſe,
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!
O check the biting wind of ſpring,
And, from before our courſe,
Arreſt the fury of its wing,
And terrors of its force!
So may we ſafely paſs the dang'rous cape,
And from the perils of the deep eſcape!

I grieve

I grieve to leave the ſplendid ſeats
Of Teamor's ancient fame!
Manſion of heroes, now farewell!
Adieu, ye ſweet retreats,
Where the fam'd hunters of your ancient vale,
Who ſwell'd the high heroic tale,
Were wont of old to dwell!
And you, bright tribes of ſunny ſtreams, adieu!
While my ſad feet their mournful path purſue,
Ah, well their lingering ſteps my grieving ſoul proclaim!

Receive me now, my ſhip!—hoiſt now thy ſails,
To catch the favouring gales.
O Heaven! before thine awful throne I bend!
O let thy power thy ſervants now protect!
Increaſe of knowledge and of wiſdom lend,
Our courſe, through ev'ry peril to direct;
To ſteer us ſafe through ocean's rage,
Where angry ſtorms their dreadful ſtrife maintain;
O may thy pow'r their wrath aſſuage!
May ſmiling ſuns, and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ſhip, the ſtorm to brave,
Majeſtic in its might,
Her bulk, tremendous on the wave,
Erects its ſtately height!

From her ſtrong bottom, tall in air
Her branching maſts aſpiring riſe;
Aloft their cords, and curling heads they bear,
And give their ſheeted enſigns to the ſkies;
While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,
And ſeems the fortreſs of the liquid plain!

Dreadful in the ſhock of fight,
She goes—ſhe cleaves the ſtorm!
Where ruin wears its moſt tremendous form
She ſails, exulting in her might;
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
And through the roar
Of angry ocean, to the deſtin'd ſhore
Her courſe triumphant guides;
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
And each blue valley was their ſilent bed!

Through all the perils of the main
She knows her dauntleſs progreſs to maintain!
Through quickſands, flats, and breaking waves,
Her dang'rous path ſhe dares explore;
Wrecks, ſtorms, and calms, alike ſhe braves,
And gains, with ſcarce a breeze, the wiſh'd-for ſhore!
Or in the hour of war,
Fierce on ſhe bounds, in conſcious might,
To meet the promis'd fight!
While, diſtant far,

The fleets of wondering nations gaze,
And view her courſe with emulous amaze,
As, like ſome champion'd ſon of fame,
She ruſhes to the ſhock of arms,
And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,
Impell'd by rage, and fir'd with glory's flame.

Sailing with pomp upon the watery plain,
Like ſome huge monſter of the main,
My ſhip her ſpeckl'd boſom laves,
And high in air her curling enſigns waves;
Her ſtately ſides, with poliſh'd beauty gay,
And gunnel, bright with gold's effulgent ray.

As the fierce Griffin's dreadful flight
Her monſtrous bulk appears,
While o'er the ſeas her towering height,
And her wide wings, tremendous ſhade! ſhe rears.
Or, as a champion, thirſting after fame,—
The ſtrife of ſwords,—the deathleſs name,—
So does ſhe ſeem, and ſuch her rapid courſe!
Such is the rending of her force;
When her ſharp keel, where dreadful ſplendours play,
Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way.
Like the red bolt of Heaven, ſhe ſhoots along,
Dire as its flight, and as its fury ſtrong!

God

God of the winds! O hear my pray'r!
Safe paſſage now beſtow!
Soft, o'er the ſlumbering deep, may fair
And proſperous breezes flow!
O'er the rough rock, and ſwelling wave,
Do thou our progreſs guide!
Do thou from angry ocean ſave,
And o'er its rage preſide.

Speed my good ſhip, along the rolling ſea,
O Heaven! and ſmiling ſkies, and favouring gales' decree!
Speed the high-maſted ſhip of dauntleſs force,
Swift in her glittering flight, and ſounding courſe!
Stately moving on the main,
Foreſt of the azure plain!
Faithful to confided truſt,
To her promis'd glory juſt;
Deadly in the ſtrife of war,
Rich in ev'ry gift of peace,
Swift from afar,
In peril's fearful hour,
Mighty in force, and bounteous in her power,
She comes, kind aid ſhe lends,
She frees her ſupplicating friends,
And fear before her flies, and dangers ceaſe!

Hear, bleſt Heaven! my ardent pray'r!
My ſhip—my crew—O take us to thy care!
O may no peril bar our way!
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day!
Soft ſwell the floods, and gently roll the tides,
While, from Dunboy, along the ſmiling main
We ſail, until the deſtined coaſt we gain,
And ſafe in port our gallant veſſel rides!

ELEGIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

OF the Irish Marbna, *or* Funeral Elegy, *I have been able to procure but few good originals; however, there are, doubtless, many of them still extant; as also, many other beautiful compositions of our ancient country-men, which I have never seen.*

The Irish language, perhaps beyond all others, is peculiarly suited to every subject of Elegy; and, accordingly, we find it excel in plaintive and sentimental poetry. The Love Elegies *of the Irish are exquisitely pathetic, and breathe an artless tenderness, that is infinitely more affecting than all the laboured pomp of declamatory woe.*

The public are here presented with a few specimens of both kinds. To the following, on the Daughter of Owen, *the foremost place is assigned, because (though without a date) it bears the appearance of belonging to an earlier period than any other of the Elegies contained in this volume. The original of it is in the hands of* Mr. O'Flanagan, *who has in vain endeavoured to procure some anecdotes of the author, and of the fair subject: that it was written by a poet of the name of* O'Geran, *is all that can be collected from enquiry.*

In the Irish, it is one of the most beautiful compositions I have ever seen: it is, of all my originals, the one I most wished to give in its expressions, as well as its thoughts, to the English reader; but in this, notwithstanding all my efforts, I am conscious that I have failed.

Either

Either I am very unhappy in my choice of words, or it is next to impoſſible to convey the ſpirit of this poem into a literal tranſlation; I tried, to the utmoſt my power, but, to my extreme regret, I found myſelf unequal to the taſk, though I choſe an irregular meaſure, that I might be more at liberty to adhere cloſely to the expreſſions of my original, which are comprehenſive, and ſtriking, beyond the power of any one to conceive, who is unacquainted with the genius of the Iriſh language. In ſome paſſages, a ſingle word conveys the meaning and force of a ſentence; it was, therefore, impoſſible to tranſlate it without periphraſis, and, of courſe, many of its native graces are loſt: I ſhall be moſt happy to ſee ſome abler pen reſtore them, as I really lament ſincerely my inability to do all the juſtice I wiſhed, to that tender ſimplicity, and thoſe beautiful expreſſions, which I read with ſo much delight.

Determined, however, to give the Poem, in the beſt manner I could, to the public, I have conveyed its thoughts into the following verſion; and, for thoſe paſſages wherein the language is thought to be too diffuſe, I rely on the candour of my readers to accept of this apology.

In the original there are ſome repetitions, and alſo a few entire lines, which are not given in the Engliſh verſion. I apprehended it might, otherwiſe, be too long, and have therefore omitted what I thought could beſt be ſpared.

I.

ELEGY

TO THE

DAUGHTER OF OWEN.

DAUGHTER of Owen! behold my grief!
Look ſoft pity's dear relief!
Oh! let the beams of thoſe life-giving eyes
Bid my fainting heart ariſe,
And, from the now opening grave,
Thy faithful lover ſave!

Snatch from death his dire decree!
What is impoſſible to thee?
Star of my life's ſoul-cheering light!
Beam of mildneſs, ſoft as bright!
Do not, like others of thy ſex,
Delight the wounded heart to vex!

But

But hear, O hear thy lover's ſighs,
And with true pity, hither turn thine eyes!
Still, tho' waſted with deſpair,
And pale with pining care,
Still, O ſoft maid! this form may meet thy ſight,
No object yet of horror, or affright.

Long unregarded have I ſigh'd,
Love's ſoft return deny'd!
No mutual heart, no faithful fair,
No ſympathy to ſoothe my care!
O thou, to every boſom dear!
Univerſal charmer!—hear!—
No more ſweet pity's gentle power withſtand!
Reach the dear ſoftneſs of thy hand!
O let it be the beauteous pledge of peace,
To bleſs my love, and bid my ſorrows ceaſe!

Haſte, haſte!—no more the kind relief delay!
Come, ſpeak, and look, and ſmile my woes away!
O haſte, e'er pity be too late!
Haſte, and intercept my fate!
Or ſoon behold life, love, and ſorrow end,
And ſee me to an early tomb deſcend!—
For, ah, what med'cine can my cure impart,
Or what phyſician heal a broken heart?

'Tis

'Tis thine alone the ſovereign balm to give,
Bind the ſoul's wound, and bid the dying live!
'Tis thine, of right, my anguiſh to aſſuage,
If love can move, or gratitude engage!
For thee alone, all others I forſake!
For thee alone, my cares, my wiſhes wake,
O locks of Beauty's bright redundant flow,
Where waving ſoftneſs, curling fragrance grow!

Thine is the ſway of ſoul-ſubduing charms,
That every breaſt of all defence diſarms!
With thee my will, enamour'd, hugs its chain,
And Love's dear ardours own thy potent reign!
Take then the heart my conſtant paſſion gave,
Cheriſh its faith, and from its anguiſh ſave!
Take the poor trembler to thy gentle breaſt,
And huſh its fears, and ſoothe its cares to reſt!

For all I have, in timid ſilence borne,
For all the pangs that have this boſom torn,
Speak now the word, and heal my pain,
Nor be my ſufferings vain!
For now, on life itſelf their anguiſh preys,
And heavy on my heart the burden weighs!

O firſt, and faireſt of thy ſex!
Thou whoſe bright form the ſun of beauty decks!

Once more let Love that gentle boſom ſway,
O give the dear enchantment way!
Raiſe,—fondly raiſe thoſe ſnowy arms,
Thou branch of blooming charms!
Again for me thy fragrance breathe,
And thy fair tendrils round me wreath!

Again be ſoft affection's pow'r diſplay'd,
While ſweetly wand'ring in the ſecret ſhade:
Reach forth thy lip,—the honey'd kiſs beſtow!
Reach forth thy lip, where balmy odours grow!
Thy lip, whoſe ſounds ſuch rapture can impart,
Whoſe words of ſweetneſs ſink into the heart!

Again, at gentle Love's command,
Reach forth thy ſnowy hand!
Soft into mine its whiteneſs ſteal,
And its dear preſſure let me feel!
Unveil the baſhful radiance of thine eyes,
(Bright trembling gems!) and let me ſee them riſe.
Lift the fair lids where their ſoft glories roll,
And ſend their ſecret glances to my ſoul!

O what delight, thus hand in hand to rove!
To breathe fond vows of mutual love!
To ſee thee ſweet affection's balm impart,
And ſmile to health my almoſt broken heart!
Ah! let me give the dear idea ſcope!
Ah! check not yet the fondly-trembling hope!—

Spent

Spent is the rock by which my life was fed,
And ſpun by anguiſh to a ſightleſs thread!
A little more,—and all in death will end,
And fruitleſs pity o'er my grave will bend!

When I am dead, ſhun thou my cruel fate,
Leſt equal harms on equal perils wait.
Hear my laſt words, their fond requeſt declare,
For even in death, thy ſafety is my care!
No more, O maid! thy poliſh'd glaſs invite,
To give that fatal beauty to thy ſight!
Enough one life its dangers to inthrall!
Enough that I its hapleſs victim fall!—
O thou, more bright, more cheering to our eyes,
Than the young beams that warm the dawning ſkies!

Haſt thou not heard the weeping muſe relate
The mournful tale of young Narciſſus' fate?—
How, as the Bards of ancient days have ſung,
While fondly o'er the glaſſy ſtream he hung,
Enamour'd he his lovely form ſurvey'd,
And dy'd, at length, the victim of a ſhade.

Sweet! do not thou a like misfortune prove!
O be not ſuch thy fate, nor ſuch thy love!
Let peril rather warn, and wiſdom guide,
And from thyſelf thy own attractions hide!

No more on that bewitching beauty gaze,
Nor truſt thy ſight to meet its dazzling blaze!

Hide, hide that breaſt, ſo ſnowy fair!
Hide the bright treſſes of thy hair!
And oh! thoſe eyes of radiant ruin hide!
What heart their killing luſtre can abide?
Slow while their ſoft and tender glances roll,
They ſteal its peace from the unwary ſoul!

Hide the twin berries of thy lip's perfume,
Their breathing fragrance, and their deepening bloom;
And thoſe fair cheeks, that glow like radiant morn,
When ſol's bright rays his bluſhing eaſt adorn!
No more to thy incautious ſight diſplay'd,
Be that dear form, in tender grace array'd!
The roſy finger's tap'ring charms;
The ſlender hand, the ſnowy arms;
The little foot, ſo ſoft and fair;
The timid ſtep, the modeſt air;
No more their graces let thine eyes purſue,
But hide, O hide the peril from thy view!

This done,—in ſafety may'ſt thou reſt,
And peace poſſeſs thy breaſt.
For who can with thy charms compare,
And who but thee is worth a care?—

O! from

O! from thyſelf thine eyes, thy heart protect,
And none beſide, thy quiet can affect.

For thee, while all the youths of Erin ſigh,
And, ſtruck beneath thine eye-beam, die;
Still peace within thy boſom reigns,
Unfelt by thee their pains!
O graceful meekneſs! ever new delight!
Sweet baſhful charm of captivated ſight!
Why, while my heart (fond ſubject!) bleſs'd thy ſway,
Why did'ſt thou ſteal its vital ſoul away?
Ah! with the theft the life of life is fled,
And leaves me almoſt number'd with the dead!

While thus, in vain, my anguiſh I bewail,
Thy peace no fears aſſail;
None in my hapleſs cauſe will move;
Each partial heart is fetter'd to thy love!
Thou whoſe fair hand bids the ſoft harp complai
Flies o'er the ſtring, and wakes the tender ſtrain,
Wilt thou not ſome—ſome kind return impart,
For my loſt quiet, and my plunder'd heart?

O thou dear angel-ſmiling face!
Fair form of faſcinating grace!

Bright

Bright as the gentle moon's ſoft ſplendours riſe,
To light her ſteps of beauty through the ſkies!
O turn!—on me thoſe tender glances roll,
And dart their cheering luſtre on my ſoul!
Be dear compaſſion in their beams expreſt,
And heal with love the ſorrows of my breaſt!

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE original of the following pathetic little elegy, was taken down from the dictation of a young woman, in the county of Mayo, *by* Mr. O'Flanagan, *who was ſtruck with the tender and beautiful ſimplicity which it breathes. No account can be obtained, either of the writer, or of the period in which it was written.*

This elegy was tranſlated long ſince, without any view to publication, and the language is, therefore, rather more diffuſe, than that of my other tranſlations.

II.

E L E G Y.

WHEN oaths confirm a lover's vow,
He thinks I believe him true:—
Nor oaths, nor lovers heed I now,
For memory dwells on you!

The tender talk, the face like ſnow
On the dark mountain's height;
Or the ſweet bloſſom of the ſloe,
Fair blooming to the ſight!

But falſe as fair, alas, you prove,
Nor aught but fortune prize;
The youth who gain'd my heart's firſt love,
From truth—to wealth he flies!

Ah

Ah that he could but ſtill deceive,
And I ſtill think him true!
Still fondly, as at firſt, believe,
And each dear ſcene renew!

Again, in the ſequeſter'd vale,
Hear love's ſweet accents flow,
And quite forget the tender tale,
That fill'd my heart with woe!

See this dear trifle,—(kept to prove
How I the giver prize;)
More precious to my faithful love,
Than all thy ſex's ſighs!

What tears for thee in ſecret flow,
Sweet victor of the green!—
For maiden pride would veil my woe,
And ſeek to weep unſeen.

Return ye days to love conſign'd,
Fond confidence, and joy!
The crouded fair, where tokens kind
The lover's cares employ!

Return once more, mine eyes to bleſs,
Thou flower of Erin's youth!
Return ſweet proofs of tenderneſs,
And vows of endleſs truth!

And Hymen at Love's altar ſtand,
To ſanctify the ſhrine,
Join the fond heart, and plighted hand,
And make thee firmly mine,

Ere envious ocean ſnatch thee hence,
And—Oh!—to diſtance bear
My love!—my comfort!—my defence!—
And leave me—to deſpair!

Yes,—yes, my only love thou art!
Whoe'er it may diſpleaſe,
I will avow my captive heart,
And ſpeak its maſter's praiſe!

Ah, wert thou here, to grace my ſide
With dear, protecting love!
Envy might rage, and ſpight deride,
And friends in vain reprove!

May pangs unnumber'd pierce the breaſt
That cruel envy arms,
That joys in conſtancy diſtreſs'd,
And ſports with its alarms!

Bright ſtar of love-attracting light!
For thee theſe terrors ſway;
Grief ſteeps in tears the ſleepleſs night,
And clouds the joyleſs day!

Ah God!—ah how, when thou art gone,
Shall comfort reach my heart!
Thy dwelling, and thy fate unknown,
Or where thy ſteps depart!

My father grieving at my choice!
My mother drown'd in woe!
While friends upbraid, and foes rejoice
To ſee my ſorrows flow!

And thou, with all thy manly charms,
From this ſad boſom torn!
Thy ſoothing voice,—thy ſheltering arms,
Far—far to diſtance borne!

Alas!—my dim and ſleepleſs eyes
The clouds of death obſcure!
And nature, in exhauſted ſighs,
No longer can endure!

I can no more!—ſad world farewell!
And thou, dear youth! adieu!
Dear, tho' forſworn!—yet, cruel! tell
Why falſhood dwells with you?

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Elegy *was written, nearly a century ago, by a very celebrated perſonage, of the name of* Edmond Ryan, *concerning whom many ſtories are ſtill circulated, but no connected account has been obtained, further than that he commanded a company of thoſe unhappy free booters, called* Rapparees, *who, after the defeat of the* Boyne, *were obliged to abandon their dwellings and poſſeſſions, "hoping (ſays* Mr. O'Halloran) *"for ſafety within the precincts of the* Iriſh *quar-"ters; but they were too numerous to be employed in the army, and "their miſeries often obliged them to prey alike upon friend and foe: "at length ſome of the moſt daring of them formed themſelves into in-"dependent companies, whoſe ſubſiſtence chiefly aroſe from depredations "committed on the enemy.*

*"It was not choice, but neceſſity, that drove them to this extreme; "I have heard ancient people, who were witneſſes to the calamities of "theſe days, affirm, that they remembered vaſt numbers of theſe poor "Ulſter Iriſh, men, women and children, to have no other beds but "the ridges of potatoe-gardens, and little other covering than the "canopy of heaven; they diſperſed themſelves over the counties of "*Limerick, Clare *and* Kerry; *and the hardneſs of the times at length "ſhut up all bowels of humanity, ſo that moſt of them periſhed by "the ſword, cold, or famine*!"*

From

* O'HALLORAN's *Int. to the Hiſt. and Ant. of Ireland*, p. 382.

From passages in this Elegy, *we may infer, that, to the misfortunes of its author alone, the desertion of his mistress was owing; but I have not been able to discover the name of this fair inconstant.*

After the translation was made from the copy first obtained of this pathetic little poem, a friend transmitted to me the following stanzas, as a part of the original Elegy.—*They appeared well entitled to preservation, and are here given to the public, who may admit or reject them at pleasure.*

Naċ daṁsa deiriġ an sgéal as measa faoi an ġréin
  ar maidin agus mé ttús móige
  Is gur searb gaċ én alabra leis féin
  ar ċurraiġ no ar ṫaeb móinte
Do rinneaḋ mo ċreaċ, ⁊ sáruiġeaḋ mo nead
  ⁊ dfaígeaḋ mé gan én neaċ
  sma ṫá sin ateaċt afuaċt andéiġ ateas
  arún searc mo beannaċt féin leat.

TRANSLATION.

Ah! what woes are mine to bear,
  Life's fair morn with clouds o'ercasting!
Doom'd the victim of despair!
  Youth's gay bloom, pale sorrow blasting!

Sad

Sad the bird that ſings alone,
Flies to wilds, unſeen to languiſh,
Pours, unheard, the ceaſeleſs moan,
And waſtes, on deſart, air its anguiſh!

Mine, O hapleſs bird! thy fate!—
The plunder'd neſt,—the lonely ſorrow!—
The loſt—lov'd—harmonious mate!—
The wailing night,—the chearleſs morrow!

O thou dear hoard of treaſur'd love!
Though theſe fond arms ſhould ne'er poſſeſs thee,
Still—ſtill my heart its faith ſhall prove,
And its laſt ſighs ſhall breathe to bleſs thee!

I am told there are ſeveral beautiful elegiac Songs ſtill extant, compoſed by Edmond Ryan, *or* Edmond of the Hill, *(as he is called, from his roving life,) but the following is the only one of them that I have ever met with. The air to which it is ſung* "dies in every note," *and the Poem, though uſually ſtiled a* Song, *I have here claſſed under the title of* Elegy, *becauſe it ſeemed more properly to belong to that ſpecies of compoſition.*

III.

ELEGY.

BRIGHT her locks of beauty grew,
Curling fair, and ſweetly flowing;
And her eyes of ſmiling blue,
Oh how ſoft! how heav'nly glowing!

Ah! poor plunder'd heart of pain!
When wilt thou have end of mourning?—
This long, long year, I look in vain
To ſee my only hope returning.

Oh! would thy promiſe faithful prove,
And to my fond, fond boſom give thee;
Lightly then my ſteps would move,
Joyful ſhould my arms receive thee

Then

Then, once more, at early morn,
Hand in hand we ſhould be ſtraying,
Where the dew-drop decks the thorn,
With its pearls the woods arraying.

Cold and ſcornful as thou art,
Love's fond vows and faith belying,
Shame for thee now rends my heart,
My pale cheek with bluſhes dying!

Why art thou falſe to me and Love?
(While health and joy with thee are vaniſh'd)
Is it becauſe forlorn I rove,
Without a crime, unjuſtly baniſh'd?

Safe thy charms with me ſhould reſt,
Hither did thy pity ſend thee,
Pure the love that fills my breaſt,
From itſelf it would defend thee.

'Tis thy Edmond calls thee love,
Come, O come and heal his anguiſh!
Driv'n from his home, behold him rove,
Condemn'd in exile here to languiſh!

O thou dear cauſe of all my pains!
With thy charms each heart ſubduing,
Come,—on Munſter's lovely plains,
Hear again fond paſſion ſuing.

Muſic, mirth, and ſports are here,
Chearful friends the hours beguiling;
Oh wouldſt thou, my love! appear,
To joy my boſom reconciling!

Sweet would ſeem the holly's ſhade,
Bright the cluſt'ring berries glowing;
And, in ſcented bloom array'd,
Apple-bloſſoms round us blowing.

Creſſes waving in the ſtream,
Flowers its gentle banks perfuming;
Sweet the verdant paths would ſeem,
All in rich luxuriance blooming.

O bright in every grace of youth!
Gentle charmer!—lovely wonder!
Break not fond vows and tender truth!
O rend not ties ſo dear aſunder!

For thee all dangers would I brave,
Life with joy, with pride expoſing;
Breaſt for thee the ſtormy wave,
Winds and tides in vain oppoſing.

O might I call thee now my own!
No added rapture joy could borrow:
'Twould be, like heav'n, when life is flown,
To chear the ſoul and heal its ſorrow.

See thy falſehood, cruel maid!
See my cheek no longer glowing;
Strength departed, health decay'd;
Life in tears of ſorrow flowing!

Why do I thus my anguiſh tell?—
Why pride in woe, and boaſt of ruin?—
O loſt treaſure!—fare thee well!—
Lov'd to madneſs——to undoing.

Yet, O hear me fondly ſwear!
Though thy heart to me is frozen,
Thou alone, of thouſands fair,
Thou alone ſhould'ſt be my choſen.

Every ſcene with thee would pleaſe!
Every care and fear would fly me!
Wintery ſtorms, and raging ſeas,
Would loſe their gloom, if thou wert nigh me!

Speak in time, while yet I live;
Leave not faithful love to languiſh!
O ſoft breath to pity give,
Ere my heart quite break with anguiſh.

Pale, diſtracted, wild I rove,
No ſoothing voice my woes allaying;
Sad and devious, through each grove,
My lone ſteps are weary ſtraying.

O ſickneſs, paſt all med'cine's art!
O ſorrow, every grief exceeding!
O wound that, in my breaking heart,
Cureleſs, deep, to death art bleeding!

Such, O Love! thy cruel power,
Fond exceſs and fatal ruin!
Such—O Beauty's faireſt flower!
Such thy charms, and my undoing!

How the ſwan adorns that neck,
  There her down and whiteneſs growing;
How its ſnow thoſe treſſes deck,
  Bright in fair luxuriance flowing.

Mine, of right, are all thoſe charms!
  Ceaſe with coldneſs then to grieve me!
Take—O take me to thy arms,
  Or thoſe of death will ſoon receive me.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following funeral Elegy was compoſed by Cormac Common, "*who (ſays* Mr. Walker) "*was born in* May, 1703, *at* Woodſtock, *near* Ballin-"dangan, *in the county of* Mayo. *His parents were poor, and honeſt; re-*"*markable for nothing but the innocence, and ſimplicity of their lives.*

"*Before he had completed the firſt year of his life, the ſmall-pox deprived*"*him of his ſight. This circumſtance, together with the indigence of his*"*parents, prevented him from receiving any of the advantages of education;*"*but, though he could not read himſelf, he could converſe with thoſe who*"*had read; therefore, if he wants learning, he is not without knowledge.*

"*Shewing an early fondneſs for muſic, a neighbouring gentleman determined*"*to have him taught to play on the harp: a profeſſor of that inſtrument*"*was accordingly provided, and* Cormac *received a few leſſons which he*"*practiſed* con amore; *but his patron dying ſuddenly, the harp dropped*"*from his hand, and was never after taken up.—It is probable he could not*"*afford to ſtring it.*

"*But poetry was the muſe of whom he was moſt enamoured. This made*"*him liſten eagerly to the Iriſh ſongs, and metrical tales, which he heard*"*ſung and recited around the "crackling faggots" of his father, and his*"*neighbours. Theſe, by frequent recitation, became ſtrongly impreſſed upon*"*his memory. His mind being thus ſtored, and having no other avocation, he*"*commenced a* Man of Talk, *or a* Tale Teller. "*He left no calling, for the*"*idle trade,*" *as our Engliſh* Montaigne *obſerves of* Pope.

"*He*

" *He was now employed in relating legendary tales, and reciting geneologies,* " *at rural wakes, or in the hoſpitable halls of country ſquires. Endowed* " *with a ſweet voice, and a good ear, his narrations were generally graced* " *with the charms of melody; (I ſay* were *generally graced, becauſe at his* " *age,* ' *nature ſinks in years,*' *and we ſpeak of the man, with reſpect to his* " *powers, as if actually a tenant of the grave.) He did not, like the* Tale " Teller *mentioned by* Sir William Temple, *chaunt his tales in an uninter-* " *rupted even-tone; the monotony of his modulation was frequently broken by* " *cadences, introduced with taſte, at the cloſe of each ſtanza. In rehearſing* " *any of* Oiſin's *poems (ſays* Mr. Ouſley) *he chaunts them pretty much in the* " *manner of Cathedral Service.*

" *But it was in ſinging ſome of our native airs that* Cormac *diſplayed the* " *powers of his voice; on this occaſion his auditors were always enraptured.* " *I have been aſſured that no ſinger ever did* Carolan's *airs, or* Oiſin's *cele-* " *brated* Hunting Song, *more juſtice than* Cormac.

" Cormac's *muſical powers were not confined to his voice; he compoſed a* " *few airs, one of which is extremely ſweet. It is to be feared that thoſe* " *muſical effuſions will die with their author.*

" *But it was in poetry* Cormac *delighted to exerciſe his genius; he has* " *compoſed ſeveral ſongs and elegies that have met with applauſe. As his* " *muſe was generally awakened by the call of gratitude, his poetical produc-* " *tions are moſtly panegyrical, or elegiac*[a] *; they extol the living, or lament* " *the dead. Sometimes he indulged in ſatire, but not often, though richly* " *endued with that dangerous gift.*

" Cormac

[a] I have never been ſo fortunate as to meet with any of Cormac's compoſitions, except the following elegy.

" Cormac *was twice married, but is now a widower. By both his* " *wives he had ſeveral children; he now reſides at* Sorrell-town, *near* " Dunmore, *in the county of* Galway, *with one of his daughters, who is* " *happily married. Though his utterance is materially injured by dental* " *loſſes, and though his voice is impaired by age, yet he continues to practiſe* " *his profeſſion: ſo ſeldom are we ſenſible of our imperfections. It is probable* " *that where he was once admired, he is now only endured. One of his* " *grandſons leads him about to the houſes of the neighbouring gentry, who* " *give him money, diet, and ſometimes clothes. His apparel is commonly* " *decent, and comfortable, but he is not rich, nor does he ſeem ſolicitous about* " *wealth: his perſon is large and muſcular, and his moral character is* " *unſtained.*"

IV.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN BURKE CARRENTRYLE, Esq.*

YES, Erin, for her Burke, a wreath ſhall twine,
And Britain own the honors of his name!
O hence with taſteleſs joy!—with mirth and wine!
All thoughts, but thoſe of woe, I now diſclaim!

Ye ſons of ſcience!—ſee your friend depart!
Ye ſons of ſong!—your patron is no more!
Ye widow'd virtues! (cheriſh'd in his heart,
And wedded to his ſoul) your loſs deplore!

a "This gentleman (ſays Mr. WALKER) was pre-eminent in his day, as a ſportſ-
"man, and in his private character there were many amiable traits."—*Hiſt. Mem. of the Iriſh Bards*, App. p. 58.

Grief ſheds its gloom on every noble breaſt,
And ſtreaming tears his worth,—his death proclaim,
Gen'rous and brave! with every virtue bleſt!
Flow'r of the tribes of honorable fame!

Alas! to the cold grave he now is borne!
No more to wake the huntſman to the chaſe;
No more, with early ſports, to rouze the morn,
Or lead the ſprightly courſer to the race.

The learn'd, and eloquent in honor's cauſe!
Of ſoul enlighten'd, and of fame unſtain'd!
The friend of juſtice,—to expound our laws,
Or yield the palm, by ſong or ſcience gain'd!

O death!—ſince thou haſt laid our glory low;
Since our lov'd Burke, alas! is now no more;
What bliſs can now each riſing morn beſtow;
The race, the chaſe, and every joy is o'er!

O grave!—thy debt, thy cruel debt is paid!
No more on earth ſhall his fair virtues bloom!
Death! thou haſt hewn the branch of grateful ſhad
And laid its fragrant honors in the tomb!

Sublime

Sublime his ſoul!—yet gentle was his heart;
His rural ſports, his gay convivial hour
Avow'd each elegant, each ſocial art;
Each manly grace, and each attractive power.

Friend of the friendleſs, patron of diſtreſs;
Ah, none, like him, the poor man's cauſe would plead!
With ſweet perſuaſion to enſure ſucceſs,
Or ſoothe his ſorrows, or ſupply his need!

O tomb that ſhroudeſt his belov'd remains!
O death, that didſt our deareſt hope deſtroy!
Thy dreary confine all our bliſs contains,
And thy cold gates are clos'd upon our joy!

Who, now, will to the race the courſer train?
Who gain, for Connaught, the diſputed prize?
From rival provinces the palm obtain?—
Alas! with him our fame, our triumph dies!

Our light is quench'd, our glory paſs'd away,
Our Burke ſnatch'd from us, never to return,
Whoſe name bright honor's faireſt gifts array,
And ſcience hangs her wreath upon his urn.

Eternal pleaſures fill'd his ſocial hall,
And ſweeteſt muſic charm'd, with magic ſound;
Science and ſong obey'd his friendly call,
And varied joys ſtill danc'd their endleſs round!

But now, alas! nor ſport, nor muſe is there!
No echoes now the ſprightly notes await;
But wailing ſounds of ſorrow and deſpair,
That mourn the ſtroke of unrelenting fate!

He is for ever gone!—weep, wretched eyes!
Flow, flow my tears!—my heart with anguiſh bleed!
In the cold grave the ſtately hunter lies,
Chief in the manage of the bounding ſteed!

O bitter woe!—O ſorrow uncontroul'd!
O death remorſeleſs that has ſeal'd his doom!
Thy plains, O Munſter! all our glory hold,
And fame lies buried with him, in the tomb!

Thy rival, thou (Sir Edward *) wilt not mourn:
His death, to thee, ſhall now the plate reſign;
His laurel, elſe, thou never ſhould'ſt have worn,
Nor had the prize of manly ſports been thine.

See

* Sir Edward O'Brien, father to the preſent Sir Lucius.

See Munſter pour her horſemen from their plains,
To the lov'd dead the laſt ſad rites to pay;
Nor Thomond one inhabitant contains,
To guard her treaſures on this fatal day!

Reſpectful ſorrow guides their ſolemn pace,
(Their ſteeds [b] in mourning, ſlow proceſſion led:)
'Till in the tomb their much-lov'd Burke they place,
And o'er his earth their copious anguiſh ſhed.

The ſeventeen hundred ſix and fortieth year
Of him who died a ſinful world to ſave,
Death came, our Burke from our fond arms to tear,
And lay, with him, our pleaſures in the grave!

How oft his loſs pale memory ſhall regret!
How oft our tears ſhall flow, our ſighs aſcend!
The ſocial band, where mirth convivial met,
Now meet to mourn for their departed friend!

No more the melody of hounds he leads!
No more morn echoes to their chearful cries!
A gloomy ſtillneſs through the land ſucceeds,
For low in earth the ſoul of pleaſure lies!

To

[b] In the original,—they came leading their ſteeds,—or more literally, the horſemen came, but not mounted on their ſteeds.

To the dear ſpot my frequent ſteps I'll bend,
Which all my joy,—which all my woe contains;
My tears ſhall, each returning month, deſcend,
To bathe the earth that holds his lov'd remains!

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following is the Elegy mentioned in Mr. WALKER's *Life of* Carolan, *compoſed on the death of that Bard, by his friend* M'Cabe [a].

M'Cabe *was rather of a humorous, than a ſentimental turn; he was a wit, but not a poet. It was therefore his grief, and not his muſe, that inſpired him, on the preſent occaſion.*

The circumſtances which gave riſe to this Elegy, are ſtriking, and extremely affecting. M'Cabe *had been an unuſual length of time without ſeeing his friend, and went to pay him a viſit. As he approached near the end of his journey, in paſſing by a church-yard, he was met by a peaſant, of whom he enquired for* Carolan. *The peaſant pointed to his grave, and wept.*

M'Cabe, *ſhocked and aſtoniſhed, was for ſome time unable to ſpeak; his frame ſhook, his knees trembled, he had juſt power to totter to the grave of his friend, and then ſunk to the ground. A flood of tears,*

at

[a] Vide *Hiſt. Mem. of the Iriſh Bards*, Append. p. 97.

at laſt, came to his relief; and, ſtill further to diſburden his mind, he vented its anguiſh in the following lines. In the original, they are ſimple and unadorned, but pathetic to a great degree; and this is a ſpecies of beauty, in compoſition, extremely difficult to transfuſe into any other language. I do not pretend, in this, to have entirely ſucceeded, but I hope the effort will not be unacceptable;—much of the ſimplicity is unavoidably loſt;—the pathos which remains, may, perhaps, in ſome meaſure, atone for it.

V.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

CAROLAN.

I CAME, with friendſhip's face, to glad my heart,
But ſad, and ſorrowful my ſteps depart!
In my friend's ſtead—a ſpot of earth was ſhown,
And on his grave my woe-ſtruck eyes were thrown!
No more to their diſtracted ſight remain'd,
But the cold clay that all they lov'd contain'd:
And there his laſt and narrow bed was made,
And the drear tomb-ſtone for its covering laid!

Alas!—for this my aged heart is wrung!
Grief choaks my voice, and trembles on my tongue.
Lonely and deſolate, I mourn the dead,
The friend with whom my every comfort fled!

There is no anguish can with this compare!
No pains, diseases, suffering, or despair,
Like that I feel, while such a loss I mourn,
My heart's companion from its fondness torn!
Oh insupportable, distracting grief!
Woe, that through life, can never hope relief!
Sweet-singing [a] harp!—thy melody is o'er!
Sweet friendship's voice!—I hear thy sound no more!
My bliss,—my wealth of [b] poetry is fled.
And every joy, with him I lov'd, is dead!
Alas! what wonder, (while my heart drops blood
Upon the woes that drain its vital flood,)
If maddening grief no longer can be borne,
And frenzy fill the breast, with anguish torn!

[a] [b] Both of these expressions are exactly literal—mo ċeol ċruit ṁilis!—mo saiḋbreas dain!

S O N G S.

THOUGHTS

ON

IRISH SONG.

IT is ſcarcely poſſible that any language can be more adapted to Lyric poetry than the Iriſh. The poetry of many of our Songs is indeed already Muſick, without the aid of a tune; ſo great is the ſmoothneſs, and harmony of its cadences. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we conſider the advantage the Iriſh has, in this particular, beyond every other language, of flowing off, in vowels, upon the ear.

I WILL juſt inſtance the two following lines:

Sa ċúl áluinn deas, na bḟáinniġib ccéart,
Is bréaḋ iad, as glas do ṡúile!

Here

Here, out of fifty-four letters, but twenty-two are pronounced as conſonants, (the reſt being rendered quieſcent by their aſpirates) whereas, in Engliſh, and I believe in moſt other languages, the Italian excepted, at leaſt two-thirds of poetry as well as proſe, is neceſſarily compoſed of conſonants: The Iriſh being ſingular in the happy art of cutting off, by aſpirates, every ſound that could injure the melody of its cadence; at the ſame time that it preſerves its radicals, and, of courſe, ſecures etymology.

But it is not in ſound alone that this language is ſo peculiarly adapted to the ſpecies of compoſition now under conſideration; it is alſo poſſeſſed of a refined delicacy of deſcriptive power, and an exquiſitely tender ſimplicity of expreſſion; two or three little artleſs words, or perhaps only a ſingle epithet, will ſometimes convey ſuch an image of ſentiment, or of ſuffering, to the mind, that one lays down the book, to look at the *picture*. But the beauty of many of theſe paſſages is conſiderably impaired by tranſlation; indeed, ſo ſenſible was I of this, that it influenced me to give up, in deſpair, many a ſweet ſtanza to which I found myſelf quite unequal. I wiſhed, among others, to have tranſlated the following lines of a favourite ſong; but it preſented ideas, of which my pen could draw no reſemblance that pleaſed me:

Aċean dub djleas djleas djleas!
Cur do ċean djleas ṫoram anall!
Abejljn meala, abẏul balaḋ na Thyme ajr,
Js dune gan ċrojḋe naċ ꝉjubraḋ ḋut graḋ!

I NEED

I NEED not give any comment upon theſe lines; the Engliſh reader would not underſtand it, and the Iriſh reader could not want it, for it is impoſſible to peruſe them without being ſenſible of their beauty.

THERE are many Iriſh ſongs, now in common uſe, that contain, in ſcattered paſſages, the moſt exquiſite thoughts, though on the whole too unequal for tranſlation. This, I ſuppoſe, is chiefly occaſioned by the ignorance, or inattention of thoſe who learn them, and from whom alone they are to be procured. They are remembered and ſung by the village maid, perhaps merely for the ſake of the tunes that accompany them; of courſe, if recollection fails, it is made up with invention; any words, in this caſe, will ſerve, if they anſwer to the air of the Song; and thus, often, not words alone, but entire lines, are ſubſtituted, ſo totally unlike the reſt of the compoſition, that it is eaſy to ſee whence the difference proceeds. Sometimes too, if a line or a ſtanza be wanting to a ſilly ſong, the firſt of any other one that occurs, is preſſed into the ſervice; and by this means, among a heap of lyric nonſenſe, one often finds a thought that would do honor to the fineſt compoſition.

IN theſe incongruous poems, where a line ſeems to plead for its reſcue, it would be a pity to refuſe it. Among many others, the following is an image rich in beauty: A forſaken maid compares her heart to a burning coal, bruiſed black; thus retaining the heat that conſumed, while it loſes the light that had cheered it.

it. In another Song, a Lover, tenderly reproaching his Miſtreſs, aſks her, Why ſhe keeps the morning ſo long within doors? and bids her come out, and bring him the day. The ſecond of the two following ſtanzas ſtruck me, as being ſo particularly beautiful, that I was tempted to tranſlate them both for its ſake.

Sí bláṫ ʒeal na ſmér ı
ıſ blaṫ deaſ na ſubcraeb ı
ſı planda bxheàrr meín ṁaıṫ
le haṁarc aſúl.

Sí mo ċuſle ſí mo rún í
aſí blaṫ na nuball cúṁra í
ıſ ſaṁraḋ an ſan xhuáċt í
eıdır nodluʒ ⁊ caıſʒ.

TRANSLATION.

As the ſweet blackberry's modeſt bloom
  Fair flowering, greets the ſight;
Or ſtrawberries, in their rich perfume,
  Fragrance and bloom unite:
So this fair plant of tender youth,
  In outward charms can vie,
And, from within, the ſoul of truth
  Soft beaming, fills her eye.

'ulſe

Pulſe of my heart!—dear ſource of care,
Stol'n ſighs, and love-breath'd vows!
Sweeter than when, through ſcented air,
Gay bloom the apple boughs!
With thee no days can winter ſeem,
Nor froſt, nor blaſt can chill;
Thou the ſoft breeze, the cheering beam
That keeps it ſummer ſtill!

THE air of theſe ſtanzas is exquiſitely charming. But the beauties of the muſick of this country are, at preſent, almoſt as little known as thoſe of its poetry. And yet there is no other muſick in the world ſo calculated to make its way directly to the heart: it is the voice of Nature and Sentiment, and every fibre of the feeling breaſt is in uniſon with it.

BUT I beg pardon for this digreſſion;—Muſick is not the ſubject now under conſideration.

I REGRET much that I have not been able to diverſify this collection with ſome pieces of a ſprightlier ſtrain; but I have ſought in vain for ſongs of wit and humour, that were worthy of the public eye.

IT has been often obſerved that a ſtrain of tender penſiveneſs is diſcernible throughout, in moſt of the muſick of this nation: a circumſtance which has been variouſly accounted for; and the

ſame remarks, and the ſame reaſons hold good in regard to its poetry.

" We ſee (ſays Mr. Walker) that muſic maintained its " ground in this country, even after the invaſion of the Eng- " liſh, but its ſtyle ſuffered a change; for the ſprightly Phry- " gian gave place to the grave Doric, or ſoft Lydian meaſure. " Such was the nice ſenſibility of the Bards, ſuch was their " tender affection for their country, that the ſubjection to " which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the " heavieſt ſadneſs. Sinking beneath this weight of ſympathetic " ſorrow, they became a prey to melancholy: hence the plain- " tiveneſs of their muſic; for the ideas that ariſe in the mind " are always congenial to, and receive a tincture from, the in- " fluencing paſſion. Another cauſe might have concurred with " the one juſt mentioned, in promoting a change in the ſtyle of " our muſic: the Bards, often driven, together with their " patrons, by the ſword of oppreſſion, from the buſy haunts " of men, were obliged to lie concealed in marſhes, in gloomy " foreſts, amongſt rugged mountains, and in glynns and vallies, " reſounding with the noiſe of falling waters, or filled with " portentous echoes. Such ſcenes as theſe, by throwing a " ſettled gloom over the fancy, muſt have conſiderably en[illegible]ſed " their melancholy; ſo that when they attempted to ſing, it " is not to be wondered at that their voices, thus weakened " by ſtruggling againſt heavy mental depreſſion, ſhould riſe " rather by minor thirds, which conſiſt but of four ſemitones, " than

" than by major thirds, which conſiſt of five. Now, almoſt all " the airs of this period are found to be ſet in the minor " third, and to be of the ſage and ſolemn nature of the muſic " which Milton requires in his IL PENSEROSO[a]."

To illuſtrate his poſition, Mr. WALKER introduces the following anecdote:

" About the year 1730, one Maguire, a vintner, reſided near " Charing-Croſs, London. His houſe was much frequented, " and his uncommon ſkill in playing on the harp, was an addi- " tional incentive: even the Duke of Newcaſtle, and ſeveral of " the miniſtry, ſometimes condeſcended to viſit it. He was one " night called upon to play ſome Iriſh tunes; he did ſo; they " were plaintive and ſolemn. His gueſts demanded the reaſon, " and he told them, that the native compoſers were too deeply " diſtreſſed at the ſituation of their country, and her gallant ſons, " to be able to compoſe otherwiſe. But, added he, take off the " reſtraints under which they labour, and you will not have " reaſon to complain of the plaintiveneſs of their notes.

" OFFENCE was taken at theſe warm effuſions; his houſe be- " came gradually neglected, and he died, ſoon after, of a broken " heart. An Iriſh harper, who was a cotemporary of Maguire, " and, like him, felt for the ſufferings of his country, had this " diſtich engraven on his harp:

[a] *Hiſt. Mem. of the Iriſh Bards*, p. 12.

" Cur Lyra funeſtas edit percuſſa ſonores?
" Sicut amiſſum ſors Diadema gemit!

" BUT perhaps the melancholy ſpirit which breathes through " the Iriſh muſic and poetry may be attributed to another " cauſe; a cauſe which operated anterior and ſubſequent to the " invaſion of the Engliſh: We mean the remarkable ſuſcepti- " bility of the Iriſh of the paſſion of love; a paſſion, which the " munificent eſtabliſhments of the bards left them at liberty " freely to indulge. While the mind is enduring the torments " of hope, fear, or deſpair, its effuſions cannot be gay. The " greater number of the productions of thoſe amorous poets, " Tibullus, Catullus, Petrarch, and Hammond, are elegiac. " The anonymous traveller, whom we have already had occaſion " to mention, after ſpeaking of the amorous diſpoſition of the " Iriſh, purſues the ſubject, in his account of their poetry. ' The ſubject of theſe (their ſongs) is always love, and they ſeem ' to underſtand poetry to be deſigned for no other purpoſe than ' to ſtir up that paſſion in the mind[a]."

I HAVE never read the Travels here cited, but it ſhould ſeem that their author intended not to extend his remarks beyond that ſpecies of poetry which may be claſſed under the title of ſongs. So far his obſervations are perfectly juſt; but the heroic poetry of our countrymen was deſigned for the nobleſt purpoſes;—love indeed was ſtill its object,—but it was the ſublime love of country that thoſe compoſitions inſpired.

BESIDES

[a] *Hiſt. Mem. of the Iriſh Bards*, p. 125.

BESIDES the reaſons and remarks I have quoted, and which are, of themſelves, amply ſufficient to account for the almoſt total abſence of humorous poetry in our language, there are ſtill further reaſons, which appear to me to deſerve attention, and which I therefore beg leave to lay before the reader.

I AM not ſufficiently converſant in the ſtate of the antient muſic of this country, to ſay what that might once have been, or what degree of change it might have ſuffered; but it does not appear to me that the antient poetry of Ireland was *ever* compoſed in a very lively ſtrain. I by no means would aſſert that this is *certainly* the caſe; for, as yet, I am but young in reſearches: I only conceive a probability of its being ſo, from my never having met with an inſtance to the contrary.

LOVE and War were the two favourite objects of paſſion and purſuit, with our antient countrymen, and of courſe, became the conſtant inſpirers of their muſe.—In love, they appear to have been always too much in earneſt to trifle with their attachments;—and "the ſtrife of ſwords"—"the field of death"—preſented no ſubject to ſport with. To them, alſo, both art and nature came arrayed in ſimple dignity; and afforded not that variety of circumſtance, and appearance, ſo calculated to call forth fancy, and diverſify ideas.

THIS ſeems to me to be one cauſe, why ſcarcely any thing but plaintive tenderneſs, or epic majeſty, is to be found in the compoſitions

compoſitions of our Bards; another reaſon ſtill occurs, which I will give to the reader's indulgence.

The true poet is ever an enthuſiaſt in his art, and enthuſiaſm is ſeldom witty. The French abound in works of wit and humour;—the Engliſh are more in earneſt, and therefore fall ſhort of the vivacity of the Gallic muſe, but infinitely excel her in all that tends to conſtitute the vital ſpirit of poetry. In Ireland, this faſcinating art was ſtill more univerſally in practice, and ſtill more enthuſiaſtically admired. The muſe was here the goddeſs of unbounded idolatry, and her worſhip was the buſineſs of life. Our Iriſh Bards, "in the fine frenzy of exalted thought," were loſt to that play of fancy, which only ſports with freedom when it is not interrupted by the heart, or awed to ſilence by the ſublime conceptions of the ſoul.

FANCY is, in general, the vehicle of wit; imagination that of genius. The happieſt thoughts may flow in the moſt harmonious, and highly adapted meaſure, without one ſpark of poetic fire. At leaſt one half of thoſe who bear the title of *Engliſh Poets*, are merely men of wit and rhyme; and I believe it will be acknowledged that thoſe amongſt them who poſſeſſed the ſublimeſt genius, deſcended but ſeldom to ſport with it. Young, Rowe, Thomſon, Gray, &c. are inſtances of this. It is by no means ſuppoſed neceſſary for a poet to be always penſive, philoſophical or ſublime; he may ſport with Fancy,—he may laugh with Humour, he may be gay in every company,—except that of the

the Muſe: in her awful preſence, her true adorer is too much poſſeſſed by his paſſion to be gay; he may be approved,—happy,—eloquent,—but hardly witty.

PERHAPS there are few ſubjects that afford a more copious field for obſervation than that of Iriſh ſong, but the limits of my work confine me to a narrow compaſs, and will not allow theſe few remarks to aſſume the title of ESSAY. The ſubject of ſong, in general, has been already ſo well, and copiouſly treated of by the pens of Aikin, and Ritſon, that it has nothing in ſtore for me; but that of Iriſh ſong ſeemed to demand ſome notice, and had never before received it.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two firſt of the following Songs are the compoſitions of Turlough O'Carolan, *a man much and deſervedly celebrated for his poetical talents, as well as for the incomparable ſweetneſs of all his muſical pieces.*

As his life has been already given to the public by Mr. WALKER, *in his* Hiſtorical Memoirs of the Iriſh Bards, *I have nothing left to ſay upon the ſubject: However, for the benefit of ſuch of my readers as have not yet had the pleaſure of peruſing that learned and elegant work, I will inſert a few extracts from it, to gratify immediate curioſity; and the public will doubtleſs be better pleaſed to ſee them in* Mr. WALKER's *words than in mine.*

" Carolan *was born in the year* 1670, *in the village of* Nobber, *in the* " *county of* Weſtmeath, *on the lands of* Carolanſtown, *which were wreſted* " *from his anceſtors by the family of the* Nugents, *on their arrival in this* " *kingdom, in the reign of* Henry *the Second. His father was a poor far-* " *mer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which yielded him a ſcanty ſub-* " *ſiſtence; of his mother I have not been able to collect any particulars.*"

" *He muſt have been deprived of ſight at a very early period of his life, for* " *he remembered no impreſſion of colours. Thus was* ' *knowledge at one en-* ' *trance quite ſhut out,*' *before he had taken even a curſory view of the crea-* " *tion. From this misfortune, however, he felt no uneaſineſs; he uſed merrily* " *to ſay,* ' *my eyes are tranſplanted into my ears.*'

" *His muſical genius was ſoon diſcovered, and his friends determined to culti-*
" *vate it; about the age of twelve, a proper maſter was engaged to inſtruct*
" *him in the practice of the Harp; but though fond of that inſtrument, he*
" *never ſtruck it with a maſter's hand. Genius and diligence are ſeldom united;*
" *and it is practice alone that can perfect us in any art. Yet his harp was*
" *rarely unſtrung: but, in general, he only uſed it to aſſiſt him in compoſition;*
" *his fingers wandered among the ſtrings, in queſt of the ſweets of melody.*"

" *At what period of his life* Carolan *commenced itinerant muſician, is not*
" *known, nor is it confidently told whether, like* Arnauld Daniel, ' *Il n'eut*
" *abord d'autre Apollon que le Beſoin;*' *or whether his fondneſs for muſick*
" *induced him to betake himſelf to that profeſſion.* Dr. Campbell *indeed ſeems*
" *to attribute his choice to an early diſappointment in love*[a]*; but we will leave*
" *theſe points unſettled, and follow our Bard in his peregrinations.*"

" *Wherever he goes, the gates of the nobility and gentry are thrown open to*
" *him. Like the* Demodocus *of* Homer, *he is received with reſpect, and a*
" *diſtinguiſhed place aſſigned him at the table. Near him is ſeated his harper,*
" *ready to accompany his voice, and ſupply his want of ſkill in practical muſic.*"
' Carolan *(ſays* Mr. Ritſon[b]*) ſeems, from the deſcription we have of him,*
' *to be a genuine repreſentative of the ancient Bards.*'

" *It was during his peregrinations that* Carolan *compoſed all thoſe airs that*
" *are ſtill the delight of his countrymen. He thought the tribute of a Song due*
" *to every houſe where he was entertained, and he never failed to pay it;*
chooſing

[a] Phil. Survey of South of Ireland.

[b] Hiſt. Eſſay on National Song.

" *chooſing for his ſubject, either the head of the family, or one of the loveliest of* " *its branches.*"

The Biographer of our Bard, after informing us of many curious and intereſting particulars, for which (fearing to exceed the limits of my work) I muſt refer my readers to the book from which theſe extracts are taken, proceeds to acquaint us, that in the year 1733 *he loſt a beloved, and tenderly lamented wife; and he ſubjoins a beautiful Monody, compoſed by the mourning Bard on the occaſion: he alſo adds, that* Carolan *did not long ſurvive her.*—" *He died* " *in the month of March,* 1738, *in the ſixty-eighth year of his age, and was* " *interred in the pariſh church of* Kilronan, *in the dioceſe of* Ardagh; " *but* ' *not a ſtone tells where he lies!*' *His grave indeed is ſtill known to* " *his few ſurviving friends, and the neighbouring hinds; and his ſkull is* " *diſtinguiſhed from the other ſkulls, which are promiſcuouſly ſcattered about* " *the church-yard, by a perforation in the forehead, through which a ſmall* " *piece of ribband is drawn.*

" *Though* Carolan *died univerſally lamented, he would have died unſung,* " *had not the humble muſe of* M'Cabe *poured a few elegiac ſtrains* " *over his cold remains. This faithful friend compoſed a ſhort Elegy on* " *his death, which is evidently the effuſion of unfeigned grief: unadorned* " *with meretricious ornaments, it is the picture of a mind torn with an-* " *guiſh*[c]."

Mr. WALKER *here ſubjoins a character of our Bard, from the elegant pen of* Mr. O'Conor.

[c] The Elegy here mentioned, will be found among the modern Poems in this collection.

" *Very few have I ever known who had a more vigorous mind, but a mind* " *undiſciplined, through the defect, or rather the abſence of cultivation. Ab-* " *ſolutely the child of Nature, he was governed by the indulgencies, and at* " *times, by the caprices of that mother. His imagination, ever on the wing,* " *was excentric in its poetic flight; yet, as far as that faculty can be employed* " *in the harmonic art, it was ſteady and collected. In the variety of his muſi-* " *cal numbers, he knew how to make a ſelection, and was ſeldom content with* " *mediocrity. So happy, ſo elevated was he, in ſome of his compoſitions, that* " *he excited the wonder, and obtained the approbation, of a great maſter, who* " *never ſaw him; I mean* Geminiani."

" *He outſtripped his predeceſſors in the three ſpecies of compoſition uſed* " *among the Iriſh; but he never omitted giving due praiſe to ſeveral of his* " *countrymen, who excelled before him in his art. The Italian compoſitions he* " *preferred to all others:* Vivaldi *charmed him; and with* Corelli *he was* " *enraptured. He ſpoke elegantly in his maternal language, but had advanced* " *in years before he learned Engliſh; he delivered himſelf but indifferently in* " *that language, and yet he did not like to be corrected in his ſoleciſms. It need* " *not be concealed that he indulged in the uſe of ſpirituous liquors: this habit,* " *he thought, or affected to think, added ſtrength to the flights of his genius;* " *but, in juſtice, it muſt be obſerved that he ſeldom was ſurprized by in-* " *toxication.*

" *Conſtitutionally pious, he never omitted daily prayer, and fondly imagined* " *himſelf inſpired, when he compoſed ſome pieces of church muſick. This idea* " *contributed to his devotion, and thankſgiving; and, in this reſpect, his enthu-* " *ſiaſm was harmleſs, and perhaps uſeful. Gay by nature, and cheerful from* " *habit, he was a pleaſing member of ſociety; and his talents, and his morality,* " *procured him eſteem and friends every where.*"

Beſides

Beſides the two following Songs, *there are more of the compoſitions of* Carolan *poſſeſſed of conſiderable merit; but as it was not in my power to give them all a place in my collection, I have ſelected, for tranſlation, two that appeared to be the beſt amongſt them; which, together with ſome other ſongs of modern date, I give, to ſhew of what the native genius and language of this country, even now, are capable; labouring, as they do, under every diſadvantage.*

I.

SONG.

FOR GRACEY NUGENT[a].

BY CAROLAN.

OF Gracey's charms enraptur'd will I ſing!
Fragrant and fair, as bloſſoms of the ſpring;
To her ſweet manners, and accompliſh'd mind,
Each rival Fair the palm of Love reſign'd.

How bleſt her ſweet ſociety to ſhare!
To mark the ringlets of her flowing hair[b];

Her

[a] "The fair ſubject of this Song was ſiſter to the late John Nugent, Eſq; of "Caſtle-Nugent, Culambre. She lived with her ſiſter, Mrs. Conmee, near Belana-"gar, in the county of Roſcommon, at the time ſhe inſpired our Bard." *Hiſt. Mem. of Iriſh Bards. Append.* p. 78.

[b] Hair is a favourite object with all the Iriſh Poets, and endleſs is the variety of their deſcription:—"Soft miſty curls."—"Thick branching treſſes of bright redun-"dance."

Her gentle accents,—her complacent mien!—
Supreme in charms, ſhe looks—ſhe reigns a Queen!

That

" dance."—" Locks of fair waving beauty."—" Treſſes flowing on the wind like the " bright waving flame of an inverted torch." They even affect to inſpire it with *expreſſion*:—as " Locks of *gentle* luſtre."—" Treſſes of *tender* beauty."—" The Maid " with the *mildly* flowing hair," &c. &c.

A friend to whom I ſhewed this Song, obſerved, that I had omitted a very lively thought in the concluſion, which they had ſeen in Mr. WALKER's Memoirs. As that verſion has been much read and admired, it may perhaps be neceſſary, to vindicate my fidelity, as a tranſlator, that I ſhould here give a *literal* tranſlation of the Song, to ſhew that the thoughts have ſuffered very little, either of encreaſe or diminution from the poetry.

" I will ſing with rapture of the Bloſſom of Whiteneſs! Gracey, the young and " beautiful woman, who bore away the palm of excellence in ſweet manners and ac- " compliſhments, from all the Fair-ones of the provinces."

" Whoever enjoys her conſtant ſociety, no apprehenſion of any ill can aſſail him.— " The Queen of ſoft and winning mind and manners, with her fair branching treſſes " flowing in ringlets."

" Her ſide like alabaſter, and her neck like the ſwan, and her countenance like the " Sun in ſummer. How bleſt is it for him who is promiſed, as riches, to be united " to her, the branch of fair curling tendrils."

" Sweet and pleaſant is your lovely converſation!—bright and ſparkling your blue " eyes!—and every day do I hear all tongues declare your praiſes, and how grace- " fully your bright treſſes wave down your neck!"

" I ſay to the Maid of youthful mildneſs, that her voice and her converſe are " ſweeter than the ſongs of the birds! There is no delight or charm that imagina- " tion can conceive but what is found ever attendant on Gracey."

" Her

That alabaſter form—that graceful neck,
How do the Cygnet's down and whiteneſs deck!—
How does that aſpect ſhame the cheer of day,
When ſummer ſuns their brighteſt beams diſplay.

Bleſt is the youth whom fav'ring fates ordain
The treaſure of her love, and charms to gain!
The fragrant branch, with curling tendrils bound,
With breathing odours—blooming beauty crown'd.

Sweet is the cheer her ſprightly wit ſupplies!
Bright is the ſparkling azure of her eyes!
Soft o'er her neck her lovely treſſes flow!
Warm in her praiſe the tongues of rapture glow!

Her's is the voice—tun'd by harmonious Love,
Soft as the Songs that warble through the grove!
Oh! ſweeter joys her converſe can impart!
Sweet to the *ſenſe*, and grateful to the *heart!*

Gay

" Her teeth arranged in beautiful order, and her locks flowing in ſoft waving curls!
" But though it delights me to ſing of thy charms, I muſt quit my theme!—With a
" ſincere heart I fill to thy health!"

The reader will eaſily perceive that in this literal tranſlation, I have not ſought for elegance of expreſſion, my only object being to put it in his power to judge how cloſely my verſion has adhered to my original.

Gay pleaſures dance where'er her foot-ſteps bend;
And ſmiles and rapture round the fair attend:
Wit forms her ſpeech, and Wiſdom fills her mind,
And *ſight* and *ſoul* in her their object find.

Her pearly teeth, in beauteous order plac'd;
Her neck with bright, and curling treſſes grac'd:—
But ah, ſo fair!—in wit and charms ſupreme,
Unequal Song muſt quit its darling theme.

Here break I off;—let ſparkling goblets flow,
And my full heart its cordial wiſhes ſhow:
To her dear health this friendly draught I pour,
Long be her life, and bleſt its every hour!—

II.

SONG.

For MABLE KELLY.

By CAROLAN.

THE youth whom fav'ring Heaven's decree
To join his fate, my Fair! with thee;
And ſee that lovely head of thine
With fondneſs on his arm recline:

No thought but joy can fill his mind,
Nor any care can entrance find,
Nor ſickneſs hurt, nor terror ſhake,—
And Death will ſpare him, for thy ſake!

For the bright flowing of thy hair,
That decks a face ſo heavenly fair;
And a fair form, to match that face,
The rival of the Cygnet's grace.

When

When with calm dignity ſhe moves,
Where the clear ſtream her hue improves;
Where ſhe her ſnowy boſom laves,
And floats, majeſtic, on the waves.

Grace gave thy form, in beauty gay,
And rang'd thy teeth in bright array;
All tongues with joy thy praiſes tell,
And love delights with thee to dwell.

To thee harmonious powers belong,
That add to verſe the charms of ſong;
Soft melody to numbers join,
And make the Poet half divine.

As when the ſoftly bluſhing roſe
Cloſe by ſome neighbouring lilly grows;
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuſe,
And ſuch their bright and blended hues!

The timid luſtre of thine eye[a]
With Nature's pureſt tints can vie;

[a] It is generally believed that Carolan, (as his Biographer tells us) "remembered no impreſſion of colours."—But I cannot acquieſce in this opinion: I think it muſt have been formed without ſufficient grounds, for how was it poſſible

With the ſweet blue-bell's azure gem,
That droops upon its modeſt ſtem!

The Poets of Ierne's plains
To thee devote their choiceſt ſtrains;
And oft their harps for thee are ſtrung,
And oft thy matchleſs charms are ſung:

Thy voice, that binds the liſt'ning ſoul,—
That can the wildeſt rage controul;
Bid the fierce Crane its powers obey,
And charm him from his finney prey.

Nor doubt I of its wond'rous art;
Nor hear with unimpaſſion'd heart;
Thy health, thy beauties,—ever dear!
Oft crown my glaſs with ſweeteſt cheer!

Since the fam'd Fair of ancient days,
Whom Bards and Worlds conſpir'd to praiſe,
Not one like thee has ſince appear'd,
Like thee, to every heart endear'd.

How

ble that his deſcription could be thus glowing, without he retained the cleareſt recollection, and the moſt animated ideas, of every beauty that ſight can convey to the mind?

How bleſt the Bard, O lovely Maid!
To find thee in thy charms array'd!—
Thy pearly teeth,—thy flowing hair,—
Thy neck, beyond the Cygnet, fair!——

As when the ſimple birds, at night,
Fly round the torch's fatal light,—
Wild, and with extacy elate,
Unconſcious of approaching fate.

So the ſoft ſplendours of thy face,
And thy fair form's enchanting grace,
Allure to death unwary Love,
And thouſands the bright ruin prove!

Ev'n he whoſe hapleſs eyes [b] no ray
Admit from Beauty's cheering day;
Yet, though he cannot *ſee* the light,
He feels it warm, and knows it bright.

In beauty, talents, taſte refin'd,
And all the graces of the mind,

In

[b] Every Reader of taſte or feeling muſt ſurely be ſtruck with the beauty of this paſſage.—Can any thing be more elegant, or more pathetic, than the manner in which Carolan alludes to his want of ſight!—but, indeed, his little pieces abound in all the riches of natural genius.

In *all* unmatch'd thy charms remain,
Nor meet a rival on the plain.

Thy ſlender foot,—thine azure eye,—
Thy ſmiling lip, of ſcarlet dye,—
Thy tapering hand, ſo ſoft and fair,—
The bright redundance of thy hair!—

O bleſt be the auſpicious day
That gave them to thy Poet's lay!
O'er rival Bards [c] to lift his name,
Inſpire his verſe, and ſwell his fame!——

[c] How modeſtly the Poet here introduces a propheſy of his future reputation for genius!

III.

SONG.

By PATRICK LINDEN.

O FAIRER than the mountain ſnow,
When o'er it north's pure breezes blow!
In all its dazzling luſtre dreſt,
But purer, ſofter is thy breaſt!

Colla[a] the Great, whoſe ample ſway
Beheld two kingdoms homage pay,
Now gives the happy bard to ſee
Thy branch adorn the royal tree!

No foreign graft's inferior ſhoot
Has dar'd inſult the mighty root!
Pure from its ſtem thy bloom aſcends,
And from its height in fragrance bends!

Hadſt

[a] He was monarch of Ireland in the beginning of the fourth century. By the ſecond kingdom, we muſt ſuppoſe the poet means the Dal-Riadas of Scotland.

Hadſt thou been preſent, on the day
When beauty bore the prize away,
Thy charms had won the royal ſwain,
And Venus 'ſelf had ſu'd in vain!

With ſoften'd fire, imperial blood
Pours through thy frame its generous flood;
Rich in thy azure veins it flows,
Bright in thy bluſhing cheek it glows!

That blood whence noble SAVAGE ſprung,
And he whoſe deeds the bards have ſung,
Great CONALL-CEARNACH [b], conquering name!
The champion of heroic fame!

Fair offspring of the royal race!
Mild fragrance! faſcinating grace!
Whoſe touch with magic can inſpire
The tender harp's melodious wire!

See how the ſwan preſumptuous ſtrives,
Where glowing Majeſty revives,
With proud contention, to beſpeak
The ſoft dominion of that cheek!

Beneath it, ſure, with ſubtle heed,
Some roſe by ſtealth its leaf convey'd;
To ſhed its bright and beauteous dye,
And ſtill the varying bloom ſupply.

The treſſes of thy ſilken hair
As curling miſts are ſoft and fair,
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
Its pure and tender ſnow to deck!

But O! to ſpeak the rapture found!
In thy dear voice's magic found!
Its powers could death itſelf controul,
And call back the expiring ſoul!

The tide that fill'd the veins of Kings,
From whom thy noble lineage ſprings;
The royal blood of Colla, ſee
Renew'd, O charming maid! in thee.

Nor in thy boſom ſlacks its pace,
Nor fades it in thy lovely face;
But there with ſoft enchantment glows,
And like the bloſſom's tint it ſhows.

How does thy needle's art pourtray
Each pictur'd form, in bright array!
With Nature's ſelf maintaining ſtrife,
It gives its own creation life!

O perfect, all-accompliſh'd maid!
In beauty's every charm array'd:
Thee ever ſhall my numbers hail,
Fair lilly of the royal vale!

IV.

S O

THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

HAVE you not ſeen the charmer of the vale?
Nor heard her praiſe, in Love's fond accents dreſt?—
Nor how that Love has turn'd my youth ſo pale!—
Nor how thoſe graces rob my ſoul of reſt!—

That ſofteſt cheek, where dimp'ling cherubs play!
That baſhful eye, whoſe beams diſſolve the heart!—
Ah, gaze no more, fond wretch!—no longer ſtay!—
'Tis death!—but ah, 'tis worſe than death to part!

My bleſſings round the happy manſion wait,
That guards that form, in tender beauty dreſt!
Thoſe lips, of truth and ſmiles the roſy ſeat!
Thoſe matchleſs charms, by every bard confeſt!

That ſlender brow!—that hand ſo dazzling fair,
No ſilk its hue or ſoftneſs can expreſs!
No feather'd ſongſters can their down compare
With half the beauty thoſe dear hands poſſeſs!

Love in thy every feature couch'd a dart!
O'er thy fair face, and boſom's white he play'd;
Love in thy golden treſſes chain'd my heart,
And heaven's own ſmile thy 'witching face array'd!

Not *Deirdre*'s charms that on each boſom ſtole[a],
And led the champions of our iſle away;
Nor ſhe whoſe eyes threw fetters o'er the ſoul,
The fam'd Blanaide[b] like thee the heart could ſway!

Of

[a] See notes to the poem of *Conloch*.

[b] As the ſtory to which this paſſage alludes is ſtriking to a great degree, and related in a few words, I will quote it at large for the reader.

"Feircheirtne was OLLAMH FILEA to Conrigh, a celebrated chieftain, who lived "in ſplendour on the banks of the Fionnglaiſe, in the county of Kerry. This "warrior was married to Blanaide, a lady of tranſcendant beauty, who had been the "meed of his proweſs in ſingle combat with Congculionne, a knight of the red "branch. But the lady was ſecretly attached to the knight; and in an accidental "interview which ſhe had with him, offered to follow his fortunes, if he would, at "a certain time, and on receiving a certain ſignal (both of which ſhe mentioned) "ſtorm the caſtle, and put her huſband, and his attendants, to the ſword. Congcu-"lionne promiſed to follow her directions, and did ſo, inundating the caſtle with the "blood of its inhabitants. Feircheirtne, however, eſcaped the ſlaughter, and pur-"ſued, at a diſtance, Blanaide and her paramour, to the court of Concovar Mac-

"Neſſa,

Of beauty's garden, oh thou faireſt flower!
Accept my vows, and *truth* for *treaſure* take!
Oh deign to ſhare with me Love's bliſsful power,
Nor conſtant faith, for fleeting wealth, forſake!

My muſe her harp ſhall at thy bidding bring,
And roll th' heroic tide of verſe along;
And Finian Chiefs, and arms ſhall wake the ſtring,
And Love and War divide the lofty ſong!

" Neſſa, determined to ſacrifice his perfidious miſtreſs to the manes of his patron.

" When the Bard arrived at Emania, he found Concovar, and his court, together " with the amorous fugitives, walking on the top of a rock, called *Rinchin Beara*, " enjoying the extenſive proſpect which it commanded. Blanaide, happening to " detach herſelf from the reſt of the company, ſtood, wrapped in deep meditation, " on that part of the cliff which overhung a deep precipice. The Bard, ſtepping up " to her, began an adulatory converſation; then ſuddenly ſpringing forward, he " ſeized her in his arms, and throwing himſelf, with her, headlong down the " precipice, both were daſhed to pieces." *Hiſt. Mem. of the Iriſh Bards*, p. 32. See alſo KEATING.

IRISH ORIGINALS

OF THE

HEROIC POEMS.

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THE

IRISH ORIGINALS

OF THE

HEROIC POEMS.

I.

Teaċt Coñlaoich go héirinn.

Táinig triaṫ an borblaoċ
an curaiḋ cróḋa Coñlaoch
añ sna múrṫa gárrṫa grinn
ó ḋún sgaṫaig go héirinn
fáilte ḋuiṫ alaoich luinn
aṁacaoim áluinn airmġrinn
is cosṁuil le do ṫeas nar ndáil
go rabuis seal ar seaċráin
Anois ó ṫáinigis anoir
o ċrích oirṫear an doṁuin
do ḋeorbaḋ do ġaisge ġrinn
ar feaḋ ṫimṫeasa anéiriñ
Coimead an raón ata roṁaib
lér ṫuit mórlaoċaib analbuin
no tógsam do líóg ós leas
aneiric ċíosa an droiċṫid

Mar é sin a ccíosa re sealaḋ
is nar tilleaḋ le aonneac é ge ḃiomḋa
coisgse me tusa do ċách
o nioġ go lá an luán braiṫ
Níor sguir an laoċ da lámach
Conlaoch fraoċda forránach
no gur ceanglaḋ céad dar sluaiġ
angéibionn is fuáṫ rén aiṫris
An sin tanas Concubar re cách
cioḋ ġeabmóis do ḋul na ḋáil
do bainfeaḋ easpa no sgéal
is na ttiocfaḋ fa ḋiomḋa raiḋe
Eirġios Conall nar lag lám
do buain sgéala don macaim
se ḋeorbrím le fraim an laoicc
gur ceanglaḋ Conall le Conlóich
Sgéala uaiṁ ar ċeann na Con
do raiḋ airḋriġ Ulaḋ
go Dun Dealgan ġrianaċ ġrinn
sean ndun ṡhiálmar ḋeiṫċinn
Fáilte o gac ón roime an ccoin
is mall tangóis dar ccabair
ata Conall mar stead ambroiḋ
is céad dar sloiġ na coimideas
IS deacair ḋúinn gan beiṫ ambruiḋ
deis na bfear do raċaḋ accosgur
is deacair ḋúinn dul cum caṫa
leis an laoċ ler ceanglaḋ Conall
Na smuain gan dul na ḋáil
alóiċ na narm naiṫġéar
alaim is treise gan teibeaḋ re neaċ
fuaiġail boide ⁊ é ccuibreach

An

An tan ċualaiḋ Cuċulainn na lann
éigin agus cuibreaċ Chonaill
an curaiḋ do buḋ treine lám
teid ag buain sgéala don macám
Troid ma bo heigin ḋuit
no sgéala ṫabairt fáit mar ċaraid
beir do roġa aċiabuiḋe bog
sul ma heagal ḋuit do ċomrac
Ni ṫugos liom óm ċurach
sgéala ṫabairt ḋaon ċuraiḋ
is da ttugaiṅ do neaċ fa neim
Is dod ġealġnuis fein do nosfuinn
An sin troididh re ċéile
is ba tearc comraic dob aiḋméile
an macaoṁ go bfuair agoin
re slios na cróisiġe comloiṅ
Anois óglaoiċ aitris do sgéal
ó atá do ċréuċta go haḋbéil
is geárr go ttiocfaim ⁊ do leas
is na ceil feasda timċeas
Léig ḋaṁ tuitim ar mfaiġte
druid liom oir is tú m'áṫair
is deis go bfeicid fir fáil
meid m'fhulaing isin teagṁáil
IS mé Conlaoich mac na Con
oiġre dílis Ḋúna Dealgan
is me an rún ad fhágbus ambroiṅ
anduṅ sgáṫaiġ is tú ag fóġluim.
Aṁic do bfeárr go mbeiṫ do ṁaṫair
ad laṫair an am na cosgairne
no go ttairngeaḋ si deára
fad ċréaċa agus tú gonta.

Ro ṁallaś ajr mo ṁaṫajr
ós sí ċúr mise ꝑa ġeasajb
agadsa a Cuċúlinn
ajg ꝑéuċajn le do ċleasajb
Mo ṁallaś dod ṁathajr
ós jnnte do bí anjomad do ċealgajb
is gurab é meád do bí dona hulc jnnte
do bejr don bejṫ deargaḋ
IS me Conlaoch is ꝑjór len ajṫris
nar ṫejbe rjáṁ ó beál troda
naċ ttug sgéala do neaċ ꝑán ngréjn
muna mbejṫ créaśa na cojn nglejce
A Cuċujlinn na narm nglic
is majrg ḋúṫ nar ajṫjn mé
an tráṫ do ċajṫꝑjnn an tsleaġ go ꝑíar ꝑañ
andjajġ abun, is ahurlojnn
Da mbéjñse ⁊ mo Chonlaoch cáoṁ
ajg jmjrt cleas ⁊ aontaob
ꝑjr éjreann o ṫunn go tunn
do réabamáojs araón eadrujnn.
Mar chím ajrm an laójġ
sgjáth agus lann Chonlaojċ
is mar sjn do bímse ag caój
mar ꝑhear gan ṁac gan ṁnaój.
IS mé an taṫajr ḋo ṁarb anmac
is nar ċajṫeaḋ mé crob na úrbrat
is mé an cnájṁ naċ ꝑul re ꝑorus
an dá lájṁ do bí re lúaṫ ḋonus.
IS mé an bárc ó ṫujñ go tunn
is mé an longg jar ndul da stíur
is me an tuball ambarr an ċrajñ
is beag da ṡaojlꝑeaḋ ḋe do ṫutjm.

Trúaġ

Truaġ sin a aoinḟear Aoiḟe
do ṫoisg don ċriċse Uladh
do ċoṁrac re coinccuailgne
uch! uch! ca truaiġe turas
Truaġ naċ neach oile ar doṁan
atá ar ttollaḋ do ċóirpse
go marḃuinn atéraic
céd ar ċédaib do ḋóinib
Truaġ sin a Chonlóiċ ċalma
aḋaṁna ríġ gan áonlos
nach émo bás do dearbaḋ
sul do ṫreaġduis do ċóṁċorp
Maiṫ don teaġlach ón ċraobruaiḋ
'sdo ċeann caoṁsluaiġ na ccuraḋ
naċ neaċ ḋiobh do ṁarbh m'ónṁac
in tsóirslat ca mó ruḋar
Maiṫ do Laoġuire bhuaḋach
naċ bfuarus é dot ṫromġuin
maiṫ don ċuraiḋ do Chonall
nar ṁarb tú accoṁ ṫrom coṁruic
Maiṫ do ċuṁsgraiḋ ṁeand macha
naċ ttug ḋaṁ facuin cuṁa
maiṫ d'Fhorbhuiḋe ċaoṁ ċruṫach
maiṫ do Dhubhṫach daol ulaḋ
Maiṫ do Chormac ċonluingeas
naċ lais do roinn harmsa
naċ é do fuair mur bhall gona
in sgiaṫ ċorcra, no in lannsa

Truaġ

Truaġ nac san Mumain maiġriḋ
no laiġnibh na lann bhfaobhrach
no accruaċain na mborblaoch
do ċuit mo Conlaoch cómsa
Truaġ nac san inniaċ oirḋairc
torċuir in cumgiḋ catha
dfhios araġaḋ gan díoġailt
o ríoġraiḋ eamna macha
Truaġ nach accríoċaib Loċlann
do ṫuit accomṫrom troda
no accríoċaib na greige
no ionann eigin don doman
Da marḃṫaoi tu a teagmail
sa neaspainn nó sa nisbeirinn
no iccrich Saxan na saorṡlóġ
ni biaḋ claoċlóḋ ar ṁinntinn
Truaġ nac igcríoċa cruiṫneaċ
na bfían sa fuilteaċ dóirḋa
do ṫuitis a óig lúṫṁair
no igcrich fulċair na Sorċa
O taimsi anois um ḃeaṫaiḋh
is romaiṫ dfhearaib Alban
nac leó do traoṫaḋ huaillsi
'sas maiṫ ḋuaislib na bfrancaċ
Uch! is measa mur tárla
mo nuar is damsa adbars
a Chonlaoiċ na sleaġ gcorcra
me féin ⁊ ndórtaḋ tfola
No beiṫ sa buaiḋ gan roinneart
ar toideas ḋuit san ċríċsi
gan comrac coiḋche ar uisge
truaġ nar ṁíṫin ḋuitsi isse

Do ʃaṫ rmam cēo cuṁajḋ
mo bhejṫ dubhach nj hjóngnaḋ
tarejs coṁrajc re mēnṁac
mo ċrēchta anoś js jomḋa
Nj hjongnaḋ mo bhejṫ tvrsеaċ.
sgan mejc ujsneaċ do laṫajr
ag sjn me dējs na rjoġxear
gan mac djleas gan braṫajr.
Gan Conláoċ ca nj js dajnṁe
gan Nōjsj gan Ajnnle armrūaḋ
bhejṫ gan Ardan js jonnsa
noċa ljomsa naċ lántrūaġ
T-r-u-a-g-h sj-n.

II.

Láojḋ Naġnujs ṁojr

Aċlējrjġ chanrs na Sajlm
dq ljom xejn nj majṫ an ċjall
Naċ ejsdjonn tv̄ tallan beag sgējl
ajr an b̄xejn naċ b̄xacajs arjaṁ
Dar mo ċv̄bajs aḋejġṁejc xhjnn
ge bjnn leat teaś ar an b̄xējn
rjṫ na salm ar xeaḋ mo b̄ēojl
jseaḋ sjn js cēol daṁ xējn
Na tōjr ag jomarb̄ajḋ do ṡalm
le xjána gaojḋeal na narm noċt
oċ! aċlējrjġ js lán olc ljom
nar scarus do ċeañ re do ċorp

Gab̄am

Gabam do ċumairce oglaoiċ móir
ḟuigle do béoil is binn liom féin
an tallaḃ togais air ḟionn.
Is roṁaiċ liom teaċ air an ḃféin
Lá ḋúinn ag ḟiadaċ na learg
naċ ttárla sealg air ar ngar
go bfacamar móran bárc
ag teaċt san tráiġ tair lear
Tigmaoid anoir agus aniar
Cruinnigid an ḟian as gaċ aird
seaċt ccata anionġoil go rrab
tigmaóid so mac inġine taiḋg
As é glór do ċan rinn
Fionn féinnide flaiṫ an tsloiġ
ge be raċaḋ diarraiḋ sgéal
go bfuigeaḋ féin ablát sa ḃraiḋ
Ann sin do ráiḋ Conán maol
mac Móirne sa claón gníom
asár meic Cubaill na ccaṫ
cia biaḋ ann as flaiṫ, no ríġ
Adubairt leis Conán arís
aḋigfinn ciaraċaḋ ann
as Fearġus sfórglic do mac
o sé cleaċt dol na ccionn
Ort mo mallaċ a Ċonáin maoil
do ráiḋ Fearġus sa caoim cruṫ
raċatsa diarraiḋ na sgéal
⁊ grád na bfian 'sni ⁊ do ġuṫ
Gluaisios Fearġus armaċ óg
ann sa ród agcoinne na bfear
Is fiafraigios do ġuṫ mór
cia hiad na sloiġ tainig tair lear?

Aṫá

Atá Mághnus orrunn mar ṫriaċ
mac an Mheiḋiġ na sgiaṫ ndearg
áirdriġ loċlann ceann na ccríoċ.
giolla fa mór fioch is fearg
Cread d'ġluais an bruiḋean borb
fa ríġ loċlann na long mbreac
mar diárraiġ cumoin ar ann
is roṁaiṫ attaóisg tair lear
Do ḟreagair sin Mághnus go borb
áirdriġ loċlann na longmbreac
do beára mé abean ó Fhionn
daiṁḋeoin air trunn, agus bran
bheáraid an Fhián coṁrac cruaiḋ
doċ ṡluaġ sul adtirbraid bran
is cuirfiḋ Fionn caṫ andlus
sul fa ttugaiḋ uaiḋ abean
Dar do láiṁse afheargus ḟéil
as an bhféin ge mór do ċeann
do béarad liom bran
no coṁrac dián fear da cionn
As do láiṁ ge mór do ḋoiġ
as do ṡlóġ ge mór do ṁuirn
an lion aṫáinig tu tair lear
ní beára tu bran ṫair tuinn
Tilleas Fearġus mo braṫair féin
fa samalta le grein aċruth
inisgeas sé na sgéala ṫall
abfiáġnuise Fhinn nar ṫuill guṫ
Airdriġ Loċlann sud fa tráiġ
cad é an faṫ ta ḋuinn aċeilt
ní ġéabaiḋ gan bualaḋ lann
no do bean sdo ċu fo na breiṫ

Ni ṫiubraḋ mise mo ḃean
d'ḟhear go raċaḋ me agcré
'sin ṫiubraḋ mebran d'ais
go nteaċa an bás um ḃéal
Do ráiḋ mac Cubaill re Goll
Is mór an glonn ḋúinn beiṫ ag ttos
gan coṁrac dibfeinngeaċ teann
do ṫabairt do ríġ Loċlann na narm nos
Dag an láimsin ortsa afhinn
ó do ċhí tú mar táim anos
ríġ tonnbarcaċ na ccoṁlann teann
sgarsa me aċeann re na ċorp.
Do ráiḋ Oscar go mbriġ
coisgfiodsa ríġ inse torc
Is clann an dá ċomairleaċ ḋéag
bíoḋ mo ṁuinntir féin da ccosg
Do ráḋ mac Lugḋeach anáiġ
ríġ fionnloċlann dáil gan ġó
coisgfiodsa é d'on ḃféin
no da ḃféadainn ni bus mó
Earlaṁ na huiġe ge teann
do ráḋ Diarmud donn gan on
coisgfeadsa é don ḃféin
no tuitfead féin air ason
Aisling do ċonnairc aréir
ar fa faolan fa léor áceart
ríġ tíre na bfear ngorm
gur sgaras aċeann re na ċorp
beiriġ beannas, beiriġ buáiḋ
do ráiḋ mac Cubaill na ngruáiḋ ndearg
Mághnus mac meiḋiġ na sluáġ
coisgfe mise ge mór afhearg

Tigid ann sin an Fhian
teannaid ortha anairm áiġ
sleaġ ⁊ gralainn gaċ fir móir
'sdo ċuadar rompa go traiġ
Anoiḋche sin duinn go lá
nior ġnaṫ linn abeiṫ gan ċeol
fleaḋ, ⁊ fion croch is céir
se bí againn féin fan ól
Nar sin ḋuinn gus an dara lá
go bfacamar na sloiġ re punt
meirge riġ Loclann anaiġ
dá ṫógbail san traiġ re an nus
Iomḋa cotann iomḋa triaṫ
iomḋa sgiaṫ, ⁊ luireach ḋearg
iomḋa tóiseach is mac rioġ
ni raiḃ laoch ḋiob gan arm.
Dob iomḋa cloiḋiom go ndornċlaḋ óir
dob iomḋa sról da ċur re crann
accaṫ Fulteach Fhinn na bfleaḋ
dob iomḋa sleaġ os ar ccionn:
Dob iomḋa ann clogad cruaiḋ
dob iomḋa tuaṫ agus ga
ann sa ċomrac do bí ann
dob iomḋa riġ agus flaiṫ
Nosar geal greine re crann
bratach Fhinn fa leor attreas
lán do ċloċaiḃ tire anoir
da liom féin sa mór amears
Nosar ḋuine fulang toraiḋ
bratac ġuill moir meic Moirne.
Is minic afuair an sról crosaċ
trs, is deireaḋ fiormaiseach

Az cromad accinn san ccat
do rinne zac klait mar do ġeall
kiána Eireann na ccoṁlann ccrúaid
brisid air shluáġ innse Gall.
Tharla mac cubaill na ccuách
le ríg Loċlann na ruág naíġ
re ċéile air tuitim nasluáġ
och! aċléirigġ, is trúaġ an dáil.
Do rinneadir imreasain ṫeann
go mad cosaṁail re ḋá ord
coṁrac kulteaċ an da ríġ
ka gontaċ ambríġ sa ccolg
Ceangaltar rigġ Loċlann san treas
re mac Cubaill na ccleas mborb
eision aś ger ṁór an gnióṁ
do ċeangail fionn é re na ċolg
IS ann sin do raíḋ Conán máol
gialla do bí riáṁ re holc
cungbiḋ ḋaṁ Máġnus na lann
go sgarkad aceann re na ċorp
Ni bkuil páirt ḋaṁsa, no gáol
riot aċonaín ṁaoil gan ċeíll
o ṫárla mé ko ġrásaib fhinn
is kearr liom ann, no ká do ṁeín
O ṫárla tú ko mo ġrásuib kéin
'snach dearna mé sár ar khlaiṫ
kuáisgéolad thú ón bkéin
alamh ṫréin na mór ccath
Gab do roġa a Náġnuis ṁín
mar raċair slán id ṫír kéin
cumonn, caóineas agus gráḋ
no do ṡlán abeiṫ kán bkéin?

Freitimse

Ḟreiṫimse sin go bráṫ
an gein ṁairseas dáil mo ċorp
aon buille ataġaiḋse a Ḟhinn
aiṫreach liom andearnus ort
An cablach sin ṫainig a ttráiṫ
no slṙaġ le ccurṫi gach gléo
ċugaiṁ as ger mór astairm
ba lia da mairb, no da mbeó
Ag sin ḋuitsi turus Ḟhinn
aċleirig na mbeann mbláiṫ
no gárrṫa na gceólan sa ccill
och! ba binne liom an lá.
Ag sin sgéala go bfíor
aċleirig na mborb ttreas
do ṁac riġ Loċlann na slóġ
is dó hainmneaḋ an treas.
Ḋair da láiṁse aċleirig ċáiḋ
da mbeiṫea ar an tráiġ o ḋeas
ag eas laoġaire na sreab séiṁ
⁊ an bféin ba mór do ṁeas
Ge taoiṁse meata gan tlaċt
ag sin dáoib go beas mo sgéil
me gan ċraoisiġ gan ċolg
ag eisdeas re dord bar ccliar.

A-ċ-l-e-i-r-i-g-h. Finit

III.

Laoigh na Sealga.

Oisin. A Phádruig an ccúala tu an tsealg?
a ṁic Chalphruinn na psailm saimh
do roinneaḋ an-onar le Fionn
sgan én neach ann d'fianaib
Ni ċualas a ṁeic an Righ
Oisin ġlic na ngníoṁ ngarg
innis ḋuinn is na can gó
cionnas a roinneaḋ léo an tsealg?
Ni ċanamhóisne an fhian go
ariaṁ leo níor luaiḋeaḋ bréug
as le fírinne is le neart lámh
ṫigmhois slán as gach mhóiḋm
Níor ṡuig cleireaċ accill
ge gur binn rib aċanaid psailm
dob fhírinnigh no an fhián
fir nar loc angliaḋ garg
Níor ṡuig commaiṫ ón neaċ accrích
a Phadruig ċoiṁ is binne glór
dob fhírinnigh no Fionn anáigh
fear ar ḋaiṁ do bronnaḋ ór
Da maireaḋ mac Morna mear
no Goll cróḋa nar ċar séaḋ
no mac I Ḋuḃne na mban
laoċ do ċuireaḋ caṫ air ċéaḋ
Da maireaḋ mac Garaiḋ na laṁ
fear nar ġann ag cur an áir
Oscar no mac Roṁain ġrinn
do ċrónan san ċill níor ṡaiṁ

Da

Da maireaḋ Fearġus file Finn
fear do niaḋ rain̄ ar an bfhein
no Daire shinneaḋ gan los
anguċ do ċluig ni beiṫ mo spéis
Da maireaḋ aoḋ beag ṁac Finn
na Fōlan grinn nar ēar neaċ
no Conan mōl bi gan ġruáig
adfaig me fōi ġruaim le seal
Albac beag do bi aig Fionn
ċuireaḋ gaċ cionn na ttoirċim suáin
ba binne liom fogar a beil
no abfuil do ċléir asdiġ, sdo ċraiḋ
P. Leig as abeiṫ da riōṁ
aṁic an riġ dob fheārr cliūd
geill don tē niod gaċ feart
crom do ċeann is feac do ġlūn
buail hus is sil do ḋēr
creid don tē tá os do ċionn
gid gūrab iōngnaḋ leatsa aluáḋ
asē do rug braiḋ air fhionn
Uċ (ar Oisin) ṁo sgeal trūaġ
ni binn liom fraim do ġloir
guilfiod frasa sní fa do ḋia
as cionn an fhiān gan abeiṫ bēo
IS mōr an ceannaċ liom ⁊ do ḋia
beiṫ measg do ċliar mar atáim
gan biāḋ gan eadaċ gan spōrt
gan bronnaḋ oir air ḋaiṁ
Gan gair gadar no stoc
gan coiṁead port na cuān
a bfuaras docras is do ḋiṫ biḋ
maiṫim do riġ niṁe aluach

P. Leig

P. Leig biomarbaiḋ as
Oisin ṁoir na ttreas ttréan
fionn na bflaiṫ sa bfhuil da ṫóiḃ
ni coṁṁóraḋ sin re riġ na neull
Ase dia ċum neaṁ agus talaṁ
asé do beir neart na laoċh
ase do ċruṫaiġ an maġ bán
ase do beir bláṫ na ccaor
Ase beir gealaċ agus grian
ase beir iasg ar linn
ase do ċruṫaiġ tórṫa is bláṫ
nior bionann tráṫ agus eusa finn
O. Ni ar ċruṫuġaḋ torṫa no bláṫ
ṫug mo riġ féin asuil
as ar ċasgaint corpa laoċh
acosnaṁ críoċ sa cur aċluiḋ
Ar ṡuirġe air ṡiabra ar ṡeilg
ar noṡaḋ meirg adtús sloig
⁊ imirt fiṫċioll air snáṁ
⁊ coiṁeád ċaiċ inaimsir ġleóiḋ
A phadruig ca raiḃ do ḋia
an lá tainig an dios ċugainn tar lear
re mnaoi riġ Loċlann na long
ler ṫuit aniomad sonn sa treas
No an lá tainiġ tailc ṁac trein
fhear ar an bféin do ċur ár
ni le do riġ do ṫuit an fear
as re laiṁ Oscair ameasg ċaiċ
No an lá fa ttainic Maġnas mór
fear ba borb glonn snar ṫim
is doṫċa da maireaḋ do ḋiá
go ccudeobaḋ se le fiana finn

Ailleann

Ailleann mac anaoinḟhir ṁóir
fear re ndóiṫiḋe teaṁair na slóġ ttréan
ni láṁ ar laiṁ do ġab do ḋiá
ḋol da ċlaoiḋ as fionn féin
As ioṁḋa cleas gníoṁ is gleó
ṁaoiḋtiġ re fiana fáil
ni ċualas go ndéanaḋ éas
Riġ na néull gur ḋearg aláṁ
P. Sguirim dar niomarbaiḋ ar gaċ taoib
asfeanoir ṁaoil ata gan ċéill
ata Dia a neaṁ na náoṁ
is ta an fhian uile ibpéin
O. A ṗadruig naċ truaġ naċ ccoisgionn Dia
lus na bpián achur ar fhionn
⁊ Dia féin da mbíaḋ anairc
go ttroidfeaḋ an flaiṫ da ċionn
Ni minic adfrlaing riġ na bfian
én neaċ ariaṁ anairc no nguáis
gan fhiasgailt le hairgiod no re hór
no ttosaċ slóiġ go mbeireaḋ braiḋ
A ṗadruig da mbeinns, gan ċéill
scarfainn le do ċléir uile accinn
ni beiṫ baċall no leabar bán
no clog na ttráṫ ann do ċill
P. As binn leam abeiṫ tls ar an bféin
aṁeic an riġ as áilne dealb
naċ cuṁain leat mar ġeallus ḋuinn
cionnas araonaḋ leó an tsealg.
O. A ṗadruig giḋ áḋbar caói
ḋaṁ abeiṫ ríoṁ anéusa árḋ
aiṫreosad ge taoim fa brón.
cionnas do rinneaḋ leo an tsealg

La da raibeamaoine Fiana Finn
anAlṁuin ṡlim na fleaġ séud
ag imirt fiṫċill 'saig ól
cloisdion ċeoil is ag broñaḋ séud
Aṡ gur éirġe Fionn an flaiṫ
air an bfaiṫ os Allṁuin úir
go bfacaiḋ ċuige ann sa ród
an eilid óg air aléim luiṫ
Ghoir ċuige sċeolan ⁊ bran
do léig fead orra araon
gan fhios do ċách fo an ól
gur lean sa ród an eilid ṁaol.
Ni raib leis aṡ mac an luin
aḋá ċhoin agus e féin
air lorg na heilide go dián
go sliab guilin na rón réiḋ
Air ndol don eilid sa tsliab
fionn na diaiġ sa ḋá ċhoin
níor bfios dó soir, no siar
car gab an faiḋh sa ccnoc.
Do ġab fionn soir sa tsliab
sa ḋá ċhoin siár ar lúṫ
'sa ṗadruig nar bolc le dia
mar ṫug atriar anḋá ccúl
Chualaiḋ Fionn 'smiór ċian uaḋ
gul ar bruaċ an locha ṡhéiṁ
as ann do bí an maċaoṁ mná
dob fheárr cáil da bfacaiḋ sé.
Do bí agruaiḋ mar an Rós
agus abeól ar ḋaṫ na ccaér
do bi acneis mar an mbláṫ
sa leaca bán mar an aél.

Air ḋaṫ an óir do bí a ḟolt
mar reult air a rosg do bí
'Sa Phadruig da bfaicsea andreaċ
do béarṫa do ṡearc don mnaoi.
Driudeas Fionn ag iarraiḋ sgeúl
air mnaoi ṡeimh na ccúaċ nóir
Dfiafraiġ mo riġ don ġnúis ngil
an bfacaiḋ tu mo ċhoin sa toir?
Ann do ṡeilg ni ḟhuil mo spéis
is ni ḟhaca mé do ḋá ċhoin.
a Rí na féine gan tár
is measa liom fáṫ mo ġuil
An é do ċéile do ḟuair bás
a inġean ṫlaiṫ, no do mhac.
no cad é an fáṫ fa bfuil do ċroí
aindir ċroim is áille dreach
No cad as abfuil do brón
a ainnir óg na mbos mín
no an féidir ċfurtaċt (⁊ fionn)
is dubach liom do beiṫ mar chim.
Fáil óir do bí fo mo ġlaic
do ráiḋ inġean óg na bfolt séim
ṫuitim dom laiṁ san tsreab
ag sin maḋbar da beiṫ ibpéin.
Geasa nar ḟhulaing laoch
cuirim do ċionn a Rí na bfhián
mar tugair mfhainne ċugam tair ais
ṫuit re heas na sreab noiáin
Nior ḟhulaing Fionn cur na ngeas
trát ċuir de arraib fo na ċneis ġléil
ċuaiḋ go bruaċ an loċa ṡnaṁ
⁊ ḟhuraileam mna na mbass réiḋ.

Do ċnaṙtaiġ an loch ꝼe ċṽiġ
niór ꝼhaíġ ann clṽd no ceaṙñ
no ġo ttuġ an ꝼaínne cōin aṙ aiꝼ
do ṫṽt o ṙioġṽn na nġṙuaid ndeaṙġ
Tṙaṫ ꝼuaiṙ an ꝼaínne cōin aṙ aiꝼ
ní ṙainic leiꝼ aṫabaiṙt ġo bṙuaċ
an tṙáṫ ṙinneaḋ ꝼeanoiṙ cṙíon liáṫ
do ṙiġ na bꝼían ċia ġuṙ ṫṙṽaġ
Do bióḋmaiṙne ꝼiána ꝼinn
analṁṽn ṡlim na ꝼluaġ ꝼeíṁ
aġ imiṙt aiṙ eánlaiḋ iꝼ aġ ól
acloiꝼdion ceoil ꝼa bṙonnaḋ ꝼéad
Eíṙġiuꝼ cōilte ameaꝼġ ċaíċ
iꝼ dꝼiaꝼṙaiġ oꝼ aíṙd do ġaċ ꝼeaṙ
an bꝼacabaiṙ mac Chubaill ꝼheíl
a bṽḋean ṡéiṁ na ꝼleaġ ꝼean?
No eíṙġe Conan mac Noṙna
ni ċuala aṙiáṁ ceól dob cōibne
ma tá ꝼionn aiṙ iáṙṙaiḋ
ġo ṙaib ambliaḋna aċcōilte
Nac Chubaill ma ṫeaꝼdaiġ uáiṫ
a Chōilte ċṙuaiḋ na ccoꝼ ccōl
ġabaim oṙam do laímh
oꝼ cíonn ċaích abeiṫ mo ṙiġ
Do bimaṙ an ꝼhian ꝼa bṙón
ꝼa ċionn aṙ ꝼloiġ abeiṫ dꝝ ndíṫ
no ġuṙ ṁcōiḋ oṙṽnn cion ġaíṙe
iꝼ dṽnne báḋbaṙ abeiṫ cōi.
Ġluaiꝼteoṙ linn o alṁṽn amach
buiḋean ċalma na ccaṫ cṙuaiḋ
ꝝ loṙġ aḋá chon aġuꝼ ꝼhinn
tṙiṽṙ ġṙinn do beiṙeaḋ buaiḋ

Bhi mise agus Caoilte ar tús
sa nfian uile go dlúiṫ ar ndáil
go sliaḃ ġuilinn o ṫuaiṫ
mar ttugamar buaiḋ ar ċách
Almarc beag ḋa ttugamar uaiṁ
andiaiġ na ruag cia tí an fhián
ar bruach an locha fa brón
ach seanoir mór agus é crion
Do ċuáḋmar uile na ḋail
Is ċurfeaḋ se grain ar gaċ fear
cnáṁa loma do bi crión
ag an fhear ar ceileaḋ gnaoi ⁊ gean
Mheasamuirne gurab easbaiḋ bíḋ
ṫug ar an laoch abeiṫ gan ċruṫ
no gur an iásgaire do bi sé
ṫainig accéin le sruṫ
Dfiafraiġmuirne don fhear ċrion
an bfacaiḋ se laoch go ngoil
iad roimhe amach ar ṡeol
eilid óg is dá choin
Nior raiḋ Fionn ar bfaġail na sgéal
gurab e fein riġ na bfian
gur leig le Caoilte arún
an fear lúṫ do bi dian
An uair fuaramar dearbaḋ na sgéal
gurab e Fionn fein do bi ann
do leigeamar trí gárṫa grod
sdo ċurfidis bruic as gaċ gleann.
Deirġe Conan maol go borb
Is nofas acolg go dián
do ṁallaiġ se Fionn go beas
Is do ṁallaiġ fo seaċ an fhián

Da

Da mbejṫ fhjos agam gur tr fjonn
b̈ajnfjnn an sean ċjonn sjn djot
os tr nar ṁaojḋ anojs no rjáṁ
mo ġal arjáṁ no mo ġnjoṁ
Ase maonloċt ꝗ do ċruṫ
gan an fhjan vle b̈ejṫ mar tájr
go ndeargajñ mo ṡleaġ smo lann
go tjgeaḋ rjom do leaċta, sdo lá
On lá marb̈aḋ Crb̈all na cclj́ar
re mac Norna na sgjaṫ nójr
nj fhvlmaojdne o sjn ás ꝗ ndj́ṫ
sa bfhvl beó ḋjnn nj da ndeójn
Osg. Ás mrr mbejṫ an cruṫ ab̈fvl fjoñ
sgur puḋar rjñ é b̈ejṫ mar tá
a Chonajn ṁaojl ata gan ċéjll
b̈rjsfjnn do b̈éal go cnájṁ
Erġjos Osgar fear fa teann
sgvir dot ċajnt nj sa mó
aċonajn ṁaojl ata gan ċéjll
naċ rug béjm anaġajḋ gleojḋ
Con. As beag mo spéjs añ do ġlór
aṁjc Ojsjn ba mór baojs
snaċ rajb̈ do ṁajṫ ab̈fjonn féjn
ás acognaḋ aṁéjr go smójs
JS sjnne féjn do njaḋ an gnjoṁ
js nj hjad clanna baojsgne bog
bejḋ do ṁac Ojsjn do ḋéojġ
ag jomċar leab̈ar ban js clog
Osgajr scvir do do ġlór
nj cajnt do ḋearb̈as ás gnjoṁ
feuċmaojd as coṁajr ċájch
neart ar lámh 'sar mbrjġ

Thug

Thug Osgar an síḋeaḋ prap
sdo léim Conan ameasg ċáich
fuagras crmairce aran bfhéin
Is furtas dó féin as péin báis
Ro eirġe an Fhian go garg
acosg Osgair na narm náiġ
eidir mo ṁacsa ⁊ Conán maol
gur ceanglaḋ síoh agus páirt
Fiafraiġeas Caoilte an treas feas
do ṁac Cuṁaill nar ċleas tár
cia haca do ṫuáṫa dé
do ṁill do ġné mar atá?
Inġean ghuilinn (do ráiḋ Fionn)
geasa um ċeann do ċuir sí
dul fa bruaċ an locha ṡnámh
d'fáġail an fháinne do ṫuit síos
Nar fhillmaoidne slán on ccnoc
do ráiḋ Conan nar bolc méin
go nióċfaiḋ guilinn é gan ṁoill
mur ccuiriḋ Fionn an̄ aċruṫ féin
Chruinniġeamairne anoir sa niár
ċuireamar sonn sgiaṫ faoi go deos
go sliab Guilinn o ṫuáiṫh
go ttugamar Fionn air ġuáillib fear
Air feaḋ os naoiḋċe agus oċt lá
bámar gan spás ag toċailt na huaiṁ
go ttainic ċugainn amach
Guilionn apreib as an raiṁ
Cuaċ cearnaċ is é lan
do bí ilaiṁ ġuilinn ċóir
do ṁac Cuṁaill nar ṁaiṫ gne
gur ċoirbir sí an tosgar air

Ar ól diġe dó as an ccorn̄
Is é na luiġe ⁊ fhod go fann
ṫainic aċruṫ fein sa niaṁ
⁊ riġ na bfian sna neaċ seang
Do léiġeamar trí gárṫa grod
sdo ċrithfidis bruc as gaċ gleann
sa ṗádruig nach sial son mbiaḋ
an ccuala roiṁe riaṁ an tsealg
a-p-h-á-d-r-u-i-g.

IV.

Láoiḋ an Ṁhoiġre bhoirb. fonn anos.

Sgéal beag agum air Fhionn
ní sgél nach ccuirfiḋ asuim é
air mac Cubaill ba maiṫ goil
ba cuṁain sin re mo ráe
Do bámairne beagan slóiġ
air easrúaḋ ṁic Bobair na ṁoill
tig ċugainn sa ṡeol ar lear
an curaċ beag is bean ann
Caogad láoċ dfinn mun Rí
ba maiṫ ar ngníoṁ 'sar ngart
fir dar ndéis as mairg ad chí
do ġabamaóis ⁊ gach crích neart
Eirġeamóid uile go dian
as Fionn na bfian agus Goll
d'faicsin an ċurach sa h⁊d céim
na réim ag sgailteaḋ na ttonn

Nior

Níor ḟhan an curach gan teaṡ.
gur ġab calaḋ san bport buḋ ġnáṫ
'smar do ṫainig air an éas
ad éirġe as macaoṁ mná
Dob ionann déalraḋ ḋi 'sdon ġréin
dob ḟhéarr a méin nós a dealb
an inġean soin táinic icċéin
do ḃámar féin roimpe ann
Ráinic si poball Fhinn
'sdo ḃeannaiġ sí go grinn dó
do ḟhreagair mac Cuṁaill nar ṫim
go huṁal binn í gan tóġ
Suiġeas abḟiaġnuise Ghuill
ar laiṁ ḋais Fhinn ṁic Cuṁaill
gaċ aon ḋi dar aḋearc
air aċéile níor ċuimneaċ
Fiafraiġeas Fion fa dearg dreaċ
ca hairḋ don inġin álain úir
ca treab as attangais abean
innis sgél go maith ḋuinn?
As mé inġean riġ fo ṫuinn
innéosad go cruinn mo ḋáil
níor ḟhágas talaṁ fa niaḋan grian
nar siarras féin do ḟhlaith fáil
bríġ mo ṡiubail ann gaċ ród
a inġean óg as maith dealb
an tádbar fo ttánġais icċéin
tabair ḋaṁ féin ḟhios go dearb.
Mo ċoimriġe ort ós tu Fionn
do ráiḋ rinn an macaoṁ mná
⁊ ḟheabas huirliġe 'sdo ḃraḋ
gab mo ċoimriġe go luaċ tráṫ

Do ráiḋ mo ríġ ba maiṫ fios
tabair fhios cia ṫói ⁊ do ṫí
gabaimse do ċoimriġe abean
⁊ gach fear da bfuil iccli
Ata riom re fioch do ṁuir
laoċ as maiṫ goil ⁊ mo lorg
mac ríġ na Sorcha is gér arm
Ḋó ba hainm an Noiġre borb
Ġeasa do ċuireas na ċionn
no go mbeirinn ar fhioñ do sal
naċ béinnsi aige do ṁnáoi
ger ṁaiṫ aġnioṁ agus ágh
Do ráiḋ Osgar do ġlór ṁir
fear ċoisgṫe sin gaċ lói
no go bfóirṫiḋ fionn do ġeis
ni raċfa tusa ris do ṁnáoi
Eírġios Osgar agus Goll
borb accosgar lonn na ccaṫ
na seasaṁ gar don tslóġ
eidir an fear mór 'san bean
Ad ċimóid ċugainn ⁊ sdéud
laoċ sa ṁéud os gach fear
asiobal na fairrge go dian
sa niomhal cédna ⁊ ġab an bean
Clogad ċeann ċeiṁniġe fo aċeann
ag an fhear nar ṫim 'sdo bí tren
an sgiaṫ iomlan bi air adeis
droim lán accleas air an cclé
Dhá ṁanóis ġaisge go mbráḋ
na seasaṁ ingablann asgéiṫ
ar neart ⁊ ġaisge, ar ġoil
ní fhaca fear mar sin as é

An cloiḋiom trom toirteamuil nar ġan̄
bi ṫall ar ṫaob an ḟhir ṁóir
'sa ig imirt cleas ós aċionn
ag teaċt dó iccionn an tsloiġ
bhí néull ḟlaṫa, is rosg ríoġḋa
fo an ḟhior ḟáiṁ fa caoiṁ ċruṫ
maiṫ a snuaḋ, fa geal a ḋéud
ba luaiṫe a stéud no gaċ sruṫ
Nar do ṫáinig an stéud iaṫir
sa fear nar ṁín leis an bféin
ni facas samail an ḟhir
teaċt go noiġe sin iccéin
ón tuinn mar ṫáinig iaṫir
d'fiafraiġ mo Riġ ba maiṫ cliuḋ
an aiṫniġeann tusa abean
an é sud an fear adeir tu?
Aiṫniġim a ṁeic Cubaill ġrinn
as ruḋ ⁊ riom é don ḟhéin
tairgsiḋ mise do breiṫ ris
cia mór do ċreise ḟhinn ḟhéil
Tig an laoċ so fa maiṫ tlaċt
re fioċ 's re neart ar cċionn
is d'ḟhuadaiġ uáiṁ an bean
do bí ngar do ġualuinn ḟhinn
Thug mac Morna urċar dian
go cróda na diáiġ da sleiġ
níor ḟhan an turċar do bí dian
da sgéiṫ go ndéarna dá blaḋ
Do ċaiṫ Osgar ba mór fearg
aċraoiseaċ dearg da láiṁ clé
re ⁊ marb se Stéud an ḟhir
mór an béud do roiṁe léi

Mar do ṫuit an stéd sa leirg
iompóiḋeas re feirg, 'sre fioċ
Is d'fógair gér borb an tóm
coṁrac air an ċaogad láoch
Ré muich ḋiomsa féin as d'fionn
cáogad laoċ nar ṫim na ḋáil
cia ⁊ ċeann angaisge sa ttrosd
do ġeall accosg re na láiṁ
Do ċeangail trí naonbair go mbráiḋ
san iorgul ċrúaiḋ sul do sguir
cia ⁊ ḋoċar ceangal na ccúig ccaol
⁊ gaċ aon diob sin do ċuir
Flann mac Mórna crúaiḋ an cás
fuair bás gér mór an téus
ní raib láoċ da ttainig as
gan aċneas lán do ċréus
Nar mbeiṫ an caogad laoċ garb
ag gabail anarm ḋó go léor
do beiṫmís gan cabair o neaċ
da bfáġaḋ uaiṁ an ceart cóir
Do beireaḋ ḋá béim go mear
go dian ar gaċ fear diob sin
do beiṫmaois uile san uáiġ
da bfháġaḋ ráinn coṁrac fir
Do ċuaiḋ Goll an aiġniḋ mir
do leadraḋ an fhir ba gar ḋhó
cia be ad ċífeaḋ iad ann sin
do ba ġarb aġoil sa ngléo
bhádar accloiḋimthe gan tosd
ag snaoiḋeaḋ corp agus sgiaṫ
acommaiṫ coṁrac ag dís
ní fhaicfiod arís rem ré

Do

Do torċraḋ re goll na narm náiġ
mac ríġ na Sorcha ger ċás cruaiḋ
as mag talaṁ ittáinic an bean
rér ṫuit anfear sin sa ccuan
Aḋlaicṫear rinn ag an Eas
an laoċ fear ċeann treise is gníoṁ
curṫar air sa bráġaid gaċ meoir
Fainne óir anonóir mo Ríġ
Déis tuitim an fhir ṁóir
Ag bord an ċuain, truaġ an ċéim
do bí inġean Ríġ fo ċuinn
bliaḋain aig Fionn san bféin
Leiṫ bliaḋain do Gholl na narm náiġ
laoċ donn nar ṫláiṫ iccath
na luiġe fo ḋeaġfhios rinn
da leiġeas aig Fionn na bfleaġ
Naṫair féin sa dearg dreach
níor éur neoċ truaġ no trén
anos ó ttáinṫaiġ mo ċruth
as mithe daṁ sgur dom sgél.

S-g-e-u-l b-e-a-g a-g-u-m. &c.

THE

IRISH ORIGINALS

OF THE

ODES.

THE

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ODES.

I.

Rosg Osguir ṁic Oisin re huṡ ċaṫa Gabra.

Eiriġ a Osguir ḟhéil aḟhir an ċosguir ċruaiḋ
le do ḃrataiġ áiġ beir neart agus buaiḋ
Aṁeic Oisin na mbéimioñ gabaiḋ treise gaċa coṁloiñ
na ḟeuċ do ṁéud tḟhorluinn air ċách no go ttoirnir
Gab ḃrosdaḋ ón bḟiliḋ go hosgur mac garaiḋ
na Riġṫe ata ataġaiḋ traoiċiḋ agus tanaiġ
Ioñsaiġ air ṁac Chormuic gab ceañsala aċoṁrac
no go bḟaġṫar eiric le do ṡleaġ ḋirbruic
Ḃiad braiñeoin go draibseaċ o ṫeandail do ċrióiseach
ḟreagair iad go taibseaċ da leadraḋ, sda noirleach
Aṁic riġ gan táire do ní gníoṁ is ḟoġla
buḋ dearbṫa do sgéala go meanmnach angabra
Asiór ṡlat go ngairge clión go luaṫ ameirge
sa ċogaḋ is áirde sgar araith re cairbre
bi mur tuinn a ttuile gion gur trom in teire
tabair ḟióiḋeaḋ gola o gach Ri go roile

Ha

Na gabh osaḋ uaṫa cosgur arighthe
a Osguir ḟéiriġ fúbṫa tarsa agus triorṫa
Aġnúis is cáoiṁe croṫá ḟéiriġ adtús accatha
lean le feirg mo ġotha ameirg is dearg daṫa
Déana marḃṫa ṫroma bí air confaḋ goile
cinn air do luċt fala sgan ḟionn ad ġoire
Ceannus dona fianaiḃ do leanas cóġsgéala
cosain aġ agus áireaṁ tabair ġárrṫa aiteamraiġ
Gíḋ asbradaċ anoireas buḋ ḃradaċ do ṫuras
do ċatha da namus cuir flatha da ccumus
A Osguir ċruṫach álainn bí go subaċ sirḃinn
aċara ḋáṁ éireann láṁ ar do ġnúis ṁíndúin
A Osguir naċ dtug eiteaċ go cosgur nach óbṫach
cuir torman do ḃratach da nargain go docrach
Fráoċ ġéire do lainne o ṫréine do buille
do lúaṫ ós gaċ duine dod luaḋsá fan ccruinne
Tabair frasa ṫréana gab treise angabra
aṫáid fiana banba ort ag iarruiḋ cabra
Aġnúis is áirde molaḋ aṁír ċalma na ccuraiġ
aġlóir éireann uile tabair léim air ḟéin Ulaḋ
Aṡblaiṫ na sluaġ soċaide maiṫ do luaḋ ar Eaċraiḋe
beir leat do sgiaṫ corcraiḋe asḃir na tréig athruiḋe
Do sleaġa go ndóġraing le haġbuiḋ do ḃéimionn
do ċloiḋme go ndioġuinn do ċlaoiḋeaḋ bfear néireann
Do ġéarlanna da mbualaḋ téan tana da bfianaiḃ
do ġaisge na frarach freasdail iad agus éiriġ. &c.

II.

Rosg Ghoill mac Morna.

Ard aigneach Goll. fear cogaid finn
laoċ leabair lonn. foghail naċ tim
Goll cruṫaċ caoṁ. Saor eineach sv́ad
saorṡnaoiḋaċ aṫaob. maraiġe na slv́aġ.
Nac Mórna mear. fa cróḋa aġal.
a ċlíṙ fa sean. fear seineaṁvl sin.
Láoċ féinniḋe fíal. is gile glór.
ni saob aċíall. laoċ áobḋa mór.
Ni tais do ní. mar ṫéid accaṫ
réim flaṫa faoi. ce mín aċneas.
Aṁéin ni mion, sa sgéiṁ gan ġron
is sé is gloine dfhior. oide na Sgol.
Níor lag aláṁ. fear déidġeal caoṁ.
naċ trréigean Dáiṁ. accogaḋ ríaṁ.
Os barraib beann. iarras ort roiñ.
fa heagal linn. aṫagra riot fhinn.
Ge tróm aċlir. 'smaiṫ Goll um níḋ.
giḋ mór ni tréiṫ. sáiṫ sluaiġ do riġ.
Caidreaṁ na ndáṁ. leadraċ na slóiġ
tonn fairrge ṫrén. Goll meanmnaċ mór.
buḋ heagail ḋvṫ afhinn. laoċ cinnte ceart.
fraoċ ṁillte aneart
A deirim riot, afhinn an fhuilt tais
ar ġoll na bris. aṁeirge ni tais.
is mairg ṫagṁus ris.
flaiṫ gan fheall. gráin ċéad ar ġoll
air ṁéad ar ṫeann. accaṫ ni tim.

Adeirim

Adeirim riot afhinn. coṁail is geall.
síṫ buan do ġoll. gan fhr̃aṫ. gan fheall
haigneaḋ go trom. Adeirim riot afhinn
na ndriṫlis ndonn. bí ar eagla ġuill
Ge buan re maiṫ. acċaṫ ni dóiġ.
ionnsaiġṫeaċ áiġ. cionsealaċ slóiġ.
Uasal aġean. a eineaċ ni mion
fuilteaċ an fear.
Duasa na sgol. oirḋeirceaċ re sláiġ
toirbeartaċ trén. cosg ċaṫa is buan.
fós flaṫ e. as fial lomlán da feirg
doinne ina fholt. abruinne mar ċailc
iomlan aċorp.
Eire fa ċíos. buḋ cóir ḋa ċrís.
is meanmnaċ bíos. is dealbaċ aġnís.
An gaisgiḋeaċ grinn. ni bfuil ní os goll.
ni ċeilim ort fhinn. is treise e na tonn
flaiṫeaṁail afhós. daiṫeaṁuil aċneas.
ar ġoll na clis. ni slim a treas.
Míleaṫa mór. bronntaċ aḋáil.
consaḋac aṫreóin. afheang go brut áġ.
agus fioċ abuannaċt ar ċách.
Láṁaċaḋ laoċ. roġa na rioġ.
leoṁan ar áġ. cróḋa na ġníoṁ
leabar aláṁ.
Cleaiṫ ċonus bran. sonas na bfian
mórḋálaċ caoin. iorġalaċ dian
Eígneaċ astair. buan rún an fhir.
buaiḋ coṁlann air
Leiḋmeaċ aġail. sonas na rod.
solas aḋead
cuiriḋ se lean air gach trean da ṁéad.

Do ġnáṫ na ġar. organ na ccon
ro ġráḋ na mban. bíon dáiṁ mar sin
Flaiṫ leasgaċ caoiṁ. flaṫċleaċ úr.
fear clisde saor. fear bris múr.
Na ccraoiseaċ ccorr. leaṫan alann.
caṫar Goll. ríṫaoiseaċ ceann.
Tréig ṫsíoċ aġuill, bí síoṫda rinn
re do réiḋ gan ṁeing. trian sioḋaiḋ o fhiom
Ní fuar mo ṁéin. tréigimse mfíoch.
ḋíb afhearguis fhéil.
Do sguir mo ġruaim. aċara gan ċeilg.
a béal tana dearg.
A eineaċ ar lúṫ. do ċlír os áird.

Árd aigneaḋ ġuill. finit.

III.

Muiris Mac Dáibiḋ ḋuib Mac Gearalt cct.
air na scríobaḋ air luing ag dol don Easpáin.

Beannaiġ an longso, a ċríost ċáiḋ.
An tsíon an tonnso san tír.
bíoḋ taingiol 'nar ccleiṫ dar ccóir,
romainn mar sgéiṫ daingin ḋín.
Síṫiġ gairbsíon gaiṁ da ġlór.
míniġ gaċ muir aiṁṁín ḟhuar.
Fraoċ an earaiġ cuir air cúl,
ḋuinn go dul tar ceannaiḃ cuan

Doilġ

Doilg me ṡám' ċúl do ċur.
re mur te 's is doilg ḋam,
mur ṡiañboṫaċ na sealg sean,
treab na sreab ngriansroṫaċ nglan
Cuir me go seasgair ċum seoil,
a Dhé, gan easbaiḋ air niúil.
ó'n tsíon garb ṡhuair muir mór,
re cóir gloin go ccolṁuin cciúin.
Naiċ mo ċorac aiḋbseaċ úr,
taiḋbseaċ a toraḋ 'sa taob,
long ġéagaċ boñógaċ bán,
ṡtuaḋ ṫéadaċ ċroñógaċ ċaoiṁ.
Long gan tlás a ttaċair arm,
gan scáṫ a sċaṫaṁ na storm.
seoltáir tre ċlár na cceañ ngarb
mar buḋ sál marb gaċ gleañ gorm.
Tre ġrianbaṫ gaċ tuiñe trág,
air ṡiarlan da ġaiñe an ġaoṫ
linġeaḋ tair ċablaċ na ccríoċ,
armaċ a ṡíoc is a ṡraoc
Sliog ṡaḋúr ṡoileinneaċ tréan
roinnimneaċ mar ḋragón ḋúr,
breaclong na seolbrataċ saor,
taob creatlom orslataċ úr.
brúġ ḋealbaċ naṫraċ ngríobaċ
ġarg beañbaclaċ ċíocraċ na ccolg,
sliog snasċaom is ṡaobraċ ṡearg,
na ssras ċaor ndearg mbaoġlaċ mbarb.
Tiodlaig siñ arís na rañ
tar liñ is gaċ níḋ bus leam
gan baoġal tar bolgaib na ttoñ.
a noñ seac bordaib na mbeañ.

An

An tabran ceangail.

Beannaiġ an longso anonn tar sáile aig dul
baċalaċ ṫrumpaċ lúnnraċ lan-ċlisde,
an ċreatalaċ sgúnsaċ rúnṫaċ lan tsiosmaċ
marbṫaċ bronntaċ ċubarṫaċ áiṫeasaċ.

Aiṫċim air Íosa Críost neaċ d'ḟulaig an ṗáis,
nar brisṫear don buíḋin na (don) luing na bfuilim go bráṫ.
bullaḋ maiṫ gaoiṫe is taóide is tuileaḋ 'na deaġaiḋ
o ċiuṁsaib ḋúin baoi go taob na cruinne don 'spáin.

THE IRISH ORIGINALS OF THE ELEGIES.

THE IRISH ORIGINALS OF THE ELEGIES.

I.

O Giaráin ccc.

Féaċ oram a inġean Eoġain, me ó'n éag ar naiṫbeoḋaiḋ
ci níḋ is doiḋéanta dúbsi a roirealta ḟ‹óir ḟulbir
Na baoi mar ċáċ a'm' ċuñe, féaċ dar' ḟhíre oruñe,
ni gurab insheáċta ar ndreaċ, a be ċeinéalta ċraibṫeaċ.
As fada an tréimse atáim soñ. gan aire ag aonṁnaoi oram,
a ṁian slóiġ bastana breaġ, fóir ṁeasbaiḋsi is ṁéigean.
Nana bfóirṫear riod ḋreiċ ḋuñ gaċ anbuain da bfuil oruñ,
dul fa ċriaḋ is ċríoċ dom ċeas, nir fríoṫ o liaiġ mo leiġeas.
Coraide ḋit leiġios mo lut, do ṫréigeas gaċ óg orḋuirc,
ort gér bfoiréadṁar re cáċ a ḟholt ḟhoiġéagaċ ḟhioñblaṫ.
Dhaoibs, fós a briaṫar már, do radas toil as tromġrád,
coiṁead mo ċroiḋe re a ċois, tug me ḋeits, le díoġrois.
Rún nar noċdamar do neaċ, a ċúl ḟholtramar ḟháinġeaċ
a los a ndearna ḋut, fóirṫior rib (trat) mo ṫreablud
s, uar an éigeantais so, a stuaġ ġnéġealtais ġrianġlan.

Cuir

Cuir arís, re tromġraḋ te, do ḋa laim a ccuṁe a ċéile
a ċraoḃ fhioñsa air aġnaiċ gean, na ffonsa tráċ a'm' ċimċeall.
Re póig is milse na mil sin ċugam an áit uaiġniġ,
a ċiaḃ fhioñfholtaċ eanġcruiñ, an ḃéal ḃioñfhoclac balfuim
Tabair arís lead bais báin fásgaḋ doċd air mo ḋeasláim
fág raor do ġlaimneor am ġlaic, dom aiṁḋeoin a fhial ordairc.
Da rosc ċoimréiḋ re gloine tóg iad gan fhios aonduine,
a ċúl réiḋ ċiuġclaoḋaċ ċrom. as féaċ go frioċnamaċ orom.
Do beiṫ mar soin buḋ baḋaċ, is beiṫ soilbir soġraḋaċ,
fonn toirmeisce ar ndoiġ, soibriste snáiṫ ar sáoġoil.
O bás do ġeabam go grad, so amain a miaraim orad
tu féin ag an éag buḋ ċráḋ, na féaċ do· scéim ad scáṫán.
Sul meallaiḋ seisiñ air aon, na féaċ air an fholt fioñclaon.
luġa sceal duine no dís. a ġloine mar néiṁ nuaiḋġrís.
Mar soin fós cian ro clos, scéal neaṁġnaċ air Narcissus,
an fear buḋ sciaṁḋa scéim, sioċaiḋe na fheaḋ fhoiltréiḋ
Air ngabáil do (dia do bail,) ta éigin re taob tobair
do ḋearc 'san sruṫ nar fearb sreab, a ċruṫ a ḋealḃ 'sa ḋéanam.
Tug gráḋ fioċmar folaiḋ go báotċroiḋeac banaṁail.
da ġnúis fhiñṁiolda féin, gur ċúis ḋimbrioġa ḋoiféin
A scáṫ féin do ṁill an Mac, do baoi fós da iomfladh.
go ttug bás do mar deirṫear, ga mo cás, d'a ccuiṁniġṫear.
Na mealtar sibsi mar sin, ort féin, go sírglic foiliġ
a fhioñfholtaċ is séiṁ soċt do scéim iongantaċ eattroċt
Do ḋá ċíċ combán re laoġ, foiliġ iad, a bas barċaol
'san dearc úr mearbrosgaċ mall,'san cúl gaib-leasgaċ geágċam
Foiliġ fós an béal mar ṡub 'san da ġruaḋ mar ġréin ṡamraḋ
bair na gcraob bfhiġte fseacta, sa taob síḋe soiniomṫa.
Choiḋċe arís na féaċ orṫa glaca miṅe méarcoirra,
troiḋ ġeal ṁalla tráṫ as buñ, sála seangṁalla séangbuñ.
Muna ttí doṫ áilneaċt féin, do buaiḋreaḋ a ġil ġnúisréiḋ
do ċáċ ni sobuana ruib, - - - - - - gaċ áit oraib.

Da

Da mealltа re silleaḋ na súl fír Éirionn a ċiab claḋúr,
mo nuar ni soiṁeallta sib a stuaḋ ḟoineanta ṡúlbir.
- - - - ḋaoib a ḋreaċ nár goid mo ċroiḋe o a ċeartlár.
o'n ġoid gér geaṁsaoġlaċ me neaṁbaoġal dúit an dlíġréiḋ.
Alta an tuaṫ go leir ruib is da mbeiḋ aondúine ad aġaiḋ,
ni ḋúit nac compánaċ cill, a ċruṫ ṫiompánaċ ṫéidbinn.
Tugaiḋ uaib aiseaċ mo ċroiḋe, a ġnúis roṁaiseaċ ainglíḋe,
a ré fhiornár ġorm mar ġloin, is orm re fiorġráḋ féaċaiḋ.

II.

Sileaċ aon fhear gur dil ḋo féin me, 'nuair luiġin dom mionn,
ṡteid a ḋa trian sios diom 'nuair a smuiniṁ air do ċoṁraḋ liom.
sneaċta siopaiḋe 'gus é ḋa ḟior-cur faoi ṡliab ui fhloinn
'sgo ffuil mo ġráḋsa mar bláiṫ nan airniḋe air an droiḋnean
donn.
Shil me fhéin nac a ceasact spré orm raċfad gráḋ mo ċroiḋe
'snaċ fagfeaċ sé na ḋéig me mar ġeall air ṁaoin;—
faraor gér naċ ffuilim féin agus an fear a ċraiġ mo ċroiḋe,
an gleanntan sleibe 'gus me ffad o aen-neaċ, is a dtrúċt beiṫ
na luiḋe.
Ta féinin le mo ċéad ḟearc an mo ṗóca ḟios;—
'sfearaib Einion ni léisfidis mo bron faraoir;—
'nuair a smuinimse air a ċursaiḋe 'sair a ċúl breaḋ donn,
bim a ger ġol ós-iosal is ag osnail go trom.
Go ffaḋ me féinin la an aonaig óm buacail donn,
is cóṁrad seiṁiḋe no ḋeigsin ó ṗlur na ffear;—
fáraoir gér naċ ffuilim féin agus an sagart air fáil,
no go ndúblamaois ar ccúrsaiḋe sul fa dtéid se anon.

Pé

Pé nar bolc leis é, molfaḋ mise gráḋ mo croiḋe ;
Is pé nar bolc leis é, suiḋfe mé le na ṫaoib ;—
pé nar bolc leis é, mile aiṫrine tri lar a ċroiḋe,
'sa réalt an tsolais am béal a ṗobail, is tu breoiḋ mo ċroiḋe.
'Sa ḋia dílis cread ḋ ḋionfas, ma imġin tu uaim ?
nil eolas ċum do ṫiġe agum, ċum do ṫiniḋ na do ċluiḋ :
tá mo ḋáidi faoi leatrom agus mo ṁáimi faoi brón ;—
tá mo ġaolta go mor a fféirg liom, agus mo gráḋ ḃfad uaim.,
Tá smúit air mo śúille 'snior ċodail me néal,
aċ a smúineam ortsa, ċéad ġrád ; má ḃfhad an oiċe a reir ;
faoi do ċursaideise do ḋiulta me an doṁan uile go leir ;—
'sa ċraebin ċúbarṫa cad as a habarfasa do leabar am breig ?

III. [illegible].

Ambreatain is inéirinn shaeṫaraiḋ an tárdfhlaiṫ clú
bachus gan éifeacht, is géar thu atrácht ar ccúl
Acharaid na héigse do riaradh dáimh go húr
nior baintreabhach an fhéile gur eag tu a Sheain de burc
As dubhach do dheighse atáid Tiaghearnaiḋh lan do chúmhaidh
a phlúr na dtreabh budh gaolmhar cáil agus clú ;
budh súgách fial an tárdfhlaith Seáan de burc
'sgo Dún-mór ó thriall se ta an fiadh sa Rás air gcúl
An fialfhear sáimh is fearr do thuigeadh gach cúis
arían gach dáimh budh gnáth leis eineach is clú
fiáigh chríche fáil, 'sna Rais ad imghidh air ccúl
O thríall an bás air Sheáan mhac choirneil búrc

 Aleac

Aleac ata ad ghear-chlúid air ghéig uir chumasaiġ bhréadh
ann aló bhí féimeamhuil. spóirt, chlub.fiáig agus Rás
is leat abheith pléideamuil ceimeamhuil mar as follas do chách
'sgur air do thaisgidh go láeteamhail tá pléisur chonnas ar lár
Cia do chuirfeas cluithmhide na Rás ar siubhal?
cia bhéarfas buaiḋ an churraiġ go connacht no bárr gach clú
cia bhearfas chugainn le cumas an pláta ón mumhain
o d'éag uainn coinneal nacuideachta Seáan de burc
Ardfhlaith mhóir bheir ceannas a cclú sa spórt
is ann do lán halla budh gnath aiteas is nuaiḋheacht-ceóil
niel ann áit aca ach gáir sgreadaigh. smúit is bróin
semo chradh deacrach an stáidmarcach abeith na luighe an-dunmor
Mo ġéar chúmha an té úd chuir an bás ar ccúl
o léig úir go céin clúdh go clár na Muman
mur ach gur éag uainn an fear féimeamúil Seaan de burc
ni béarfach Sir Eudbard coim-réig úd an pláta & siubal
Ta cead ag gach marcach ó ċlár na múman
ṫeacht le na neaċraiḋ gan geairan fúinn.
ta airgiod gan allas le fáġail a ttuaim
niel fear abacaḋ nuair naċ mairean agaim Seaan de búrc
Seaċt ccéad déag gan bréig is da fhichiod & ttús
go ceart a Sé, do reir an dáta nuadh
o ṫeaċt mic Dé d& sáeraḋ o ċáin an ubaill
go teas an lae fuair éag tú Sheaáin de búrc
As dubhaċ an Green club ag caoineaḋ ó básaiġeaḋ tú
agus feaḋ na tíre ċóidhche an fhásach chiúin
ta an fiagaiḋ firrġlic fo liós mo ċraḋ san dún
agus sin cuimnioġaḋ mióra-do nimsé air Shéaan de búrc.

IV. Eamonn

IV. III.

Eamonn acnuic.

Sa ċúl álunn deas, na bfháinnighib cceart,
Is bréaḋ iad, fas glas do ṡúile!
Sgo bfhúil mo ċroiḋe da ṡlad, mar áṡníġfiḋ gad,
le bliaġain mór fhada súil leat.
Da bfhúiġinsi o ċéart beiṫ mur ċeile leat,
Is eadrom deas do ṡiubalfuinn!
" Sgo réiġfain gaċ sgairt aig éaloḋ le'm searc"
air ċoillṫiġ sgabṫa an drúċta!
Sgo deiṁin fein abean, ce mór é do ṁeas,
Is náir liom ṫu dom ḋiultaḋ!
ce dfáig tu me gan sláinte agam?
Sgan fáṫ no coir air mo ṡiúbalta.
ni dana mo laṁ, 'sro fhaiteac mo ġrad,
aṫeagar! ma bionn tu siubal liom,
Eamonn acnuic ata agad ann,
sas daer anois ann a ḋúthaiḋ
Sa ġráḋ sa ċuṁann! sa ġraḋ gac ndúine!
an ttriallfa seal don muṁain liom?
mur abfhaġmóis go deiṁin ceol ⁊ imirt,
Is uaisle na bfhear asúgraḋ.
córa cuilinn, saṁa ⁊ biolar,
blaṫa ⁊ blas na núblaib.
planda don dúilleabar fúinn ⁊ torainn,
Is fásaċ go mulla glúine.
Sa báb ċneasda ċóm! do pairt liom na sgóil,
Sgo snáṁfuinn atóidi ad deiġs,
Sgo mbféarr liom do ġean, aṡearc sa run na bfear!
no nárus na nóm nuar éagfuinn!

och!

och! is táac lag abiom, 's mo ḟlainte uaim da sniḋeṁ,
le gráḋ ceart don mnói ḋo ṫréig me.
's go dobáil liom da móiḋeam: aċ slan leat aṁóin!
o ḋfágais me air ḋiṫ na céille.
Sdo bearuinn aleabar gan breig ḋuit le fóubonn,
go ndéanuinn tu do ṫoġaḋ air cead bean.
's go raċainn leat anonn tair trénmuir na ttonn,
“ 's go ttreigfuin an ḋoṁan go léir ort*.”
mur andéar tu an am go nélоḋ tu lioṁ
is tréit mise fann gan éifeaċt,
mar éinġeilt angleann, gan éirim gan meabair
fói geaga na ccrann um aenar.
Staimsi lag, is im ċroiḋe ta an ċnead
sas deiṁin naċ gar ḋaṁ fáesioṁ!
le hiomarcaiḋ searc do ṗlúr na ṁban,
sa ṗiob mar eola air áenloċ.
adlóiṫe daite ciorṫa casda,
sláeimac snasda craébaċ!
smur bfhuiġe me o ceart beiṫ mar ċeile leat,
is téiġin gur gar atéug ḋaṁ

* This, and another line, marked with inverted commas, were wanting in the copy when it was first obtained; but as the sense was perfect without them, it was translated, and sent to press.—Since that, these lines were supplied from recollection, and are here given to the Irish reader.

V. Thug

V.

Thug me an ċuáirt ⁊ bairneaċ liom, m'astar sme air eis mo
ṡúbail,
air uáiġ mo ċarad sdo ṁearaiġ sin raḋarc mo ṡúl
ni bfuair me agum ⁊ me falcaḋ na ndeor go húr,
aċ cruaḋ leac ḋaingean air leabaiḋ na créab roċumann.
Ni trēan mo labairt se ṁeasom naċ ċúis náire,
aen boċt sgaite me ⁊ ċoilleas mo ċúl báire,
niel pion, nil peanaid, niel galra co trom craite,
le heug na ccarad, no sgaraḋ na ccompánaċ.
Mo leun! mo ḋeacair! mo ṁilleaḋ! mo bron, s'mo ċraḋ!
mo ċeol ċrúit milis! mo binneas! mo ṡaiḋbrios dáin!
cia hoigṫeaḋ air ḋuine beiṫ air buileaḋ, no bpein mar taim!
no déora fola do ṡileaḋ do ḋeiġ gaċ lá.

THE IRISH ORIGINALS OF THE SONGS.

THE

IRISH ORIGINALS

OF THE

SONGS.

I.

As mian liom tras ar bláṫ na finne
Gráesi an ainnir is súgaiḋ
sgurab í rug bárr accail sa ttúgsi
air ṁnaib bráaḋ glice na ccúigeaḋ
Cia be biaḋ na haice daoiḋce sdo lói
ni baoġal do aṫtúirse ċaoiḋċe no brón
aige an ríoguin tséiṁ is aoibne méin
sí cúl na ccraebh sna bfhainniġ
Ataob mur ael sa píob mur ġéis
sa gnaoi mur ġréin atsamraiḋ
naċ taraiḋ don te dá ġeallaḋ mar sppre
bheiṫ aicise geug na ccamḋlaoi
as suairc sas sáiṁ do ráite glnamúil
as álúinn deas do ṡúlġlas
se ċlúinim gaċ lá aig cách da aiṫris
gur fainneaċ cas do ċúltais

Síud mar adeirim leis anóigṁnaoi ḟéin
bḟuil aglór níos binne no ceol nanén
nil sians no greann dá smuainiġ ceann
naċ bḟuiġṫear go cinnte ag Gracey
Aluḃ na séud ar dlúiṫḋeas déad
aċul na ccraeb sna bḟáinnig
giḋ ionṁuin liom ḟein ċu
sdadaim don sgéal. ach dólḟainn
gan bréig do ṡláinte.

II.

Ce be abḟhuil se andán do
alámh abeith faoi na cionn
measuim nach eagal bás do
go bráth no ann abéo beiṫ cinr
Achul deas na mbachall fáinneach fionn
achom mur eala gile snámh air atuinn
grádh ⁊ spéis don ġasraiḋ; Maible ḟéiṁ ni Cheallaiḋ
déud as deise ar leagaḋ anárus cinn.
Sniel céol dar binne áseolaḋ an duine
nach ar béol dó tuigse aráḋ an sgaċ céim
ta gruaiḋ mar Rós an driṫle. as bran na ċomarsa an
lile
arosg as mine ġlaise blaṫ no an ċraebh

Se deir gaċ ollaṁ molaḋ ċlár ḟíol néill
go ccuirtea na corra ċollaḋ le sárġuċ béil
níel aṁrus liom ann. asáiṁ labrach binn
ach óltar linn go grinn do sláinte féin
Ddéagadar na mna mánla
air attráċtaidis an doṁan go léir
measvim nach fuil na náit ann
ach Máible le clir sgach céim
An sacht gaċ duine accáiliġeaċt sa ccéill
as áġmur don fhile asáġail ón déis
cúl na ccraeb is finne, lúb na ttéad as binne
snuaḋ na geise gile bráiġe sa táeb.
Níel aen da bfeic naċ ionġántaċ acleas
nach néirġidis áġeilt ambarr na ccráeb
sa té nach léir ḋo an ċoinneal
lán do speis aleinibh
si as fearr méin is tuigsi do náisirn gaeḋeal
Si as deise cossa bossa lámh ⁊ béal
péire rosg is fult asás go fér
ta an báire so linn
asáruġadh luċt grinn
sa ráḋ go bfuair me an fhoill. as áġmar liom é.

III.

Inġean tais na mbánċíoch is áilne no laeige bfuaċt
do ṗríomḟchuil ċolla dá ċríoċ adfás tríd aḟḃréama nuás
don ṫráoi da ttagmaḋ ndán do beiṫ ndáil na mbain ndéeċe
4 cuáirt
do mḟóiṫfiḋ leatsa an ċúilleagan fear fás grím an éuda uás
Ta cóir ar lasaḋ dárdḟchuil na Sábrseaċ déanta io
ġrḃaiḋ!
⁊ on lóch mear Conall ceárnaċ ċur árċata néirinn uáir
sgan brón dod ġól mos táire a bláiṫ ċóim na méurlag luáċ
do ríoġḟchuil Cholla ríoġraiḋ lonna ó ġaeḋeal ġlas do ġluáis
Ta daṫ na heala cclódiór re béo ġrís na ccór asparñ
ina leaca gloin na hóig inġine is rós líonta braon agas
gaċ planda ttéas da córñdlóiṫe forsgoilte fóntais tláiṫ
sgaċ rabraḋ teas da béol caoim ddéobarṫaḋ sin dóine
ón mbás
Ta dearġḟchuil ċeart síol Róiġ ⁊ mórċolla an ríġ tuġ bárr
gan feargaḋ airfad gaċ nórlaiġ dom róinḟonla mḟóiṫġil bláiṫ
as dealbaċ oibríoġaḋ améor mír ar snaṫ síos le sriaonaḋ
lám
sgaċ mír di uile ar lí na lile ó broiġṫib go lár.

IV.

bean duḃ an gleanna.

Abfacaḋ tu? no an ccuala tu an stuaire dob aille gnaoi?
ingleanta duba sme in uaignios, gan suaiṁnios do lá no
oiḋċe,
beilin caoin atsuanrois do buair me sdo ċraḋaiġ mo ċroiḋe,
mo ḃeannaċt ḟhein go buan lei ga di an ccuan ṙ do be ait imbiḋ
Ata se sgriobta ibprionnta do ċom seang sdo ṁala ċael
sdo beilin tanuiḋ faoi sin na faoilfinn do neafaċ bréag,
do ċrob as gile sas míne, ionna an sioda sná cluṁ na néan,
sas buarṫa craiḋṫe bímse nuair asmaoinim ar sgaruinn léi.
Nuair aḋearcas i do ṫéiḋ me, le géir ḟearc da gnáoi sda
snó.
amiona cíoċa glegal, aḋéiḋḋeas, sa dlaoi ḟolt óir,
ba gile adreaċ na Deirdre ċuir láeċra na Niḋe ar feoḋ,
sna blánad mín na cclaenrosg le ar traeċaḋ na mílte
tréon.
Aṗlur na mban, na treig me a ḃaeṫlaċ le sainṫ dá sdór,
gan ċiu gan ṁeas gan ḃeasa aċ blaeḋearaċt is bruiḋean
is gleo,
is ciuin do ḟinnfinn dreaċta breaġa gaoiḋeilge ḋuit oiḋċe an
ḟhoṁair,
sdo sgruiḋfuinn sdair na feine go leirċeart sna míleaḋ mór.

M A O N:

AN

IRISH TALE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ſtory of the following Tale *is to be found in the ancient hiſtory of* Ireland. *and is related by* KEATING. O'HALLORAN. WARNER, *&c.*

TO

Mr. and Mrs. TRANT,

THIS

TALE

Is reſpectfully addreſſed,

By their obliged,

And moſt obedient Servant,

Charlotte Brooke.

INTRODUCTION.

ACcompliſh'd Pair! theſe ſimple lays,
With favour's eye peruſe;
And take from me, in artleſs phraſe,
The meſſage of the Muſe.

A Muſe, who ne'er, on Pindus' mount,
Trod inſpiration's ground;
Nor drank ſweet frenzy from the fount,
Where raptures breathe around.

But a bright Power, whom Nature forms,
And Nature's ſcenes inſpire;
Who mounts the winds, and rides the ſtorms,
And glows with Heaven's own fire!

Who train'd, of old, our ſires to fame,
And led them to the field;
Taught them to glow with Freedom's flame,
And Freedom's arms to wield.

With the wild WAR-SONG fir'd the ſoul,
And ſped the daring blow!—
Or, bow'd to Pity's ſoft controul,
Wept o'er a dying foe.

Or ſearch'd all Nature's treaſures round,
To deck a favourite fair;
Or tun'd to love a tender ſound,
And ſang a faithful pair.

This power, while late my couch I preſs'd,
To mental ſight appear'd;
To my charm'd ſoul ſweet words addreſs'd,
By waking Fancy heard.

Shrin'd in the form of reverend age,
The friendly viſion came;
Rob'd as of old, a Bardic Sage,
And took [a] Craftiné's name.

" O thou, (he cry'd) whoſe timid mind
" Its purpoſe would delay!
" Half ſhrinking from it,—yet inclin'd,—
" Half daring, to eſſay.

" Let not the frown of critic wrath,
" Or ſmile of critic ſcorn,
" Affright thee from the ſplendid path,
" Fame and the Muſe adorn.

" The

[a] Craftiné, a celebrated Iriſh Bard who flouriſhed in A. M. 3648. *Vide* KEATING.

" The critic ſtorm, that proudly rends
" The oaks of Learning's Hill,
" Will paſs thy ſhrub, that lowly bends,
" Nor deign its growth to kill.

" Shine, while thou can'ſt, pale trembling beam,
" Ere ſun's eclipſe thy ray;
" Thy little ſtar awhile may gleam,
" 'Till Phœbus brings the day.

" For oft the Muſe, a gentle gueſt,
" Dwells in a female form;
" And patriot fire, a female breaſt,
" May ſure unqueſtion'd warm.

" No more thy glorious taſk refuſe,
" Nor ſhrink from fancy'd harms,
" But, to the eye of Britain's Muſe,
" Preſent a ſiſter's charms.

" Thee hath the ſweet enchantreſs taught
" The accents of her tongue;
" Pour'd on thine ear her lofty thought,
" Celeſtial as ſhe ſung.

" Now let her ſee thy grateful heart
" With fond ambition burn,
" Proud if thou can'ſt, at leaſt in part,
" Her benefits return.

" Long,

" Long, her neglected harp unſtrung,
" With glooms encircl'd round;
" Long o'er its ſilent form ſhe hung,
" Nor gave her ſoul to ſound.

" Rous'd from her trance, again to reign,
" And re-aſſert her fame,
" She comes, and deigns thy humble ſtrain
" The herald of her claim.

" Swells not thy ſoul with noble pride,
" This honor to embrace,
" Which partial fates for thee decide,
" With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd grace?—

" Coward!—from the bright path aſſign'd,
" Thy feet had turn'd away,
" From the bright prize thine eye declin'd,
" Too weak for Glory's ray:

" Did not a ſteadier ſoul exhort,
" A ſteadier counſel guide,
" With zeal thy timid mind ſupport,
" And its vain terrors chide.

" I know the Pair by Genius lov'd,
" By every Muſe inſpir'd,
" Who thy unpractis'd ſtrains approv'd,
" And thy ambition fir'd!

" To

" To *them* the Muſe [b] of ancient days
" Avows the tribute due;
" To *them* her grateful thanks ſhe pays,
" And—coward!—not to you.

" What ſhould ſhe do her love to ſhew?—
" From all her ample ſtore,
" What favours can her hand beſtow
" That were not theirs before?

" Yes, ſhe can add thoſe generous joys,
" That ſympathy of hearts,
" Which kindred ſentiment employs,
" And worth to worth imparts.

" Go then to thy accompliſh'd friends;
" The Muſe commands thee go;
" Bear them the grateful gift ſhe ſends,
" 'Tis all ſhe can beſtow.

" Bear them the pride of ancient days;
" Truth, ſcience, virtue, fame;
" The lover's faith, the poet's praiſe,
" The patriotic flame!

[b] The mention of *the Muſe*, in this place, may appear rather too claſſical, but the ancient Iriſh had their Muſe, as well as the Greeks and Romans, and her name was *be-ſuba*.

" All in the royal Pair confeſs'd,
" Whoſe TALE the Bard purſues;
" Like them, united, grac'd and bleſs'd
" By Virtue, and the Muſe.

THE

TALE.

BOW'D to dark Cobthach's fierce command,
When ſtruggling Erin groan'd;
And, cruſh'd beneath his bloody hand,
Her ſlaughter'd ſons bemoan'd;

Of all whoſe honeſt pity dar'd
One tear humane to ſhed;
My life alone the ſavage ſpar'd,
Nor touch'd the ſacred head.

Protected by the Muſe's pow'r,
And the Bard's hallow'd name,
I ſcap'd the death-devoted hour,
The hour of blood and ſhame!

When Nature pleaded, Pity wept,
And Conſcience cry'd in vain;
When all the powers of vengeance ſlept
Upon a monarch ſlain.

Shock'd Hiſtory, from the dreadful day,
Recoil'd with horror pale,
And, ſhrinking from the dire diſplay,
Left half untold the tale!

But I, ſad witneſs of the ſcene!
Can well its woes atteſt;
When the dark blade, with murder keen,
Spar'd not a brother's breaſt[b].

When Nature, preſcient as my ſoul,
With earthquakes rock'd the ground;
Air bade its deepeſt thunders roll,
And lightnings flaſh'd around!

While,

[b] Cobthach, a prince of an envious and aſpiring temper, repining at the greatneſs of his brother, Laoghaire Lork, then monarch of Ireland, determined to wade through murder to the throne. To effect this purpoſe, he pretended illneſs, and was conſtantly and affectionately viſited by his unſuſpecting brother; but finding that he ſtill came attended, and, therefore, gave no opportunity for the meditated blow, he requeſted a private interview with him; it was granted, and the following day appointed for the purpoſe; Laoghaire came, but found his brother apparently dead; and bending over him, in the bitterneſs of his ſorrow, was ſtabbed, by the perfidious and ungrateful Cobthach, to the heart. *See* KEATING, WARNER, &c.

While, on each blaſting beam, their forms,
(The ſons of death) were rear'd;
And, louder than the mingling ſtorms,
The ſhrieks of ghoſts were heard!

Till, Oh! dark, chearleſs, ſlow and late,
The burden'd morn aroſe;
When forth, to meet impending fate,
Alone the monarch goes.

In vain ſome guard do I conjure;
No heed will he beſtow:
I follow to the fatal door,—
I hear the deadly blow!—

Hold, villain, hold!—but ſhort'ning breath
Arreſts my feeble cries;
And ſeals awhile, in tranſient death,
My light-deteſting eyes.

Yet ſoon, to further horrors doom'd,
I rais'd my ſickening head;
And Life her languid pow'rs reſum'd,—
To ſee Life's comfort fled.

The groans of Death around me riſe,
Scarce yet diſtinctly heard!
While Fate, to my uncloſing eyes,
In bloody pomp appear'd!—

As when the Spirit of the Deep
His dreadful courſe maintains;
While his loos'd winds o'er Ocean ſweep,
And gloomy horror reigns!

Satiate with groans, and fierce with blood,
The dark malignant power
Rides, in grim triumph, o'er the flood,
And rules the deathful hour!

So the dire Cobthach, drunk with gore,
And glorying to deſtroy;
Aloft victorious horrors bore,
And ſmil'd with hideous joy.

Cloſe by the murder'd Monarch's ſide,
The earth brave Ollioll [c] preſs'd;
A dagger, bath'd in life's warm tide,
Yet quivering in his breaſt.

Claſp'd round the dying Prince's neck,
His little Maon [d] lay;
While the third dagger roſe to ſtrike
Its unreſiſting prey.

Rous'd

[c] Ollioll Aine, ſon to Laoghaire Lorc, who was thus murdered by his brother Cobthach.

[d] Maon, ſon to Ollioll Aine.

Rous'd at that ſight; to madneſs ſtung,
I ruſh'd amid the foe;
And, o'er the trembling victim flung,
I met the deſtin'd blow.

O happy wound! cloſe to my breaſt,
(Tho' ſtreaming from the knife)
My precious charge, thus ſav'd, I preſs'd,
And guarded him with life.

Shock'd at the ſacrilegious ſtroke,
The arm of death recoil'd;
While from the croud the paſſions broke
That in their boſoms boil'd.

The royal blood, that round them ſtream'd,
They could with calmneſs view;
But, for the Bard, their frenzy deem'd
The fierceſt vengeance due!

A thouſand ſwords to guard me roſe,
Amid the conflict's roar;
While ſafe, from his ſurrounding foes,
My trembling charge I bore.

Long while he ſeem'd, with life alone,
To ſcape that fatal day;
For Reaſon, from his little throne,
In terror fled away.

While thus bereft of ſenſe he grew,
No fears the court invade,
And ſafe in the Uſurper's view,
The beauteous maniac play'd.

Reaſon, at length, a ſecond dawn,
With cheering luſtre, ſhed;
And, from the Tyrant's pow'r withdrawn,
To Munſter's King we fled.

There, long conceal'd from every foe,
Beneath the royal care,
I ſaw my lovely ſcion grow,
And ſhoot its branch in air.

Oh, while I view'd his blooming face,
And watch'd his opening mind;
While, in a form of matchleſs grace,
I ſaw each virtue ſhrin'd;

With more than a parental pride,
My throbbing heart o'erflow'd;
And each fond thought, to hope ally'd,
With ſweet prediction glow'd!

One daughter, bright in beauty's dawn,
The royal cares beguil'd;
All ſportive as the gladſome fawn,
And as the moon-beam mild.

Like the firſt infants of the ſpring,
Sweet opening to the view;
Fann'd by the breeze's tender wing,
And freſh with morning dew.

Such were fair Moriat's growing charms,
So bright her dawning ſky;
And beauty, young, with early harms,
Was cradled in her eye.

By ties of ſweet attraction drawn,
And pair'd by infant love,
Oft, lightly ſporting o'er the lawn,
The royal children rove;

Together chaſe the gilded fly,
Or pluck the blooming flower;
Or boughs, with buſy hands, ſupply,
To weave the little bower.

But now, as years and ſtature grow,
Maturer ſports ariſe;
Now Mäon bends the ſtrongeſt bow,
And Moriat gives the prize.

Light dance the happy hours along,
To love's enchanting lay;
And pleaſure tunes the ſweeteſt ſong!
And every ſcene is gay.

But ſoon each beauteous viſion flies
That bliſsful fancy forms;
As the ſoft ſmile of azure ſkies
Is chac'd by chiding ſtorms.

Again fate lours, and dangers frown—
The bloody Cobthach hears—
Once more the dagger threats to drown
In Mäon's blood his fears.

And muſt we fly?—muſt Mäon's heart
Its Moriat then forego?—
Muſt he with every comfort part,
To ſhun his cruel foe?—

He muſt; there are no other means
Of life or ſafety nigh;
Our only hope on Gallia leans,
And thither muſt he fly.

What tears!—what anguiſh!—what deſpair!—
At length he bade adieu;
Ah when again his faithful fair,—
His native land to view?—

"Yes, ſoon again! (he proudly cries;)
"In vengeance too array'd!
"On this right arm my hope relies,
"And Gallia's friendly aid."

But

But Mäon knew not yet, how near,
How tenderly ally'd,
To his own blood;—how very dear
The victims that had dy'd.

Firſt, his weak health, and tender years,
Bade the dire truth conceal,
Which after, (though from different fears,)
We did not dare reveal.

For when, as ſtrength and knowledge grew,
He heard the tale unfold;
But half its horrors giv'n to view,
And half his wrongs untold:

When, but as kindred to his ſire,
The Monarch's death he heard;
Then, in his ſoul's quick mounting fire,
His royal race appear'd.

Indignant paſſions fill'd his eye,
And from his accents broke;
While the pale lip, and burſting ſigh,
His burden'd ſoul beſpoke.

In vain, his fury to aſſuage,
I every art beſtow'd;
Still, with the raſh reſolves of rage,
His reſtleſs boſom glow'd.

In ſuch a cauſe, his arm alone
Of ample *force* he deems;
And, to pluck murder from its throne,
A ſlight adventure ſeems.

His youth, his raſhneſs I bewail'd,—
I trembled to behold;
And fear, and pitying love prevail'd
To leave dire truths untold.

To Gallia now fate call'd—ſtill, ſtill
His birth we dar'd not ſhew;
We dreaded leſt ſome fatal ill
Should from the knowledge flow.

Youth's headlong paſſions mov'd our fears
The ſecret to ſecure,
Till practis'd thought, and manlier years,
His mind and arm mature.

When, from his weeping Moriat torn,
He bade the laſt adieu;
When from her ſight—her palace borne,
He ceas'd its walls to view;

Then freſh diſtractions fill'd his breaſt,
The fears of anxious love;
Ah!—by ſome happier youth addreſt,—
Should Moriat faithleſs prove!

He ſtopp'd—his frame with anguiſh ſhook;
With groans his boſom roſe;
The wildneſs of his air and look
My ſoul with terror froze.

" Dear guardian of my orphan ſtate!
(At length he faultering cry'd,)
" Thee too—thee too his cruel fate
" From Mäon muſt divide!

" To tend thy lovelier pupil's youth,
" Do thou behind remain;
" Remind her of her Mäon's truth,
" His conſtancy, his pain.

" Thou who haſt form'd my Moriat's heart,
" With ſweet and happy ſkill;
" Obedient to thy gentle art,
" And faſhion'd to thy will:

" O ſtill that heart, thoſe wiſhes guide
" Beneath ſoft Love's controul;
" Whate'er in abſence may betide,
" To ſhake me from her ſoul.

" Should ever, from that beauteous breaſt,
" Its fond impreſſion ſtray;
" Should aught e'er chaſe the tender gueſt,
" With thoughtleſs mirth away;

" Then

" Then let thy ſweet and melting hand
" On the ſoft harp complain,
" More ſkilful than the magic wand,
" Awake the powerful ſtrain.

" To call, like ſpirits from their ſphere,
" Each trembling paſſion round,
" Its ſpellful potency to hear,
" And ſigh to ev'ry ſound!

" The mournful ſweetneſs ſoon will bring
" To mind her Mäon's woe;
" And mem'ry, o'er the tender ſtring,
" In faithful tears will flow.

" Alas, thine eye rejects my prayer!
" O yet, let pity ſway!
" Or ſee vain life no more my care,
" Or now conſent to ſtay!"

Diſtracted,—ſhock'd at his command;
In vain all arts I try'd,
His cruel purpoſe to withſtand,
And with him ſtill abide:

In vain all arguments addreſt,
In vain did I implore;
He wept—he ſtrain'd me to his breaſt,—
But left me on the ſhore.

Sad,

Sad, devious, careleſs of their courſe,
My lonely ſteps return'd,
While ſorrow drain'd its weeping ſource,
And age's anguiſh mourn'd.

Bereft of him for whom alone
Life deign'd to keep a care,
For him I heav'd the ceaſeleſs groan,
And breath'd the ceaſeleſs pray'r.

I only liv'd at his requeſt,
His bidding to obey;
And chear his Moriat's faithful breaſt,
To waſting grief a prey.

From her fair eye to wipe the tear,
Her guardian and her guide:
Dear to my heart! but doubly dear,
As Mäon's deſtin'd bride.

O, abſence! tedious thy delay,
And ſad thy hours appear;
While numbering ſighs recount each day
That fills the long, long year.

Yet not devoid of hope we griev'd,
For oft glad tidings came;
Oft our reviving ſouls receiv'd
The news of Mäon's fame.

The prince of Gallia's fertile land,
To Erin's throne ally'd,
Grac'd his young kinſman with command,
And plac'd him near his ſide.

Together o'er the martial field
They chaſe the routed foe;
Together war's fierce terrors wield,
And ſtrike the glorious blow!

At length, to him the ſole command
Of Gallia's armies fell,
For now, his train'd and valiant hand
Well knew her foes to quell.

The terror of the Gallic arms
To eaſt,—to weſt he ſpread,
And, ſafe return'd from fierce alarms,
His conquering powers he led.

All tongues his proweſs now atteſt;
Exulting Moriat hears;
The ſounds bring rapture to her breaſt,
And muſick to her ears.

" Now, now, (ſhe cry'd) what hinders now
" The work his virtue plan'd?
" What hinders to perform his vow,
" And free his captive land?"

" Ah

" Ah Moriat! bright in every charm
" That Nature's power could give!
" Ah, haſte thy tender breaſt to arm,
" Hear the dire news—and live!

" Prepare thy Mäon to diſown;
" Thy thoughts from love divide;
" The daughter of the Gallic throne
" Is deſtin'd for his bride."

Ah ſounds of death!—ſhe faints, ſhe falls!
Down ſinks the beauteous head.—
At length our care to life recalls,
But peace, alas! is fled.

" Where now is Virtue?—where is Love?
" O Faith! O Pity!—where?
" Can Mäon cruel,—perjur'd prove,
" And falſe as fondly ſwear?

" Ah no, ah no!—it cannot be!—
" Too well that heart I know!—
" Alas!—now, now the cauſe I ſee
" Whence all my ſorrows flow!

" Fly, fly Craftinè!—to thy Lord
" My ſoul's entreaty bear!
" And O! may Heaven calm ſeas afford,
" And ſwifteſt winds prepare!

" Tell him, it is my true requeſt,
" It is my firm command,
" That Love, a fond imprudent gueſt,
" No more reſtrain his hand.

" Tell him, he freely may eſpouſe
" My happy rival's charms;
" Tell him, I give him back his vows,
" I yield him to her arms.

" So may the ſtrength of Gallia's throne
" Attend a filial prayer,
" And force our tyrant to atone
" For all the wrongs we bear.

" Alas! I fear it will not be!—
" Too faithful is his heart!
" From vows ſo dear,—from Love and me
" He never will depart.

" Even now, perhaps, his ſoftening ſoul
" The fond ideas move,
" And yield it to the ſweet controul
" Of—ah, too mighty Love!

" Friends, kindred, country, honor, fame,
" And vengeance are forgot;
" And, with a fond, ill-omen'd flame,
" His ſighing ſoul is fraught.

" O haſte

" O haſte thee then, ere yet too late,
" To ſhield thy pupil's fame;
" To ſnatch it from impending fate,
" And from impending ſhame!

" Tell him his country claims him now.—
" To her his heart he owes;
" And ſhall a love-breath'd wiſh, or vow,
" That glorious claim oppoſe?—

" Tell him to act the patriot part
" That Erin's woes demand;
" Tell him, would he ſecure my heart,
" He muſt reſign my hand.—

" Haſte, haſte thee hence!—tell him—yet ſtay!—
" O Heaven! my heart inſpire!
" O what—what further ſhall I ſay,
" His ſoul with fame to fire?—

" Soft—ſoft—'tis mine!—O happy hour!
" It cannot fail to move!
" O bleſt be Erin's guardian pow'r!
" And bleſt be patriot love!"

While thus the ſweet Enthuſiaſt ſpeaks,
She ſeems o'er earth to riſe;
Sublime emotions flufh her cheeks,
And fill her radiant eyes!

In her ſoft hand the ſtyle ſhe takes[1],
And the beech tablet holds;
And there the ſoul of glory wakes,
And all her heart unfolds.

"'Tis done!—now haſte thee hence, (ſhe cry'd)
"With this to Gallia fly;—
"And O! let all thy power be try'd,
"To gain him to comply!

"O fire his ſoul with glory's flame!
"O ſend me from his heart!
"Before his country, and his fame,
"Let bluſhing love depart!—

"For me,—on duty I rely,
"My firm ſupport to prove;
"And Erin ſhall the room ſupply
"Of Mäon and of love."

"Bleſt be thy ſoul! O peerleſs maid!
"Bright ſun of virtue's heaven!
"For O! to thee, her light, her aid,
"And all her powers are given!"

I went:

[1] "Before the uſe of paper or parchment, the matter on which the Iriſh wrote "their letters was on tables cut out of a beech tree, and ſmoothed by a plane, which "they inſcribed with an iron pencil, called a *ſtyle*; the letters themſelves were "anciently termed *Feadha* (woods) from the matter on which they were written, "as well as becauſe they were the names of trees; and this was the practice of other "nations before paper and parchment were diſcovered." WARNER's *Hiſt. Irel. Int.* p. 65.

I went:—I bounded o'er the wave,
To Gallia's verdant ſhore;
The winds a ſwift conveyance gave,
And ſoon to harbour bore.

And ſoon, at Gallia's ſplendid court,
I lowly bent the knee,
While fondeſt hopes my heart tranſport,
Again my Prince to ſee.

My hopes were juſt.—Sublime he came,
Array'd in glory's charms!
I panted to unfold my name,—
To ruſh into his arms!—

It muſt not be;—a cloſe diſguiſe
My face and form conceals;
No token, to my Mäon's eyes,
As yet, his Bard reveals.

Patient, as Moriat bade, I wait,
Collecting all my power,
'Till, to the buſy forms of ſtate,
Succeeds the feſtive hour.

The feaſt is o'er:—the light'ned board
With ſparkling ſhells is crown'd;
And numbers next their aid afford,
And give new ſoul to ſound.

Then,

Then, then my harp I trembling take,
And touch its lofty ſtring,
While Moriat's lines its powers awake,
And, as ſhe bade I ſing.

Mäon! bright and deathleſs name!
Heir of Glory!—ſon of fame!
Hear, O hear the Muſe's ſtrain!
Hear the mourning Bard complain!—
Hear him, while his anguiſh flows
O'er thy bleeding country's woes.
Hear, by him, her Genius ſpeak!
Hear her, aid and pity ſeek!

"Mäon, (ſhe cries) behold my ruin'd land!
"The proſtrate wall,—the blood-ſtain'd field:—
"Behold my ſlaughter'd ſons, and captive ſires,
"Thy vengeance imprecate, thy aid demand!
"(From reeking ſwords and raging fires
"No arm but thine to ſhield.)
"Come ſee what yet remains to tell
"Of horrors that befell!
"Come ſee where death, in bloody pomp array'd,
"Triumph'd o'er thy ſlaughter'd race!
"Where murder ſhew'd his daring face,
"And ſhook his deadly blade.

"Hark!

" Hark!—hark!—that deep-drawn ſigh!—
" Hark!—from the tomb my ſlaughter'd Princes cry!
" Still Attention! hold thy breath!—
" Liſten to the words of death!—
" Start not Mäon!—arm thy breaſt!
" Hear thy royal birth confeſt.
" Hear the ſhade of Laoghaire tell
" All the woes his houſe befell."

" Son of my ſon! (he cries,) O Mäon! hear!—
" Yes, yes,—our child thou art!
" Well may the unexpected tale
" Thus turn thy beauty pale!
" Yet chear, my ſon, thy fainting heart,
" And ſilent, give thine ear.

" Son of Ollioll's love art thou,
" Offspring of his early vow.
" One dreadful morn our fall beheld,
" One dagger drank our kindred blood;
" One mingling tide the ſlaughter ſwell'd,
" And murder bath'd amid the royal flood.

" Again,—again they riſe to fight!—
" The horrors of that fatal day!—
" Encircling peril! wild affright!
" Groans of death, and deep diſmay!

" See

" See Erin's dying Princes preſs the ground!
" See gaſping patriots bleed around!
" See thy grandſire's cloſing eye!
" Hear his laſt expiring ſigh!
" Hear thy murder'd ſire, in death,
" Bleſs thee with his lateſt breath!—

" Tears!—ſhall tears for blood be paid?—
" Vengeance hopes for manly aid!
" There—to yon tomb direct thine eyes!—
" See the ſhade of Ollioll riſe!
" Hark!—he groans!—his airy ſide
" Still ſhews the wound of death!
" Still, from his boſom, flows the crimſon tide,
" As when he firſt reſign'd his guiltleſs breath!

" Mäon! (he cries,) O hear thy ſire!
" See, from the tomb, his mangled form ariſe!
" Vengeance!—vengeance to inſpire,
" It meets thine aching eyes!

" Speak I to an infant's ears,
" With ſhuddering blood and flowing tears?—
" Rouſe thee!—rouſe thy daring ſoul!
" Start at once for glory's goal!

" Ruſh

" Ruſh on Murder's blood-ſtain'd throne!
" Tear from his brow my crown!
" Pluck, pluck the fierce barbarian down!
" And be triumphant vengeance all thy own!"

Ha!—I behold thy ſparkling eyes!
Erin!—'tis done!—thy Tyrant dies!
Thy Mäon comes to free his groaning land!
To do the work his early virtue plann'd.
He comes, the heir of Laoghaire's ſplendid crown!
He comes, the heir of Ollioll's bright renown!
He comes, the arm of Gallia's hoſt;
Valour's fierce and lovely boaſt!
Gallia's grateful debt is paid;
See, ſhe gives her generous aid!
Her warriors round their hero preſs;
They ruſh, his wrongs, his country to redreſs.

But, ah! what ſtar of beauty's ſky
Beams wonder on my dazzled eye?
What form of light is here?
And wherefore falls that ſoftly trembling tear?—
Fair viſion! do thy ſorrows flow,
To balm a ſtranger's woe!—

Thoſe dear drops that Pity brings,
How bright, how beauteous they appear!
The radiance of each tender tear
Might gem the diadems of kings!

Ah, 'tis Gallia's royal fair!—
Her ſole and lovely heir!—
O Nature! ſee thy power confeſt!
See that dear, that beauteous breaſt
Beat with thy myſtic throb!
Hear the big ſob
Heave the ſoft heart, and ſhake the tender frame!
O bright abode of Pity's power!
Sweet altar of her trembling flame!
Well (faireſt!) in this fateful hour,
Well may thy tears thy kindred race proclaim!
Well may'ſt thou weep for Erin's woes,
Since, in thy veins, the blood of Laoghaire flows!

Monarch of the Gallic throne,
Liſt to my voice!—
An union that might make the world thy own,
Now courts thy choice.

See the bright daughter of thy love!
Yet unmated is thy dove.
Can that ſoft hand a ſcepter wield?—
Can that fair breaſt a nation ſhield?—

No,

No,—but with our prince ally'd,
Erin's lov'd and lovely bride,
Then, our joint empire, how might it extend!
And wide our glittering ſtandards be unfurl'd!
To our united power the earth might bend,
And our high ſceptre, then, ſhould ſway a world!

Thus, delegated, while I ſpoke,
My mandate to obey;
Swift on my words the Princeſs broke,
And rapt my powers away.

" Never will I conſent (ſhe cry'd)
" To wear thy country's crown;
" Nor ever be thy Mäon's bride,
" Tho' ſplendid his renown!

" Yet think not, Bard, my ſenſeleſs breaſt
" Quite dead to Glory's flame;
" Think not I ſlight a Prince, confeſt
" The favourite ſon of fame.

" Once, Bard,—I do not bluſh to own,
" Tho' Gallia's royal heir,
" I would have given the world's high throne,
" A Cot with him to ſhare.

" But, when I heard the tender tales
" His gentle accents told;
" How ſweet a roſe the royal vales
" Of Fearmorka[a] hold;

" I ſhrunk from the ungenerous thought
" That might their loves deſtroy;
" And, in his dearer peace, I ſought
" To find reflected joy.

" Nor now could world's my heart perſuade
" To be thy Maon's bride,
" Or, from his bleſt Momonian maid,
" His faithful vows divide.

" But who art thou, whoſe wiſhes tower
" Wide empire, thus, to wield;
" Who, to Ambition's haughty power,
" Would Love a victim yield?"—

" O maid of Heaven!"—I could no more,
For tears my words arreſt;
And joy the garb of ſorrow wore,
Big heaving in my breaſt.

With rapture mute, the cloſe diſguiſe
Quick from my limbs I threw;

And

[a] In the weſt of Munſter.

And ſtraight, to Mäon's wondering eyes,
Craftinè ſtood to view.

Forward, with lightning's ſpeed, he ſprung,
And caught me to his heart;
While eager round my neck he clung,
As if no more to part.

Then ſudden, ſtarting from my breaſt,
His eye my form ſurvey'd;
Its ſearching beams his doubts expreſt,
And ſtruggling ſoul diſplay'd.

" And is it then Craftinè ſpeaks?
(At length he fault'ring cry'd,)
" Is it that honour'd ſage who ſeeks
" His pupil to miſguide?

" Can then Craftinè bid me fly
" From Virtue's firm controul;
" And bid the breath of fame ſupply
" Her empire in my ſoul!

" Does the ſage guide of Mäon's youth
" Now teach the traitor's art;—
" Teach, with the ſmiles of ſeeming truth,
" To veil a venal heart?

" One

" One lovely maid of heavenly charms,
" Bethroth'd, and won, to leave;
" And, wedded to another's arms,
" Her generous ſoul deceive!

" A double traitor ſhall I prove,
" And ſtain with guilt my name!—
" Loſt both to honour, and to love,
" To virtue, and to ſhame!—

" No, royal Aidé, form'd to bleſs!
" Thou would'ſt diſdain the art;
" And charms like thine ſhould ſure poſſeſs
" An undivided heart.

" Sweet maid! with each endowment bleſt
" That favouring Heaven could give,
" O! ever, in my grateful breaſt,
" Shall thy dear image live!

" But further, by a form ſo bright,
" Had my fond ſoul been won;
" Won by thy charms, thou lovely light
" Of Virtue's ſacred ſun!

" To thee had changing paſſion ſtray'd
" From vows of earlier youth;
" Thy bright example, glorious maid!
" Had ſham'd me into truth.

" Yet

" Yet think me not, tho' true to love,
" So dead to virtuous fame,
" To prize a ſelfiſh joy above
" The patriot's hallow'd flame.

" O Erin! that I hold thee dear,
" This arm ſhall ſoon atteſt;
" For now revenge—revenge draws near,
" In death and terrors dreſt!

" And, O rever'd and royal ſhades!
" Ye dwellers of my ſoul!
" Whoſe memory this ſad heart pervades,
" With limitleſs controul!

" Bend from your clouds each radiant face,
" While, firm as fate's decrees,
" I ſwear, the manes of my race,
" With vengeance to appeaſe!

" But Moriat!—never from my breaſt
" Shall thy mild virtues part!
" There ever ſhalt thou reign, confeſt
" The ſov'reign of my heart!

" Say Bard, who thus thy ſoul has ſway'd?
" Who could thy ſenſe miſguide,
" To bid me leave my lovely maid,
" And ſeek another bride?"

" No

" No art, O Mäon, ſway'd my breaſt,
" But POWER the mandate gave;
" Deny'd my age its needful reſt,
" And ſped me o'er the wave."

" What haughty power could thus aſſume
" An empire o'er my ſoul?—
" O'er Love and Virtue thus preſume
" To arrogate controul?"——

" A power, to whom thy humble vow
" E'er long ſhall be addreſt;
" A power to whom thy ſoul ſhall bow,
" And ſtoop its lofty creſt."

" Ha! tell me then,—who, who ſhall dare
" To dictate to my heart?
" To bid it from its wiſh forbear,
" And from its love depart?"—

" Earneſt, O Prince! was my command,
" And urgent was my ſpeed;
" A mandate from thy Moriat's hand
" This fruitleſs voyage decreed."

" Moriat!—away—it cannot be!
" Shame on thy cruel art!—
" Hence, hence away, while yet thou'rt free,
" And with thy tale depart."——

" Unjuſtly,

" Unjuſtly, Prince, am I diſgrac'd,
" And guiltleſs do I ſtand;
" Behold the characters ſhe trac'd;
" Behold her well known hand."

" Ha!—blindneſs to my tortur'd ſight!
" O hope! behold thy grave!—
" O death to every fond delight
" That Love to promiſe gave!

" Say, Bard, while ſenſe yet lives to hear,
" Whence came this cruel change?
" O what, from vows ſo fond, ſo dear,
" Could ſuch a ſoul eſtrange?

" What happy rival, in her heart,
" Now holds her Mäon's place,
" Who thus, with ſuch ſucceſsful art,
" His image could efface?

" Miſtaken Prince! no ſecond flame
" Thy Moriat's heart can prove;
" And it is only Mäon's *fame*
" Can rival Mäon's *love*."

" O haſte, (ſhe cry'd) haſte, to thy Lord,
" My ſoul's entreaty bear!
" And O may Heaven calm ſeas afford,
" And ſwifteſt winds prepare!

" Tell him his country claims him now,
" To *her* his heart he owes;
" And ſhall a love-breath'd wiſh or vow
" That glorious claim oppoſe?

" Tell him to act the patriot part
" That Erin's woes demand;
" Tell him, would he ſecure my heart,
" He muſt reſign my hand.

" For me, on duty I rely
" My firm ſupport to prove,
" And Erin ſhall the room ſupply
" Of Mäon and of Love.

" Tell him he freely may eſpouſe
" My happy rival's charms;
" Tell him I give him back his vows,
" I yield him to her arms.

" So may the ſtrength of Gallia's throne,
" Attend a filial prayer,
" And force one tyrant to atone
" For all the wrongs we bear."

" Now Prince,—now judge thy Moriat's heart
" Now blame her dear command;
" Now, if thou wilt, condemn the part
" Her patriot virtue plan'd!"

With

With rapturous wonder's ſweet alarm,—
With ſpeechleſs joy oppreſt,
The trembling Mäon reach'd his arm,—
And ſunk upon my breaſt.——

Diſſolv'd in the applauding tear
That heart to virtue pays,
The wondering melting croud appear,
While on the ſcene they gaze.

Low at the feet of Gallia's throne
The lovely Aidé bow'd;
Sweet in perſuaſive charms ſhe ſhone,
And thus her ſuit avow'd:

" Now, now a boon, my royal ſire!
" If ever I was dear,
" O grant me now one ſole deſire,
" One fond petition hear.

" Let now the flower of Gallia's hoſt
" Our Mäon's arm attend,
" And ſpeed him hence to Erin's coaſt,
" His country to defend.

" To tear the murderer of his race
" From his inſulted throne,
" His wrongs, with vengeance, to efface,
" And blood with blood atone."

Propitious to the warm requeſt
  Of his enchanting child,
Her ſuit the royal Father bleſt,
  And with acceptance ſmil'd.

Then riſing, on the Prince ſhe turn'd
  Her more than angel face;
Her eye with heav'nly radiance burn'd,
  And beam'd benignant grace.

" Now go;—to Erin's happy ſhore
  " Direct thy courſe, (ſhe cry'd)
" Peace to thy native land reſtore,
  " And o'er its realms preſide;

" And tell that ſiſter of my ſoul,
  " Thy lov'd Momonian Maid,
" Like her, I ſtrain to Virtue's goal,
  " On Glory's wing convey'd.

" Tell her, though oceans roll between
  " Our ſhores, at diſtance plac'd,
" Yet is ſhe by my ſpirit ſeen,
  " And by my heart embrac'd.

" And ſay,—when death diſſolves our frames;—
  " When free to Æther's wing,
" And borne aloft on pureſt flames,
  " Our ſouls exulting ſpring:

" Rivals

" Rivals no more, we then ſhall meet;
" In air's bright chariots move;
" And joyful join in union ſweet,
" And everlaſting love.——"

Thus while ſhe ſpoke, tears dimm'd her ſight;
Her cheek its roſe withdrew;
And quick as lightning's radiant flight,
She vaniſh'd from our view:

Mäon, pale, mute, o'erwhelm'd, diſtreſs'd,
Had ſunk before the Maid,
And, to the ſpot her feet had preſs'd
His grateful lips he laid.

A while the pitying Monarch gaz'd,
And dropt a tender tear;
Then from the earth the youth he rais'd,
His drooping ſoul to chear.—

Now, ſnatch'd from every trophied wall,
Bright ſtandards float in air,
And, to their Champion's glorious call,
The Gallic Chiefs repair.

Fate wing'd, along the rolling wave,
Their ſhips exulting flew;
And Erin ſoon her harbours gave
To our enraptur'd view.

Then Retribution's dreadful hour
Appall'd the guilty breaſt!
Stern frown'd the terror-giving power,
In blood and vengeance dreſt.

As when fierce NEITH[n] mounts his car,
With dreadful ſplendours bright;
And, thundering in the front of war,
Sweeps o'er the fields of fight!

Diſmay'd before the withering God,
The routed armies fly;
Death in his arm, fate in his nod,
And battles in his eye!

So his bright car our Mäon grac'd,
In martial charms array'd:
So his young arm, by vengeance brac'd,
Shook high its deadly blade!

But the ſoft muſe, of war no more
Will undelighted tell:
She loves the calm, the peaceful ſhore,
Where gentler virtues dwell.

Haſte

[n] The God of Battles of the Pagan Iriſh.

Haſte we from the avenging powers
Of Juſtice and of fate;
Haſte we to Fearmorka's bowers,
With Love's fond hopes elate.

Ah Moriat! how will thy ſoft breaſt
The mighty joy ſuſtain?
Ah gently, rapture!—ſee, oppreſt
She ſinks upon the plain.

She ſinks—but Love's extended arms
From earth her beauties raiſe;
And Love's ſoft voice awakes her charms,
And cordial cheer conveys.

Speechleſs awhile, ſhe looks,—ſhe ſighs
Unutterable joy;
Nor memory yet a thought ſupplies
The tranſport to deſtroy.

At length, her recollected breaſt
Recalls the Gallic Bride,
When ſhuddering, back ſhe ſhrinks diſtreſs'd,
Nor ſeeks her ſoul to hide.

" Ah Mäon! go! (ſhe trembling cries,)
" Another claims thee now:
" Go, go where fame with love allies
" To plight thy nobler vow."

" No,

" No, my ſoul's treaſure! never more
" From thy dear arms to part;
" Here will I kneel, and here adore
" With a devoted heart.

" Ah, could'ſt thou think with empty fame
" Thine image to efface?—
" Or bid me, with another flame,
" This boſom to diſgrace!

" Bright Aidé would with ſcorn have view'd
" The wretch, to honor dead;
" And ſhame and hatred had purſu'd
" This baſe and guilty head.

" Come, dearer than the world's renown!
" (And now, at length, my own!")
" Come, with thy virtues gem my crown,
" And conſecrate my throne!"——

How ſhall the Muſe the Tale purſue?—
What words her ſtrain ſhall ſwell?—
Or paint to ſympathy's fond view
What language fails to tell?

Think all that Glory can beſtow!
That Virtue's ſoul imparts!
Conceive the nameleſs joys that flow
From Love's ſelected hearts.

Conceive

Conceive the Patriot's glowing breaſt
Whom grateful nations crown!
With virtue, love, and empire bleſt,
And honor's clear renown.—

Here let me end.—And now, O Maid!
Receive the Bard's adieu;—
Invoke the favouring Muſe's aid,
And ſtill thy taſk purſue.

'Twill give new objects to thy ken;
Of care thy breaſt beguile;
And, on the labours of thy pen
Thy country's eye will ſmile.

I came thy ardour to excite.—
Once more, O Maid! adieu.—
He ſpoke, and loſt in ſplendid light
He vaniſh'd from my view.

THE END.

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